

# MODERN SCREEN

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this space  
every month



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star of the  
screen!

What does March come in like?...Okay, students, go to the head of the class.

Leo, you know, has enlisted for the duration. He's in the Army, the Navy, Civilian Defense and ready to serve wherever wanted by his Uncle.



Have you seen "Joe Smith, American"? Recommended, incidentally, by our generous First Lady.

We don't speak much about shorts in this column, but it's hard to keep quiet about "Main Street On The March", made with government cooperation.

The exhibitors of America, as well, are all out for our war effort. Their screens will inform, uplift and divert. Three essentials in a crisis.

Among the diversions that Dr. Leo has brewed in his own laboratory is the newest rattle of that famous Hardy family skeleton.

Despite the natural presence of that exciting, energetic, connubial dynamo—Mickey Rooney—nothing personal is intended by the title—

"The Courtship of Andy Hardy".

It's undoubtedly impossible to refer to a beautiful young lady as a dark horse—

But watch Donna Reed in this hardest of the Hardys.

Space doesn't permit much about "Mrs. Miniver", (Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon); "I Married An Angel", (Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy); "Ship Ahoy", (Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert Lahr, Tommy Dorsey's orchestra); and "Rio Rita", (Abbott and Costello).

There's so much to say about the merits of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures. We really ought to have two columns. Still—

Yours for conservation.

—Leo

# MODERN SCREEN

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Cover:  
Maureen O'Hara  
appearing in 20th  
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Shores of Tripoli"

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# MOVIE REVIEWS

## MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS

A foreigner viewing the movies of the last twenty years might conclude that American history was compressed into the four years of the Civil War. Before that, according to the Hollywood gospel, there was nothing and after that only the gangsters of Chicago and the bright lights of Broadway. Yet American history is full of periods that were colorful, dramatic and meaningful.

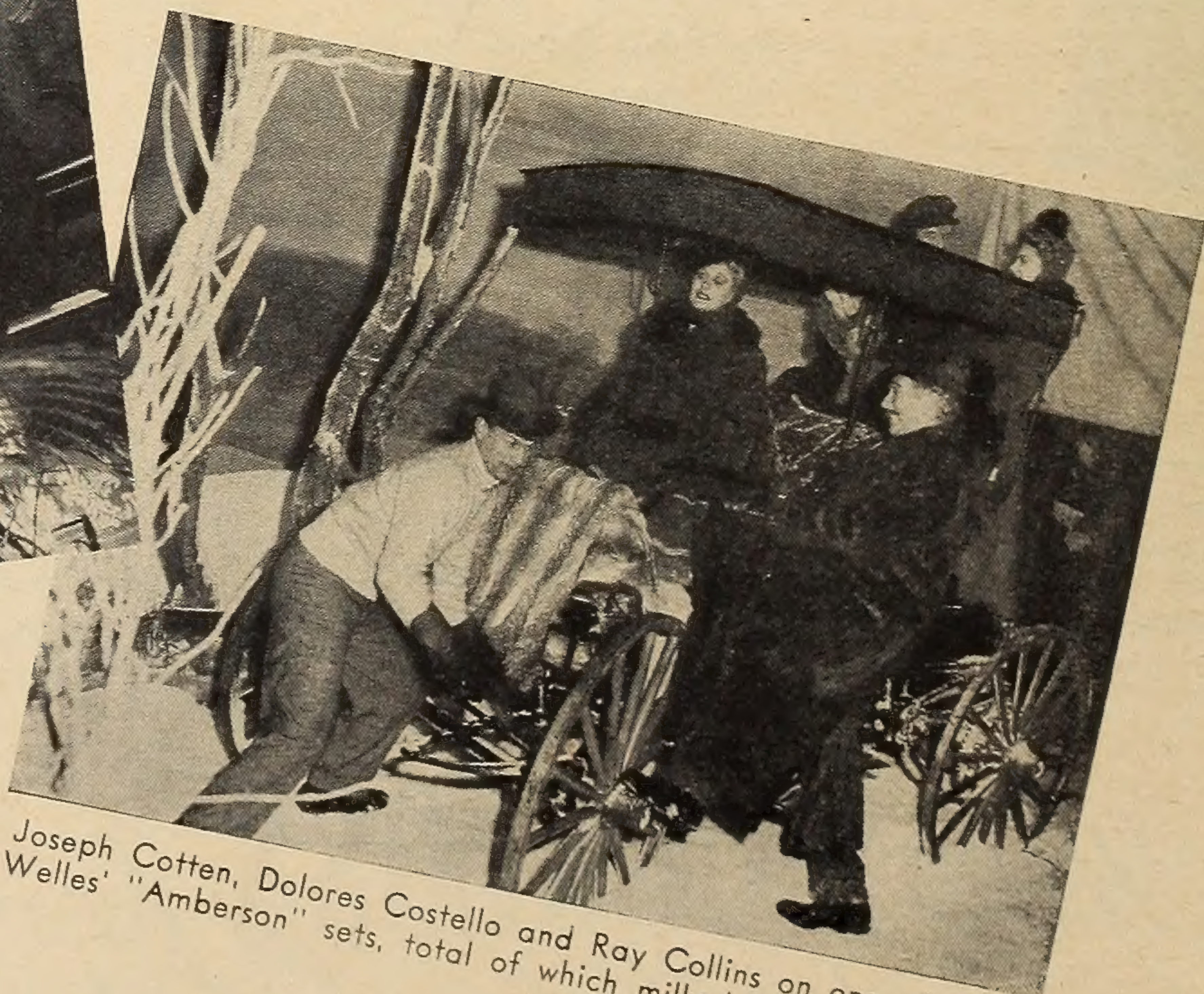
"Magnificent Ambersons" begins in 1885 and ends in 1913; a curious time—no wars, no gangsters and very few bright lights. But the face of America was changing then; the land was in the grip of a revolution as deadly and dangerous as the Civil War. The automobile came to America in those years; it turned the quiet, flat plains of the Midwest into a roaring inferno of factories and huge sprawling cities. A new generation marched in on the shoulders of the automobile, raw-faced and brash; and the old order changed, killed as brutally and surely by the gasping exhaust of the early automobiles as by cannon fire or bullets.

The Ambersons were of the old order. In their gracious and dignified midland town everybody knew everybody else's horse and carriage, a street car would wait for a lady to fix her bonnet, and manners were fixed and formal; women wore silk and velvet, men wore stovepipe hats. The Amberson mansion, pride of the town, stood splendid and magnificent—a peak and a pinnacle beyond comparison. The Ambersons were reigning rulers of their time and place.

Against this background is played the story of the ill-



Agnes Moorehead as Fanny Amberson with Tim Holt as George Amberson Minafer.



Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello and Ray Collins on one of Orson Welles' "Amberson" sets, total of which milked RKO of \$170,000.



fated lovers, Isabella Amberson (Dolores Costello) and Eugene Morgan (Joseph Cotten). Isabella marries Wilbur Minafer (Don Dillaway). Eugene leaves the city; he returns eighteen years later, a widower, with his daughter Lucy. But Wilbur Minafer is still alive and, Isabella, too, has a child, a son, George (Tim Holt). On George she has lavished all the love and affection in her generous nature; and George, spoiled and aware of his position, has inherited all the evils of the Amberson tradition. When Wilbur Minafer dies it is George who stands between Isabella and Eugene, refusing to allow their marriage for fear it might undermine the position of the Ambersons, with the gossip-mongers and tale bearers of the city. And Isabella, whose life has been bound up in her son, dares not hurt him; this time it is Isabella who leaves the city. With George she travels to Europe, to fashionable watering-places, the finest resorts; and returns home only to die. Even on her death-bed, George refuses to allow Eugene to see her. But during this time, subtly and implacably, the position of the Ambersons has been undermined, their fortune dribbling away. The town has grown up around them; their mansion stands in the midst of factories and slums. After Isabella's death only a hollow shell is left. At the first gentle push it collapses, burying George in the wreckage. And only then, in this moment of tragic and bitter triumph, is Eugene able to consummate his love for Isabella through the love of his daughter Lucy and the repentent George.

The hand of Orson Welles is (Continued on page 8)

P.S.

125 cars, vintage of 1900, were rounded up and put into first-class running condition by studio mechanics . . . Joe Cotten used a Sears 1905 model, as pictured in the Sears-Roebuck catalog for that year . . . Orson rented a downtown ice-house for the snow scenes. Showed up for work in one of those fur-lined flying suits used by aviators for high-altitude experiments . . . Camera wizard Stanley Cortez solved every photographic poser put to him. In one scene, the camera takes the place of the actor. To get the effect, Cortez strapped a camera to his chest and walked slowly in and out of rooms, up the stairs. When the film was developed, they discovered the vibration of his movements had blurred the images. He took his shoes off and went through the entire routine once more. This time it worked . . . In another scene, the camera makes a complete 360-degree turn around a ball-room. Starting at the punch-bowl, the lenses move slowly around, catching about fifty different people as they enter, chat with friends, dance. By the time the punch-bowl comes into view again, several important story points have been made . . . toughest scene for the actors was the sleigh accident involving Tim Holt and Anne Baxter. Going at top speed through the snow (actually pulverized ice) a prop runner gives way, overturning the sleigh and spilling the kids down a steep hill. No doubles could be used because the end of the shot is a close-up of their faces as they roll right into the camera, which remained focused on them from the moment the sleigh overturned . . . Dolores Costello makes a screen comeback as Mrs. Anderson. Welles thought she'd be excellent for the part, hunted all over town for her and persuaded her to make tests . . . Anne Baxter is the niece of architect Frank Lloyd Wright.



Tim Holt and Ray Collins at ease near a warning sign: "Do Not Bomb—Orson Welles Shooting!" P.S. No bombs fell!



Fence-jumper Anne Baxter in Tarkington's "Ambersons", adapted, produced, narrated, camera-fied by Orson who now weighs 240 stripped!



## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 7)

apparent throughout the picture, in its narrative style, in its fluid use of the camera, in an attention to detail that makes the detail as important as the narrative; a hundred little touches will stick in your memory. Welles doesn't act in the picture, but his is the voice of the Narrator who sets the scene and tells part of the story. Dolores Costello returns to the screen as the gentle and beautiful Isabella; Joseph Cotten does a beautiful job as Eugene; Tim Holt completely handles the difficult and important role of George; Richard Bennet, Ray Collins, Anne Baxter and Agnes Moorehead round out an outstanding cast.

Spun out of America's past, the "Magnificent Ambersons" is bold in theme and background. The machines turn and clank in our Midwestern cities, doing deadlier work now than the production of automobiles. Here is the story of the beginning, before the factories triumphed; told in terms of people, tragedy, success and heartbreak. This was the time of Eugene Morgan, pioneer automobile manufacturer, and of the Ambersons, arrogant, magnificent—and futile.—RKO.

### THE LADY HAS PLANS

Lisbon has become the scene for comedies of international intrigue where anything might happen and usually does. In "The Lady Has Plans" the newspaper lads are at it again, making fun, frolic and drama for the movies. Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland bounce through the lush days and dangerous



Lisbon nights, tossing off gags right and left. Happily, most of the gags come off; it's a gay comedy decked out with all the trimmings.

The plot involves a mix-up in spies. Paulette Goddard, going to Lisbon as leg-man for reporter Ray Milland is mistaken for the emissary of a spy ring which has the plans of an aerial bomb for sale. The plans, charmingly enough, are supposed to be engraved on Paulette's glamorous back in invisible ink. The British agent (Roland Young) and the Nazi agent (Albert Dekker) pop in and out of Paulette's sumptuous suite coyly hinting that she disrobe, and they'll talk business.

Paulette, not in on the secret, naturally mistakes just what kind of business they're talking about. So a good deal of the picture is concerned with her deter-

mination to keep her clothes on and the attempts of the two agents to get her to take them off. They don't succeed, of course; but they come about as close as the Hays office allows. There's a tense moment or two at the end when Paulette is finally cornered by the Nazis in a desolate hotel swamped with Nazi "tourists." It takes Ray Milland's best efforts and an effective plot twist to get her out.

Paulette Goddard wears her clothes beautifully and handles her lines competently in that odd and brassy voice of hers. Ray Milland has a knack for comedy, and there's one short flash in a drunk scene where he outmugs the best muggers the screen has to offer. The rest of the cast plays up to their level. Sidney Lanfield directed the picture with pace and dash and a knowing eye for the timing of a gag. It's all served up in a decorative platter.

Admitted, it's a little disturbing just now to find such serious matters as murder, spies and the diplomatic service handled for laughs and comedy; admitted, too, that it's more than a little startling to see a British agent as feather-brained and futile as Roland Young. But "The Lady Has Plans" has an innocuous and innocent air about it; in reality it's no more than a drawing room Western and about as profound.

At any rate it's a novel note to find a Nazi with a sense of humor: "What's cooking at the Wilhelmstrasse?" asks Ray Milland, and the glowering Baron Von Kemp knocks off a nifty. "Wiener-

(Continued on page 10)

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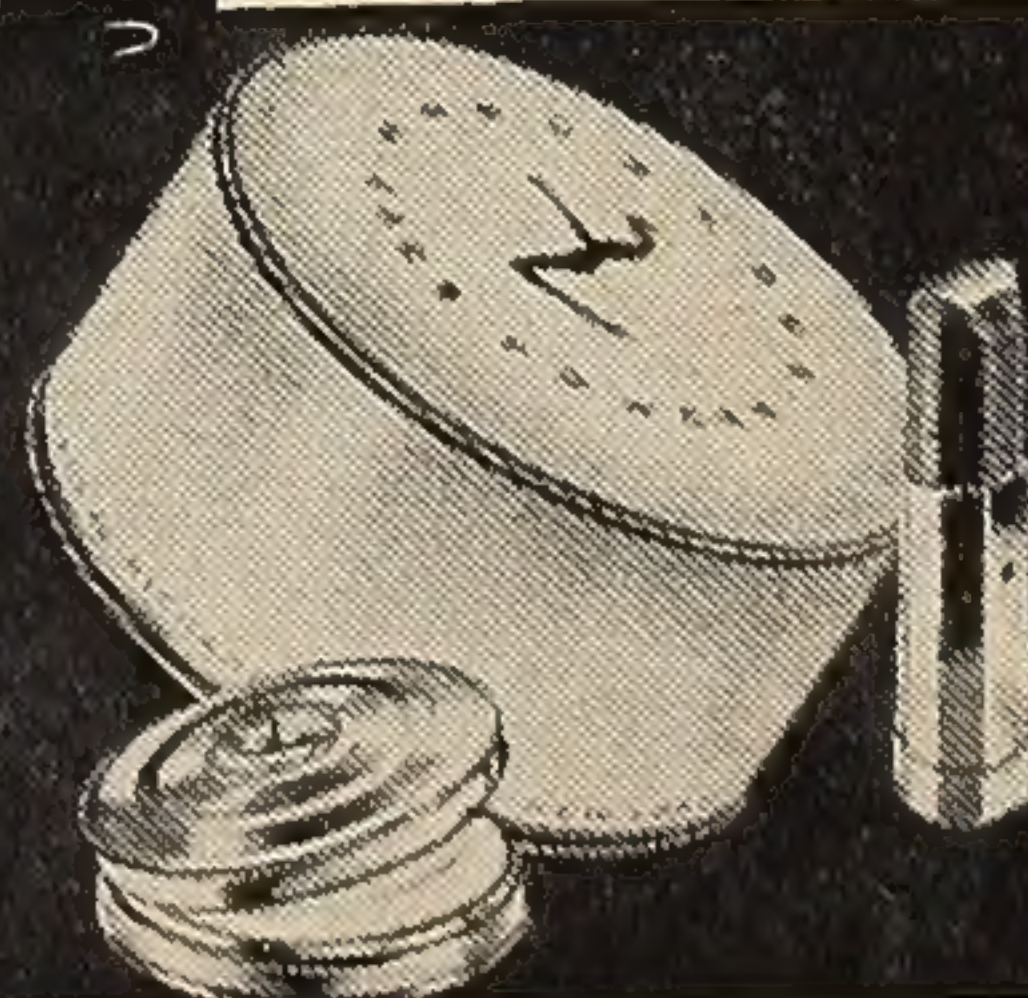
The color of my eyes is \_\_\_\_\_ hair \_\_\_\_\_ skin \_\_\_\_\_

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as stormy 'CASSIE'

# KINGS ROW

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the Warner Bros. picture that preceded it there. AT YOUR THEATRE SOON. Check the manager for exact date.



# HITTING THE HIGH NOTES IN A BIG PICTURE



THE big news of THIS month is that **GENE AUTRY** has **FINISHED** another **PICTURE**, and soon it will be your **PLEASURE** to see it. "**COWBOY SERENADE**" is the title, and your **OLD** pal, **SMILEY BURNETTE**, is **RIGHT** beside **GENE** during all **THE** thrilling adventures of this **EXCITING** tale. For the more tender **MOMENTS**, charming **FAY MCKENZIE** steps up to gladden **GENE'S** heart and yours. **FAY** was **SUCH** a sensation in the last **GENE AUTRY** film, "**DOWN MEXICO WAY**," that thousands of fans **CLAMORED** to see **HER** again in **THIS** one. And **SO** "**COWBOY SERENADE**" **COMES** to **YOU** with all **THE** exciting **DRAMA** and the **LOVELY** music **AND** stirring **ROMANCE** of former **GENE AUTRY** triumphs. Among the **HIT** tunes that you will hear are "**COWBOY SERENADE**," the **TITLE** tune, as well as "**SWEETHEARTS Or Strangers**" and **OTHERS**, all played and sung in **THE** inimitable **GENE AUTRY STYLE**. You'll say that "**COWBOY SERENADE**" is **GENE'S** best **PICTURE** yet. It's



**A REPUBLIC PICTURE**

## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

schnitzel," he says. That proves it's all in fun and just a fairy tale. No Nazi who wants to keep his head kids about the Wilhelmstrasse. Look what happened to all those Generals.—Par.

**P. S.**

Toughest production chore was filming the dramatic telephone booth scene. Big Boys Ray Milland and Albert Dekker (both over six feet tall) were to crowd into the same booth with Paulette Goddard. After three unsuccessful tries, Director Sidney Lanfield put in a call for script-writer Harry Tugend, told him: "You thought of it, now you direct it!" . . . Lanfield got his start in the entertainment business as piano player with the Dixieland Jazz Band at New York's famed Reisenweber's . . . Paramount officials huddled to figure out how much of Margaret Hayes' back could be exposed without incurring Hays Office wrath. Final decision: The 12th vertebra is the extreme limit of modesty . . . Margaret spent her spare time during production making technicolor tests of herself made up as Maria of "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Hopes to snag the part that way . . . Albert Dekker, always a screen toughie, is a homebody at heart. Is now rigging up electrified chicken coops to keep his Buff Orpingtons warm and cozy during chilly California nights . . . One scene shows Portuguese police and American Embassy members racing down a Lisbon road. For more space, the sound stage doors were left open. A sailor from "The Fleet's In" (being shot on the adjoining stage) wandered into camera focus just as they were finishing what was otherwise a perfect take. "Shoot it over," commanded the producer. "That's all we need to promote another international incident!" . . . the low-slung, right-hand-drive convertible used in so many of the scenes is the MG Club Roadster Bob Montgomery brought back with him from England a few years ago . . . Paulette Goddard went three days without glamour, garbed in an oversize grey sweatshirt, baggy shorts, pair of old gym shoes and a dirty towel wrapped around her head . . . Lanfield had to leave the set for a few hours the afternoon Milland's fake suicide scene was shot. When he saw the rushes that night, he buried his face in his hands and wept—with laughter. Dangling in mid-air with a rope tied around his neck, face pale and tongue sticking out, was not Ray Milland, but Jack Benny! The correct version was run off a few minutes later.

### SYNCOPIATION

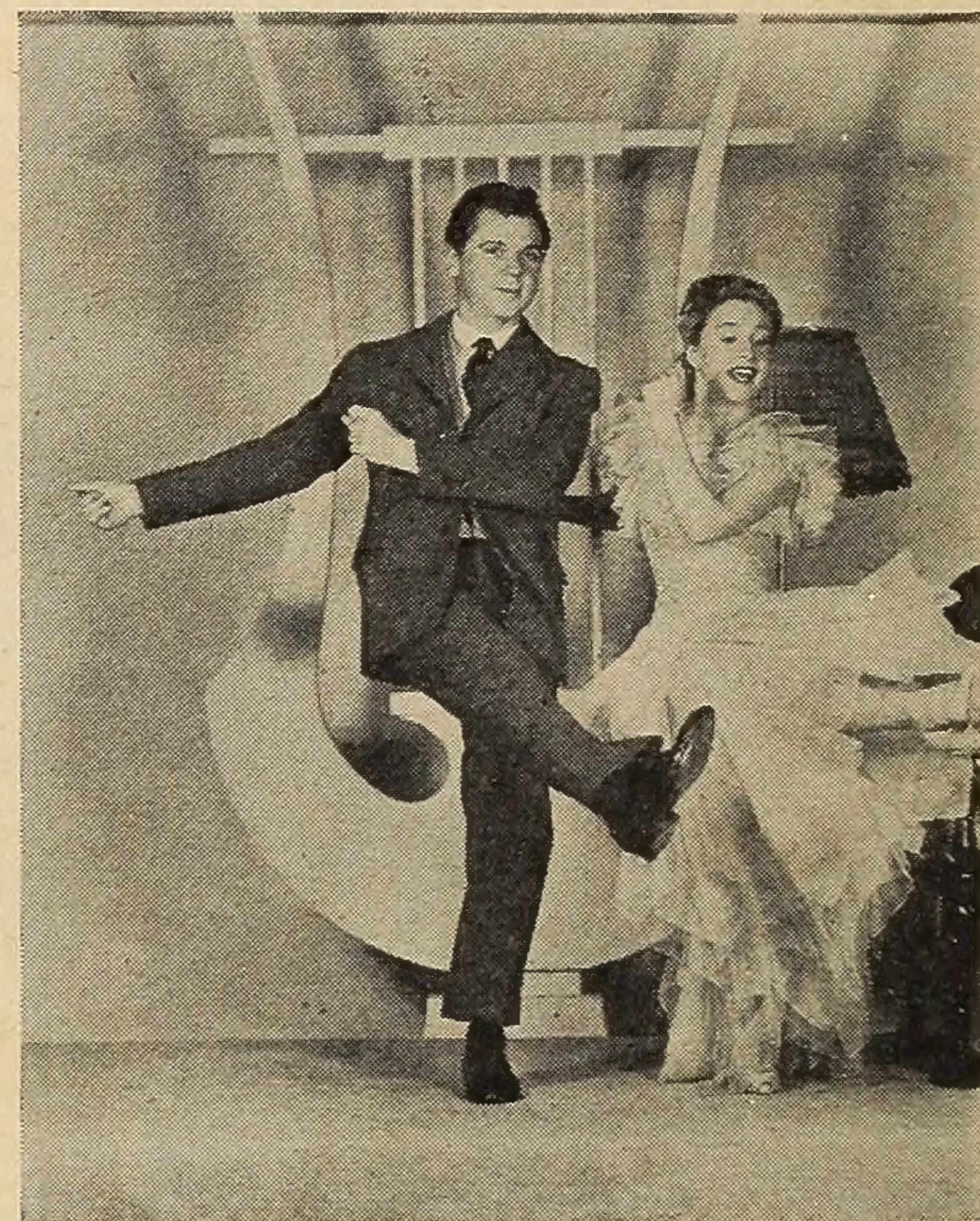
Music and movies have always been together like corned beef and cabbage. In the old silent days every movie house had at least a piano player who blasted out music suitable to the scene; some places even had a piano, a violin and a sounding board. The big movie palaces supported orchestras. The first sound picture, "The Jazz Singer," was a musical, and ever since, music has been the thumping lifeblood of the movies. Tin Pan Alley never had a better press agent than Hollywood.

But curiously enough, despite this thorough familiarity, Hollywood had been blind to the dramatic story of American

music and American music makers; they were too close to the forest to see the trees. Having found the theme, they've lost no time in making pictures. There was "Birth Of The Blues" only a little while ago; and now comes "Syncopation," more ambitious, larger in scope, trying to tell the whole story of Jazz.

"Syncopation" begins deep in a Congo jungle where the negro natives danced to the wild rhythms of their jungle drums. It follows the thread of that rhythm in the hold of a slave ship to New Orleans, to America, into the cotton fields of the South, into the small, rude churches where the tender and reverent spirituals were sung, throbbing, alive and vibrant.

The plot follows two lines. It traces the story of Reggie Tearbone, negro of New Orleans, whose horn blasted its way from Basin Street to Chicago and into the speakeasies of New York. And it tells the story of Johnny Schumacher, Chicago slum kid, whose jazz finally evolved into present day swing. The combining link of both stories is Kit Latimer, born in New Orleans, whose family migrates to Chicago. She meets Johnny there, and their tempestuous marriage and separation is the thread of the plot.



Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper handle the lead roles. Robert Benchley acts the part of a one man chorus, bridging the time lapses, setting the scenes. Adolph Menjou, George Bancroft and Frank Jenks figure prominently in the story. Todd Duncan and Jessie Grayson handle the important negro characters.

"Syncopation" is a full canvas, weaving upward from New Orleans through Memphis and Chicago to New York; beginning in 1907 into the World War and through the era of Prohibition into the present day. Star of the picture, of course, is the music itself; blues, rags, stomps, swing follow each other in turn.

You'll hear "Basin Street Blues," "Jazz Me Blues," "Sugar Foot Stomp," "Tiger Rag" and a host of other numbers which have become classics in the swing world. It's one long jazz spree, and the climax, naturally takes place in a Fifty-Second Street night club where an all-star band of favorites join together in a jam session.

No dancing in the aisles, please.—RKO.



## MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

P. S.

Jackie Cooper must have had his fill of music during production . . . During the day on the set, Cooper on the drums used to beat it out between takes in fast jive sessions with men like Red Roundtree, Rex Stewart and Bob Haggart . . . At night, Jackie packed his skins over to the Palladium for a little bit of bouncing with his favorite outfit—T. Dorsey and band . . . Bonita Granville practiced long hours for the boogie-woogie piano playing the script called for. She already knew how to play, but her repertoire was limited to polite classics . . . Director William Dieterle, the man who always wears white gloves while working, named this his favorite picture, liked it better than anything he's ever directed. And this includes "The Story of Louis Pasteur," "Life of Emile Zola" and "All That Money Can Buy" . . . Todd Duncan, who plays "Rex Tearbone, King of Cornetists," was once professor of music at Howard University, in the South. He's the colored actor who sang the role of Porgy in "Porgy and Bess" . . . Frank Jenks used to be a trombonist; had his own orchestra and played in theaters throughout the country before turning actor . . . George Bancroft and Adolphe Menjou, pals since they were both under contract to Paramount years ago, spent all their time between calls hashing over old times. Bancroft calls Menjou Papa and likes to kid him about his sartorial elegance . . . Bob Benchley never says anything for the first few moments he appears on the screen. The sight of him causes audiences to laugh so heartily, they wouldn't hear him anyway . . . Ted North makes more money selling hair restorer than he does from his thespic chores. His formula, a deep, dark, secret, has caused new growth to sprout on some of Hollywood's erstwhile barest noggins . . . Mona Barrie worked an entire day without telling her fellow actors she'd sprained her ankle and sustained assorted cuts and bruises in a terrific fall before coming to work. Dieterle noticed her limping, insisted she stay home next day . . . 10 original numbers and oldies like "Sugar Foot Stomp" and "Jazz Me Blues" figure prominently in the musical pattern.

### HOUSE OF SPIES

Conrad Veidt, that tall, immaculate, Gloomy Gus actor, always has had the double-edged ability to be both villainous and charming. In "Salute To Courage" this problem of his dual personality is handled neatly by making him twins. Conrad Veidt, number one, is Baron Hugo von Detner, villainous Nazi, head of a ring of saboteurs. Conrad Veidt, number two, is Otto Becker, gentle, charming and cultured and twin brother to the Nazi.

Their lives intertwine when the Baron forces Otto to allow him to use his innocent bookstore as the front for the Baron's ring of saboteurs. A stream of fatal incidents flows from this quiet center; train wrecks, airplane crashes, explosions, accidents. Otto can stand no more; no matter at what cost he is determined to stop his brother. They meet in the peaceful book-lined store. They quarrel, and Otto, in a righteous rage, accidentally kills his brother. Standing over him, he sees his way. Working (Continued on page 13)

## Be Lovelier! So very Soon! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Alfred L. Powell of New York, N. Y., says: "I'm so devoted to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet! I tell all my friends about this wonderful aid to loveliness."

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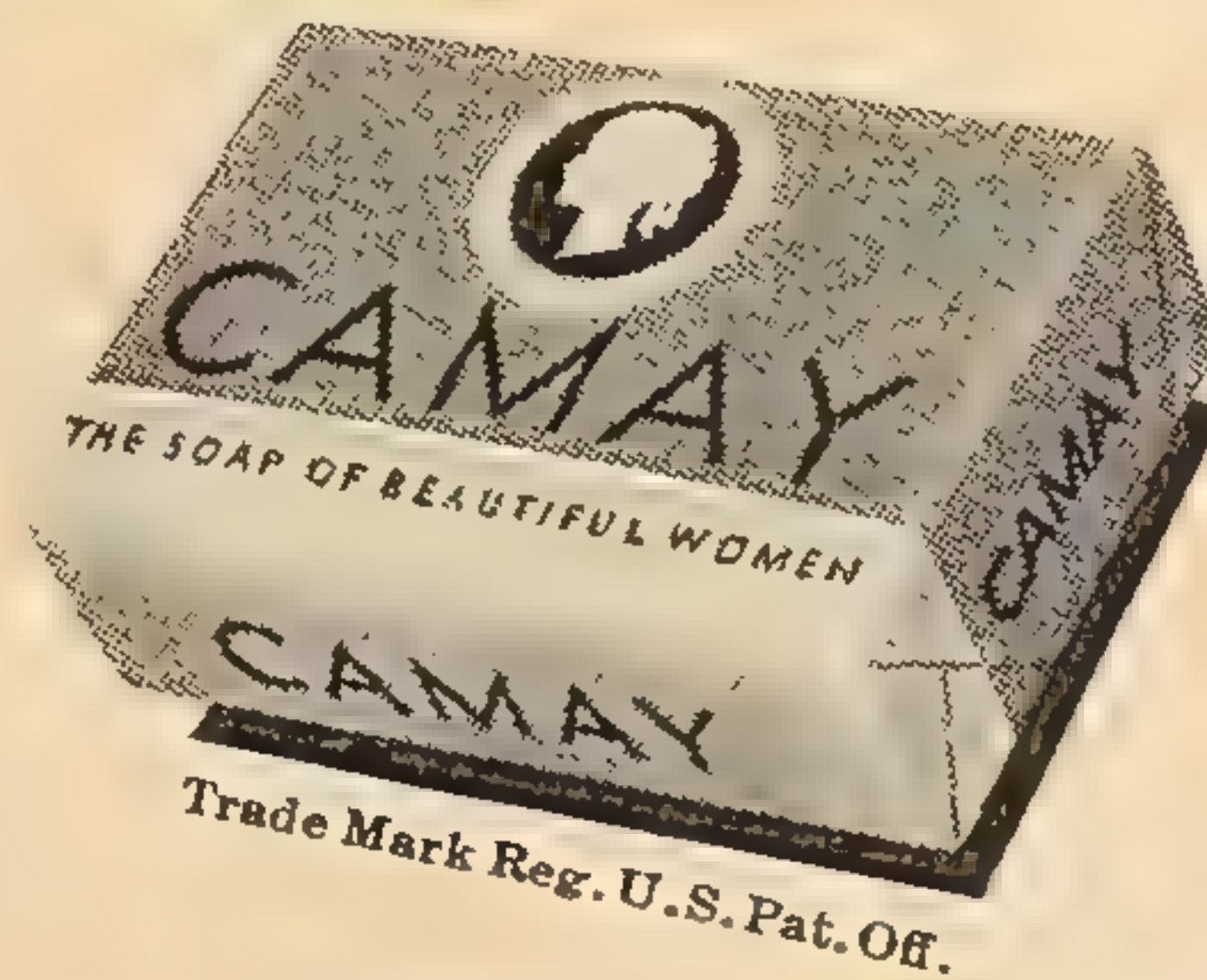
WHISPERED praises in the moonlight—"Your skin is so lovely to look at, so delightful to touch" . . . Every woman should hear these compliments. Do you?

If not, then the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet offers you a promise of new loveliness. For, unknowingly, you may be clouding the real beauty of your skin through improper cleansing. Or, like so many

women failing to use a beauty soap as mild as it should be.

Thousands of brides have found the key to loveliness in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. One such bride is Mrs. Powell who says: "My skin has reacted so beautifully to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet I'd never try any other beauty treatment."

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet . . . TONIGHT!"



**GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.



**SHE'S**  
*A Dream*



**SHE'S**  
*Irresistible*

**SHE USES IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME AND LIPSTICK**

An exquisite perfume for your new Spring Bonnet... a challenge to Spring and a young man's fancy. A touch of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, irresistible and assures you of his devotion. Now in an adorable Easter Box.

Only 10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ Stores



**USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK**

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer smoother . . . 10¢

# MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
A Yank on the Burma Road (M-G-M).....	2½★	Married Bachelor (M-G-M).....	3★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO).....	3½★	Marry The Boss's Daughter (20th Century-Fox)...	2★
All Through the Night (Warners).....	3½★	Masked Rider, The (Universal).....	2½★
Among The Living (Paramount).....	3★	Men in Her Life, The (Columbia).....	3★
Apache Kid (Republic).....	3★	Mercy Island (Republic).....	2½★
Arizona Bound (Monogram).....	C 2½★	Mob Town (Universal).....	2★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M).....	4★	Moon Over Her Shoulder (20th Century-Fox)...	2½★
Bad Man of Deadwood (Republic).....	2½★	Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Bahama Passage (Paramount).....	3½★	Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal).....	2½★
Ball of Fire (RKO).....	3½★	Mr. & Mrs. North (M-G-M).....	3★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	My Life with Caroline (RKO).....	3★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount).....	3★	Navy Blues (Warners).....	C 3★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia).....	2★	Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)	3★
Blues in the Night (Warners).....	3★	New York Town (Paramount).....	2★
Body Disappears, The (Warners).....	2★	Night of January 16 (Paramount).....	3★
Bombay Clipper (Universal).....	2½★	Nine Lives Are Not Enough (20th Century-Fox)...	2½★
Borrowed Hero (Monogram).....	2★	No Hands on the Clock (Paramount).....	2½★
Bowery Blitzkrieg (Monogram).....	2★	Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners).....	3½★	One Foot in Heaven (Warners).....	3½★
Burma Convoy (Universal).....	2½★	Pacific Blackout (Paramount).....	2★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount).....	3★	Paris Calling (Universal).....	3★
Cadet Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Parson of Panamint (Paramount).....	3★
Call Out the Marines (RKO).....	2★	Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic).....	2½★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount).....	3★	Playmates (RKO).....	3★
Charlie's Aunt (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Public Enemies (Republic).....	2★
Charlie Chan in Rio (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Quiet Wedding (Universal).....	3½★
College Sweetheart (Monogram).....	2★	Red River Valley (Republic).....	2½★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia).....	2½★	Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Confirm or Deny (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Riders of the Badland (Columbia).....	2★
Corsican Brothers, The (United Artists).....	3★	Riders of the Purple Sage (20th Century-Fox)...	2½★
Cracked Nuts (Universal).....	2½★	Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Death Valley Outlaws (Republic).....	2½★	Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Devil Pays Off, The (Republic).....	2½★	Saddle Mountain Roundup (Monogram).....	2★
Doctor's Don't Tell (Republic).....	2★	Sailors on Leave (Republic).....	2★
Dumbo (RKO).....	C 3½★	Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia).....	2½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia)...	2½★	Sergeant York (Warners).....	4★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO).....	2½★	Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M).....	2½★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists).....	3½★
Flying Cadets (Universal).....	2★	Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount).....	3½★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram).....	2★	Sing Another Chorus (Universal).....	2★
Forgotten Village, The.....	3½★	Sing for Your Supper (Columbia).....	2★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO).....	2½★	Skylark (Paramount).....	3★
Go West Young Lady (Columbia).....	2★	Smiling Ghost, The (Warners).....	2½★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Smilin' Through (M-G-M).....	3★
Gunman from Bodie, The (Monogram).....	2★	Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Harmon of Michigan (Columbia).....	2★	South of Tahiti (Universal).....	2★
Hellzapoppin' (Universal).....	3½★	Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount)....	C 3★	Sullivan's Travels (Paramount).....	4★
Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia).....	4★	Sundown (United Artists).....	2½★
H. M. Pullham, Esq. (M-G-M).....	3★	Sunset in Wyoming (Republic).....	3½★
Hold Back the Dawn (Paramount).....	3½★	Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M).....	3★	Suspicion (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★	Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Hurricane Smith (Republic).....	2★	Tanks a Million (United Artists).....	2★
Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO).....	2½★	Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M).....	2½★
I Wake Up Screaming (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Texas (Columbia).....	3½★
Ice-Capades (Republic).....	2½★	They Died With Their Boots On (Warners).....	3½★
International Lady (United Artists).....	3★	Three Girls About Town (Columbia).....	2½★
International Squadron (Warners).....	3½★	This Woman is Mine (Universal).....	2½★
Jesse James at Bay (Republic).....	2½★	Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Joan of Paris (RKO).....	3½★	Three Cockeyed Sailors (United Artists).....	2★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M).....	3½★	Tillie the Toiler (Columbia).....	2★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists).....	4★	Time Out For Rhythm (Columbia).....	2½★
Kathleen (M-G-M).....	3★	Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO).....	4★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal).....	3★	Tonto Basin Outlaws (Monogram).....	2★
Kid From Kansas (Universal).....	2★	Too Many Blondes (Universal).....	2★
Ladies in Retirement (Columbia).....	4★	Treat 'Em Rough (Universal).....	2½★
Lady Be Good (M-G-M).....	3★	Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M).....	3½★
Lady is Willing, The (Columbia).....	2½★	Unholy Partners (M-G-M).....	2½★
Last of the Duane (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★	Victory (Paramount).....	3★
Law of the Tropics (Warners).....	2½★	Washington Melodrama (M-G-M).....	3★
Look Who's Laughing (RKO).....	2½★	Weekend for Three (RKO).....	3★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount).....	3½★	Weekend in Havana (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Lydia (United Artists).....	3½★	When Ladies Meet (M-G-M).....	3★
Mad Doctor, The (Universal).....	2★	Wolf Man, The (Universal).....	2½★
Maltese Falcon, The (Warners).....	3½★	Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Man at Large (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Woman's Face, A (M-G-M).....	3½★
Man From Montana (Universal).....	2½★	You Belong to Me (Columbia).....	3★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount)...	4★	You'll Never Get Rich (Columbia).....	4★
Manpower (Warners).....	3★	You're in The Army Now (Warners).....	2★



## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 11)

swiftly, he changes clothes with the Baron, shaves off his own identifying beard and walks out of the store acting the part of Baron Hugo von Detner.

It is dangerous work, living a life strange to him. Cautiously he picks up the strings of the Baron's tangled affairs. He meets Kaaren (Ann Ayars) at the Baron's apartment, and bewildered, not knowing whether she is supposed to be his wife or sweetheart, he discovers that



she is a cog in the Baron's organization, sick at heart, wanting to get out.

Otto's purpose, of course, in taking up the Baron's role was to expose the whole set-up to the authorities. But he finds himself in love with Kaaren, and at the final moment he saves her. But he cannot save himself. Acting on his information, the spies are rounded up and deported, and Otto with them, knowing that as soon as he reaches Germany he will be discovered. Yet Otto, this gentle peace-loving man, finds satisfaction in what he has done; and an odd consolation in his doomed love for Kaaren, whom he will never see again.—M-G-M.

### ASIDES . . .

Of course, this picture was in production before the war broke. But it poses a strong problem and a pretty serious one for Hollywood these days. So far there's been no rush of war pictures; but almost all the studios have rushed to register titles about Pearl Harbor. It will be a sorry spectacle if Hollywood turns out quick and cheap melodrama about the war; jerry-built pictures will pander to hate and intolerance, and cheapen and vulgarize all the ideals and resolves for which the war is being fought. There's no room for pictures like that.

The successful morale-builders haven't been quickie melodramas which trade on the country's deep interest in the war. Best of the lot have been factual and honest treatments like "Target For Tonight" or the American-made "I Wanted Wings." Now, of all times, Hollywood must be honest with itself and with the country; and the devil take quick profits.

(Continued on page 15)

## How many of these 6 skin troubles do you have?



### Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help give you a smooth, fresh, "baby skin"!

ONE OF THE first things people notice about you is—*your skin*! And you can't conceal a skin that's rough and flaky, that has blackheads, big pores.

Wouldn't you like to be *proud* of your skin — proud of its soft, young smoothness, of its radiant freshness? Wouldn't you like to have the kind of lovely skin that men admire, and women envy?

*You can*—but not by covering up blemishes! Not by hiding blackheads and big pores. You must remove the cause of skin troubles. And the cause of many skin troubles is an accumulation of dirt, stale make-up, dead skin cells...lodged in the tiny mouths of the pores.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is

scientifically designed to clean out the mouths of the pores, remove the rancid accumulations, ease away the dry, dead skin-flakes. But that isn't all! My cream takes care of *four vital needs* of your skin.

Every time you apply it, here's what it does: (1) It thoroughly, but gently, *cleanses* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin, relieves dryness. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It *smooths* your skin, leaves a non-sticky base for your powder.

#### Send for Generous Tube

Mail coupon for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

*Lady Esther* 4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



LADY ESTHER,  
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (77)

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 9 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



What's your biggest query about

# Tampons?



It's smart to ask questions about a new idea like *internal* sanitary protection. For whether you already enjoy the wonderful freedom of tampons, or haven't even tried them yet—there are always new improvements, modern advantages you should know about. Are these the sort of questions you would ask?

*"I don't want to worry...  
can I be sure?"*



Yes—if your tampons absorb quickly, *surely*. Meds—the Modess tampons—absorb *faster* because of the "safety center." A modern feature no other tampons have! Meds hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

*"Do they really fit?"*

A leading woman's doctor, designed Meds. They're scientifically shaped to fit. That's why Meds are so *comfortable*. Insert Meds properly and you can forget the time of month. No bulges, belts, or odors! And Meds are easier to use, too. Each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties.

*"Will I have to pay more?"*



Not on your life! Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators. In fact, no more than leading sanitary napkins. Try Meds and compare!

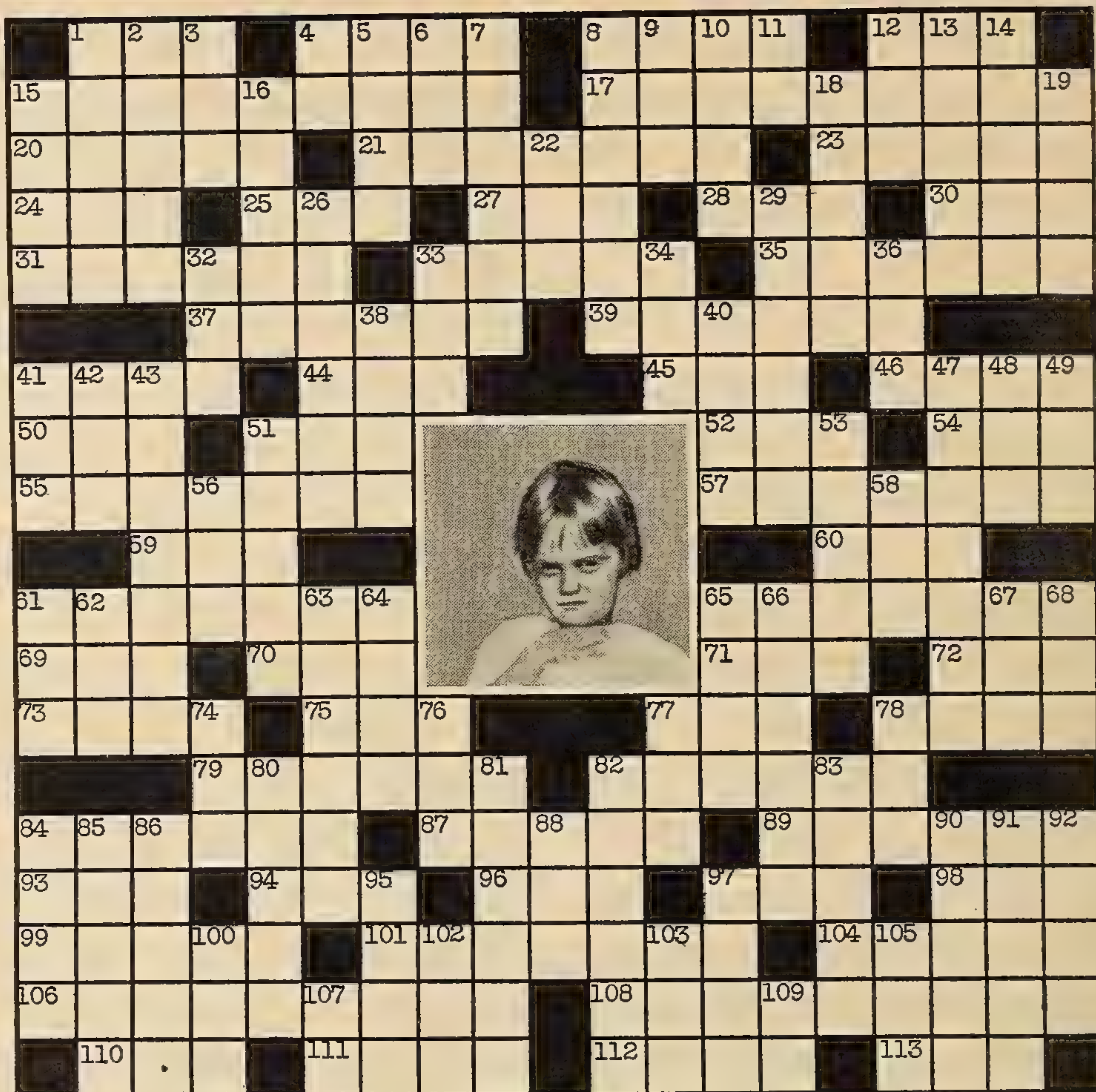
BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

# Meds



*The Modess Tampon*

## OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on page 104

### ACROSS

1. Opposite Jean Gabin in "Moon-tide"
4. Medico in "Doctors Don't Tell"
8. She's Pathe's "Miss 1950"
12. V --- Zorina
15. With Cary in "Arsenic And Old Lace"
17. Newsreel applause-getter
20. Cary Grant's given name
21. "The Falcon" of the screen
23. Jane's "You're In The Army Now" hero
24. The new Mrs. George Brent
25. Wife of Gene Autry
27. --- nis Day
28. Ce --- Romero
30. D --- Andrews
31. Starred in "Sunny"
33. Feminine name
35. Dennis Morgan's former name
37. U. S. and Britain
39. John Garfield's benefactor
41. Other woman in "H. M. Pulham, Esq."
44. What Russell is to James Gleason
45. One of the Seven Dwarfs
46. First male Academy Award winner
50. Mickey Rooney's bride
51. "The Wolf Man"
52. Exclamations of wonder
54. Yale
55. "Kathleen's" friend
57. Produces "Reap The Wild Wind"
59. Comedian Pendleton
60. Deanna's mother
61. Edward Horton's middle name
65. Pop-eyed, mustached comic
69. --- i Damita
70. Nora in "The Thin Man"
71. "Clear --- Wires"
72. Part of an atom
73. Comedy: "The --- Animal"
75. What Tom Harmon became
77. Three: prefix
78. The mood "Suspicion" created
79. Cocks
82. Male lead of "We Were Dancing"
84. Fem. lead in "Texas"
87. Before
89. Antiseptic lotion
93. G --- Patrick
94. Masculine name
96. Aged
97. Shade tree
98. Free
99. Show happiness
101. Chaplin's wife
104. Fill with joy
106. Fonda's wife in "73-Across"
108. Joan's "Lady For A Night" hubby
110. Movie working grounds
111. Femme in "Mr. and Mrs. North"
112. Comfort
113. --- dy Barrie

### DOWN

1. Actress in "This Time For Keeps"
2. She's featured in "Johnny Eager"
3. American Society of Cinematographers: abbr.
4. Twice: prefix
5. Mrs. Charles Laughton
6. Wing
7. In "I Wake Up Screaming"
8. Femme in "Captains of the Clouds"
9. Constance M --- e
10. Singer in "Sailors On Leave"
11. She's back in "Father Takes A Wife": init.
12. News gal in "An Obliging Young Lady"
13. Hero of "Las Vegas Nights"
14. Actress in "The Lady Is Willing"
15. Plot
16. --- Wills
18. Frequent co-star of 106-Across
19. Russian ruler
22. Director: R o y --- Ruth
26. M-G-M's popular baritone
29. Principal in "Confirm or Deny"
32. Happy
33. Paul --- reid's in "Joan of Paris"
34. "Rise --- Shine"
36. Fish eggs
38. Hollywood stunt girl
40. Prod
41. Producer of "Hay Foot"
42. Femme in "Forced Landing"
43. 20th Century-Fox starlet
47. 106-Across famed GWTW role
48. Reagan's home state: abbr.
49. "The Great ---"
51. Sheridan in "They Died With Their Boots On"
53. Film producer
56. Swiss river
58. Two-word answer in wedding ceremonies
61. Kind of tree
62. By way of
63. A Roland Young role
64. Novice
65. "Alfalfa" Sweitzer
66. First name of 106-Across
67. Correlative of "neither"
68. Some
74. C --- 1 Cunning-ham
76. Madam Gin Sling in "Shanghai Gesture"
77. A Merry Mac
78. Finis
80. Sprite in Shakespeare's "Tempest"
81. Sham
82. Feminine title of address
83. Republic will produce "---- Boy"
84. Money
85. Beans
86. How Frank Buck brings 'em back
88. Fritz F ---
90. Angry
91. Chemical element
92. Paradise
95. Gelatinous seaweed substance
97. Advantage
100. Illuminated
102. Unit
103. Inlet
105. Star of "Dr. Kildare's Victory"
107. Life Guard: abbr.
109. This precedes 106-Across



## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

And if they can't treat the theme with integrity, let them keep away from it entirely.

There's plenty Hollywood can do in its own field of entertainment. "Dumbo," I think, will build more morale than a hundred flashy pictures using Japanese spies. At the height of the bombing of London, the people lined up in the shattered streets to see "Gone With The Wind." It's good pictures that build morale, no matter what the theme.

P. S.

Three of the best dressed dummies in Hollywood are in this one—wood and wire mannequins created especially for the dress salon scenes. The designers went wild with their creations for the models, because they weren't meant to be worn . . . Conrad Veidt's fan club has started a movement to "Keep Veidt Alive On the Screen" . . . Meanie Martin Kosleck is a very well-known artist. Among his works are portraits of Marlene Dietrich and Bette Davis . . . Ann Ayars, whose real name is Ann Pellicciotti, has a beautiful singing voice. She's given several concerts and has her eye on the Metropolitan Opera . . . Veidt thinks the walk is the most important part of a characterization. He's made a thorough study of it and says beware of a man who walks down the street quickly, then slows down or stops when he reaches the middle of a block. He's probably crooked; if, however, he walks with medium slow and steady gait, he can be trusted . . . Much grey was used in Ann's costumes; the shade is perfect for black-and-white photography . . . Director Jules Dassin got a bad case of jitters the first day of production. This is his first full-length picture, assigned to him as a reward for his excellent handling of one of Metro's most successful shorts—"The Telltale Heart" . . . Veidt had to be instructed in the proper method of handling the \$250,000 stamp collection . . . For scenes in which he's supposed to be talking to himself (he plays a dual role), he used an "extra" player of his own height as an eye-level . . . Instead of playing one part all the way through, he switched from one character to another which is twice as difficult. Eight daily make-up changes were necessary . . . Veidt, known as "Connie" to his pals, had only one qualm about playing two parts—"I was afraid I might upstage myself!"

### JUKE GIRL

Florida, it might surprise you to know, is not evenly divided between Miami and Palm Beach; there happen to be quite a few thousand acres that don't provide a playground for prancing northern tourists. You probably drank the juice of a Florida orange this morning; and at dinner time you might be cutting up a Florida tomato for your salad.

"Juke Girl" by-passes the flashy coastal resort centers and tells the story of Cat Tail, in the heart of the farming country. Swept into town with thousands of itinerant produce pickers are Ronald Reagan, Richard Whorf and Ann Sheridan. Dick and Ronnie are footloose, following wherever the freights take them; Ann is a juke girl, a hostess in those night clubs for the poor where the juke box is

(Continued on page 99)

She  
WENT

OUT FOR A WALK...AND  
CAME HOME WITH A BABY!



When she adopted a dimpled  
darling she had to find a dizzy  
daddy to take for a roaring ride!

Marlene  
DIETRICH · Fred  
MACMURRAY  
IN MITCHELL LEISEN'S

# THE LADY IS WILLING

Introducing  
The Screen's  
Most Blessed  
Event...



BABY  
COREY  
*The Wonder  
Baby*

with  
ALINE MacMAHON · STANLEY RIDGES  
ARLINE JUDGE · ROGER CLANN

Screen play by James Edward Grant and Albert McCleery

Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

A Charles K. Feldman Group Production

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



## BY JEAN KINKEAD

A black and white illustration of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair, wearing a light-colored, buttoned jacket or uniform. She is standing behind a counter, looking upwards and to the right with an expressive face, her mouth open as if speaking or singing. Her right hand is raised near her face, and her left hand rests on the counter. On the counter to her left are two bottles, and to her right is a cash register. Above her is a sign that reads "CANTEEN" in bold, block letters. Below the counter, the front of the booth features the text "FRANKS" in large, bold letters, with "POP" written below it in a similar style. Two five-pointed stars are positioned on either side of the word "POP". The entire illustration is framed by a decorative border.



You can call it War Dance and decorate the gym or cafeteria with U.S.O and Army and Navy recruiting posters, Keep 'Em Flying signs, etc.—all colorful as any-

So much for the more or less indirect morale-boosting of the armed forces. Now the direct approach. Don't forget that brother, cousin or crony in the service. Ply him with immense boxes of cookies and things at least every *(Continued on page 106)*



# Now Hair Can Be Far More Alluring SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!



Worldly but bewitching . . . this smoothly-rolled, distinguished hair-do. Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene, now featured by leading beauty salons, because it leaves hair so silky, smooth!

## Amazing hair conditioner now in improved Special Drene Shampoo brings new glamour to hair!

● Have you discovered yet how much more glamorous even the simplest hair-do looks—after a shampoo with improved Special Drene? That amazing hair conditioner now in Special Drene makes the most terrific difference! It leaves the hair far silkier, smoother . . . easier to comb into smooth, sleek neatness . . . easier to arrange!

No wonder improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, is sweeping the country . . . thrilling girls everywhere!

### Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

### Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you sham-

poo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special “dandruff removers”! *Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!*

So to get these extra beauty benefits, don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

All Special Drene now at dealers' in the blue and yellow package is improved **Special Drene with Hair Conditioner Added** and is for every type of hair . . . no matter whether dry, oily, normal! Don't wait to try new, improved Special Drene—or ask your beauty operator to use it.

Procter & Gamble, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!





**ALL THIS...**

**AND GRABLE TOO...**

**BETTY GRABLE  
VICTOR MATURE  
JACK OAKIE**

**in**

**SONG of the ISLANDS**

**in TECHNICOLOR!**

**SONGS**  
by Gordon and Owens  
"SING ME A SONG OF THE ISLANDS"  
"DOWN ON AMI, AMI ONI, ONI ISLE"  
"O'BRIEN HAS GONE HAWAIIAN"  
"WHAT'S BUZZIN' COUSIN"  
"BLUE SHADOWS AND WHITE GARDENIAS"  
"MALUNA, MALOLO MAWAENA"

**with**  
Thomas Mitchell • George Barbier  
Billy Gilbert • Hilo Hattie  
Harry Owens **and his** Royal Hawaiians

Directed by **WALTER LANG**  
Produced by **WILLIAM LeBARON**  
Original Screen Play by Joseph Schrank, Robert Pirosh,  
Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Lyrics and Music by  
Mack Gordon and Harry Owens

**20th CENTURY FOX**

**Coming soon!**

**WATCH FOR IT!**

**HENRY FONDA • GENE TIERNEY**

Keep 'Em Laughing with Their Loving

**in**

**Rings on her Fingers**

**with LAIRD CREGAR**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
Buy U. S. Defense  
★ Bonds or Stamps ★  
every day!  
★ ★ ★ ★ ★





## Priscilla Lane

When Priscilla Lane started as Fred Waring's gum-chewing songster-comedienne, she needed Sis Rosemary to make her click. Now on her own, it looks like the blue-eyed baby of the Mullican clan (that's the five Lane lassies' real moniker) has turned out to be the fightingest. After battling for good contract terms, Pat and her studio finally passed around the peace pipe, and the reels are already rolling out on Universal's "Saboteur," with the littlest Lane listening to director's orders from high 'n' mighty Hitchcock. A rootin', tootin' Cary Grant fan, she balked when she met Cary for the first time in "Arsenic and Old Lace" and was told to give him a sure, swift kick. Under the sun she whacks a nice tennis ball, claims it's just one way of keeping her 102 pounds inside her teensy 18-inch waistline. To date, her favorite indoor sport is dodging all questions that start with "... now about this man John Barry..."





KORMAN

*John  
Payne*

Funny thing, what a guy will do to eat! Take the case history of one John Payne. Of the Roanoke, Virginia, Paynes, suh! They used to call him Tiger around New York's West Side gyms . . . until the Armenian Assassin brought his career as a wrestler to an abrupt ending. Then he turned to the more genteel profession of bouncer in a real nice night club. From there he sprinted from pool-room manager to chauffeur to short-order cook—all the while enrolled in the Columbia School of Journalism. One day he started to write assorted two-bit stories. Weird and wonderful tales, they were. He's papering his study right now with editors' rejection slips . . . but loves his new book like crazy. Calls it "The Sun Shines Bright." Certainly it's been shining bright for John, with such handsome parts as 20th Century-Fox's "To the Shores of Tripoli" being thrown smack at him. Hoards pennies and says he would like all kinds of children, 10, anyway!



FRANK POWOLNY



Ida  
Lupino

It all dates back to "The Light That Failed." Her knife-edged portrayal of the spirited little gutter-snipe caught on . . . lifted her out of syrupy roles, and it's been bigger and better neurotics for Miss Lupino ever since! In "Ladies in Retirement" she managed a cozy little job of strangulation that'd make Lady Macbeth look silly. Now, everyone's standing around on one foot, waiting to see what she's up to in 20th Century-Fox's "Moontide." You'd never guess she was imported from England originally to do a dewy-eyed "Alice in Wonderland." But you might very well guess that 300 years of acting is her heritage. She says, "I used to be frivolous, overpainted . . . simply awful!" But one day she met that nice Louis Hayward and he said to her, "Go wash your face." She did, and now she's Mrs. Hayward. Walks around the house sans shoes, collects guns and blanches when reminded of that old epithet, "Hollywood's Dizziest Dame."



CLARENCE S. BULL



*William  
Lundigan*

It was his voice that did it, of course. There he was, fresh out of Syracuse U. with no God-given gift but his velvety voice. He started announcing, and in no time his voice had floated out to Hollywood and an offer had floated back. But there was one professional crisis before he left. He was interviewing an animal trainer when a chummy chimpanzee and a pally python walked right up and started making love to him. How the show went on he'll never know! Out in Hollywood, he was the Anonymous One who had 'em swooning under his diction in trailers, shorts and other miscellany. But one day Warners sent out a call for THE voice and the face behind it, and found that one was as good as the other. The body wasn't bad either. Ditto for the acting ability, as you'll discover in M-G-M's "The Bugle Sounds." Lundigan, at home, is mad for deep-sea fishing and muscle work, stopping short of complete virility by his dislike of poker!



POWOLNY



## Joan Fontaine

When I.Q. tests proved Joan Fontaine a genius, everyone was a little startled! That is, everyone but Joan who was three and didn't much care. Genius or no, fun is fun, and you can pass her a helping! She and that magnificent hunk of husband are seen everywhere, all shined and pressed. They love good music and good theater and planing from coast to coast! Closest to Joan's heart is her career . . . that career which brought her into focus as the clear-eyed, exquisitely simple heroine of "Rebecca." "Suspicion" brought her the New York critics' vote of outstanding actress (with sister Livvie right up there beside her). And there'll be no counting the laurels she'll gather from 20th Century Fox's "This Above All." All of which proves her talent is far less fragile than her beauty. About Joan, the wife, there is no available data except that she and Brian share about 3,000,000 mutual interests, which ought to hold 'em for a while!





William  
Holden


It's been some time now that Bill Holden's been running around in a size 10 Cinderella's slipper . . . and it looks like the clock isn't ever going to strike 12! There he was . . . William Beedle, a sophomore at Pasadena Junior College, fertilizer salesman in the summer. And then, suddenly, bewilderingly, he was touched by Mamoulian magic . . . hoisted into the limelight via "Golden Boy." Used to live like a recluse during those first days in Hollywood. Even now you stand a better chance of bumping into the Holdens on a skating rink than at the hot spots. More probably you'll find them at home exchanging career notes . . . discussing his shiny performance in Paramount's "Out of the Frying Pan." Or up to his neck in dreams about their ranch in the valley some day . . . and their stable and horses and land. Bill's whittled his allowance down to \$35 a week, Brenda Marshall to \$25, so that "some day" might be tomorrow, or at latest, the day after!





# Paulette's Back...

IS THE OBJECTIVE  
AT THE FRONT!



"ALL THE BOYS AT THE FRONT WANT HER BACK!"

"THE PRETTIEST MILITARY OBJECTIVE I EVER SAW!"

"PARDON MY PRYING... BUT SPYING'S SPYING!"

...AND  
RAY HAS  
A PLAN  
UP HIS  
SLEEVE,  
TOO!

## "THE LADY HAS PLANS"

...and they're on her back!



A Paramount Picture Starring

# Ray Milland · Paulette Goddard

with

Roland Young · Albert Dekker · Margaret Hayes · Cecil Kellaway · Edward Norris

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD · Screen Play by Harry Tugend

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



BY DAPHNE CARRUTHERS

# GOOD-BYE, CAROLE



Silent and crushed, Gable arrived in Las Vegas to make funeral arrangements. It's rumored that he'll enlist in the army.

**We won't be seeing her any more, but  
in a man's heart and home, in aching  
memories, in changed lives, she  
still throbs with shining loveliness!**

Of her, Pres. Roosevelt said, "She is and always will be a star—one we shall never forget nor cease to be grateful to."

On Jan. 13th she arose at the crack of dawn to pose for publicity pics to boost savings stamps sales in Salt Lake City.







"I have seen flames around the plane and there seems to be nobody left alive."

Out of far West vastnesses eight thousand feet above the Nevada-California line, came a witness's horrified sentence, blasting out incredible news. For on that plane were fifteen soldiers. And Carole Lombard. Flickering across the whole world went an incredulous, heartaching cry, "Carole Lombard isn't dead!"

It just wasn't possible. Death and Carole didn't make sense. A big white-faced man battered at the people who tried to stop him from smashing his way through to the impenetrable mountain to prove it couldn't be so. Clark Gable, a face and a name known to every person in the country, was an aghast, incredulous husband. "She can't be dead—" But in the

list of names that ticked out of teletypes everywhere came one line, "Mrs. Clark Gable, Hollywood, California."

The President of the United States sent a wire. The Civil Aeronautics Board reported everybody dead. Did a gamin spirit, extricating itself from the wreck, tossing back its gay gold hair, laugh suddenly at all this and stretch out its hands to us?

Carole Lombard can't be dead. . . .

She was Hollywood. At the smartest parties, there was a blonde-haired girl, magnificently dressed, swaggering, assured. She'd battered her way from bit parts and slumps, from failures and delays to a place near the top, and she was loving it. Hollywood rampant—a white dining table (*Continued on page 74*)



# DOUBLE EXPOSURE

**TAKES TWO TO TELL ON A GUY LIKE STACK!  
HERE'S LOWDOWN FROM A GAL WHO KNOWS—  
PLUS A STRICTLY PERSONAL POINT OF VIEW!**

**"A simply super somebody," as told by Ann.**

● "What do I like about Bob Stack?" Ann Rutherford repeated as if she had been asked what she liked about a million dollars in cash. "Why, I like *everything* about him—but completely. I mean he's such a man's man and a girl's man and an all-around great guy.

"To begin with, he's a super at handling situations. The way I met him in the first place—well, you might call it unorthodox. I had met Bob Shaw and Linda Darnell one night and liked them so much that the next time I was giving a clam bake, I decided to invite them. Linda was out of town, but I telephoned Bob STACK anyway—thinking I was getting Shaw. I mean I wasn't dropped on my head as a baby, and all the other members of my family are bright, but I get confused at times. So, I called the studio and asked for Bob Stack's number, which they supplied. Then I blithely dialed this number and asked to speak to 'Bob!' When he answered, I said, 'This is Ann Rutherford.' There was a sort of a silence on the other end of the wire, and I thought, 'Well, what gives?' Finally, (Continued on page 88)



Bobby and Ann both adore the Venice Fun House; picked it for extra-special celebrating her new role in "This Time For Keeps."

BY FREDDA DUDLEY



Stack likes variety—in beer and cokes and his women—successively dates Lana Turner, Sheila Ryan, Anne Gwynne, de Havilland, and Rutherford. Lana claims he's No. 1 romance in her life, has wires and letters to substantiate!





Besides cashing in on hits like "Eagle Squadron," he's chalking up a substantial bank account manufacturing hot water heaters for the army!



When houseboy Pacifico first came to the Stack household, li'l' Bobby was too young to pronounce his complicated name, dubbed him Pacific Coast!



Pipe-smoking Bob litters the place with pictures, especially cherishes a Turner snap and Durbin portrait inscribed, "To Bob:—my friend and my 'First Love.'"

**"The guy's a jerk," as insisted by Robert Stack!**

● Mr. Robert Stack rubbed his hands and grinned when he was asked what he disliked about himself. This, he said, was the first time he had ever been offered the opportunity to confound any critic who thought Stack didn't know where his engine was missing.

"I could write a book bigger than 'Gone With The Wind' about the things I dislike about myself," he announced eagerly. "First, I don't like my looks. Every time I glance into a mirror, I think 'Who's that jerk?' Any guy who has curly hair will realize what it meant to me to be given an Air Corps hair cut for 'Eagle Squadron' and 'To Be Or Not To Be.' Imagine how it feels to come out of the shower, with a civilian hair cut, looking like an Astrakhan jacket. Imagine how it feels to come in after a hard boat race and have some well-meaning grandmotherly soul tell you that you look like a cherub. God! It happened to me—no kidding.

"And what wouldn't I give to have deep lines in my forehead and a little more poundage on my frame so that I'd appear (Continued on page 89)

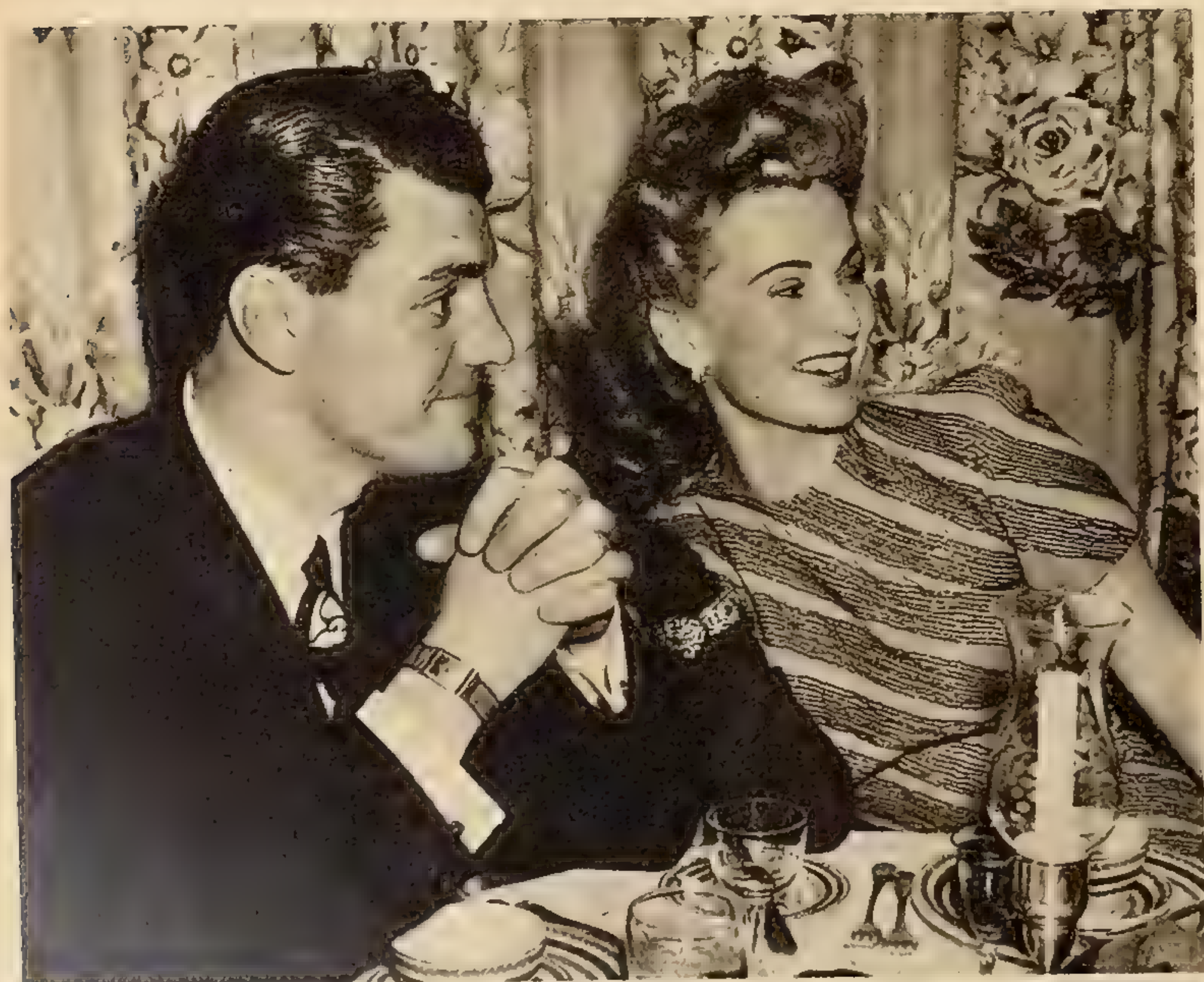
Broke world's skeet-shooting record in '36 and has a library full of duck-hunting tomes. Also piled up cups for polo and speed-boating!







Honeymooners Mickey and Ava Rooney left Del Monte, Cal., for his next pic with sirenish Lamarr. Note Ava's \$2500 sparkler.



Greg Bautzer, ex-amour of D. Lamour, toasted Georgianna Gabor (Eve's kid sister) at razmatazz opening of the Players, Director Preston Sturges' new night club.



Ever think Ed G. Robinson connoisseured and collected fine art and pipes? His latest bit of villainy is "Larceny, Inc." Above with Producer Hollingworth's missus.





Jitter 'n' jive Jackie Cooper rooms with T. Dorsey drummer, struts in and out of "Syncopation" with Bun Granville.



The Buddy Adlers (Anita Louise) wonder whose career counts most. He'd like her to cook-sew while he M-G-M-writes.



Chums Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms. He's been Darnell-ing it since Linda's discriminating ma date-rated him O.K.

## CANDIDLY YOURS

On the sly shots of Hollywood's

He's and She's caught by

our fly-by-night cameraman!



George Raft came East recently without one-and-only-gal Grable, did the town strictly stag. Betty and her mother still treasure those lavish furs he gave 'em!

PHOTOS BY BOB BEERMAN







BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

# The strange case of **GEORGE SANDERS**

**ECCENTRIC, UNPREDICTABLE.**

**PARADOXICAL—HE'S A RIDDLE TO**

**HOLLYWOOD AND THE WORLD'S**

**DROLLEST JOKE TO HIMSELF!**

**R**IGHT after "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," George Sanders' first major screen villainy, a famous screen beauty stopped him on a studio lot.

"I thought you were wonderful," she praised. George eyed her coldly.

"Naturally," he said, and strode on, unsmiling.

That episode is quoted not to show that George Sanders is rude, though he can be, nor conceited, though he can be, nor unsociable, though he usually is. It's just to point out that he is and always has been a queer duck. The greatest of that species, in fact, that the movies have ever known. As such, he is the most fascinating picture puzzle in Hollywood today.

Everything in George Sanders' nature is an irritating contradiction. He pays no attention to Hollywood, but Hollywood is wild about him. He's certainly no Adonis, yet women swoon at his image. He glories in evil parts, still his popularity races daily. He looks lazy, but works fast and sure. He is British, but scorns British poses. His aura is mysteriously glamorous, while his life is modest, prosaic and rather dull.

All this amuses no one more than George Sanders, who regards his life and labors with a sardonic leer, anyway. The Sanders sense of humor runs caustically close to sarcasm and expresses itself mainly in ribald songs.

In his threadbare London days, George earned his cakes and coffee in smoky cafes and chop houses, thumping a piano and chanting risqué ditties, even more earthy than the Dwight Fiske variety. He can still tag the keyboard and sing the songs, many of which he composes himself. They all have shockingly funny titles and are delivered in a thick English accent. Sanders at the piano is famous among his few friends. They say it's his way of laughing at his amazing self.

To eavesdrop on these caustic concerts you must go to Lucey's, around the corner from RKO studios. Lucey's is not only George's favorite



"Son of Fury" villain Sanders was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, fled the Revolution to England. Is 6'3" tall and weighs a solid 215 lbs!





Does a neat bit of sleuthing in "The Falcon Takes Over" with Lynn Bari and Jimmy Gleason!



That German accent George spouts to Walter Pidgeon in "Man Hunt" is acquired from an in-law.

## The strange case of **GEORGE SANDERS**

CONTINUED

restaurant, but the only one he'll enter in Hollywood. It has two big attractions for Sanders—a private room and a piano. When he finishes his eight hours (he's firm on that point; not an hour longer will he work), George likes to herd together an audience from the set—anyone will do—camera crew, assistant director, pretty extra girls. Together they troupe over to Lucey's, and George sardonically rips off his blue-blazer ballads inspired by his favorite and only drink—gin and bitters. It seems to soothe his soul.

The famous "pink gin" of the Royal Navy and his Oxford accent are about George's only links with movieland's Old-School-Tie gang. In most other ways he's a renegade and not chummy with the tight little isle of elegant Britons in far away Hollywood.

George was friendly with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, and Brian Aherne is more than a nodding acquaintance. But the "Dear Old Ronnie" set, the Laughtons, the Cedric Hardwickes, the Ronald Colmans, Alan Mowbrays and so forth, who continually wave the Union Jack around to awe the native Hollywooders, doesn't count him a cricket pal. In all Hollywood British benefits since the war began, George has appeared at only one, the big Allied gala staged two years ago at the Coconut Grove. With Reginald Gardiner, David Niven, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks and a chorus of British beaux he cavorted and sang, "Darling, I Am Growing Older," with charm and grace. But the countless soirees, teas, (Continued on page 82)



In "Foreign Correspondent," Sanders played a likable role. With Bob Benchley and Joel McCrea.



Vied for Ingrid Bergman in "Rage in Heaven," but in real life heartily dislikes beautiful women!



Enjoyed playing around with guns as the British army officer in "Sundown." Above, with Bruce Cabot.





TY and ANNABELLA



# "Dear Diary..."

Sept. 24, 1941

Tony asked me to go to the "Hank  
In The P.A." premiere tomorrow night.  
I said Yes - of course! I wonder  
if this could be the beginning of  
something. I'm a little afraid it  
won't be. Singing idol - dimples, tall,  
dark and handsome - uh-uh - too pat  
Watch out Landis! The big, bad wolf  
may catch up with you.

Carole Landis



Roddy McDowall



1941 DECEMBER 1941							1941 JANUARY 1941						
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
28	29	30	31				25	26	27	28	29	30	31

DECEMBER 4 THURSDAY

School 9:00-12:00. Thursday  
came for us and with her there  
were two sailors, Englishmen.  
Look them to lunch and about  
then the studio. Home. Then  
we took them back home to  
Sam Pedro. Can the way back  
we got a ticket - John Lane  
and a lot of things.  
for dinner. Some and had.  
We met some people there 5:00  
then. Can a little girl of 14 with  
Admin. We think she is very nice.  
In the night Norma was very  
sick and I had very bad tooth  
ache. Mummy was up most  
of the night.

DECEMBER 5 FRIDAY

Didn't go to school today because  
of what happened last night but  
I was up at time. Helped mummy  
with washing machine up when  
she moved into my bed and I  
placed mummy with her.  
Went to dentist - Home. Father  
came. Mr. Stevenson from the  
studio came and I signed  
my new contract. Then I  
went to bed and then  
I moved up to Mummy's bedroom.

For  
No more to night.



SECRET LOVES AND HATES, DREAMS, INTRIGUES—STRAIGHT FROM THE PAGES OF HOLLYWOOD'S PRIVATE DIARIES!

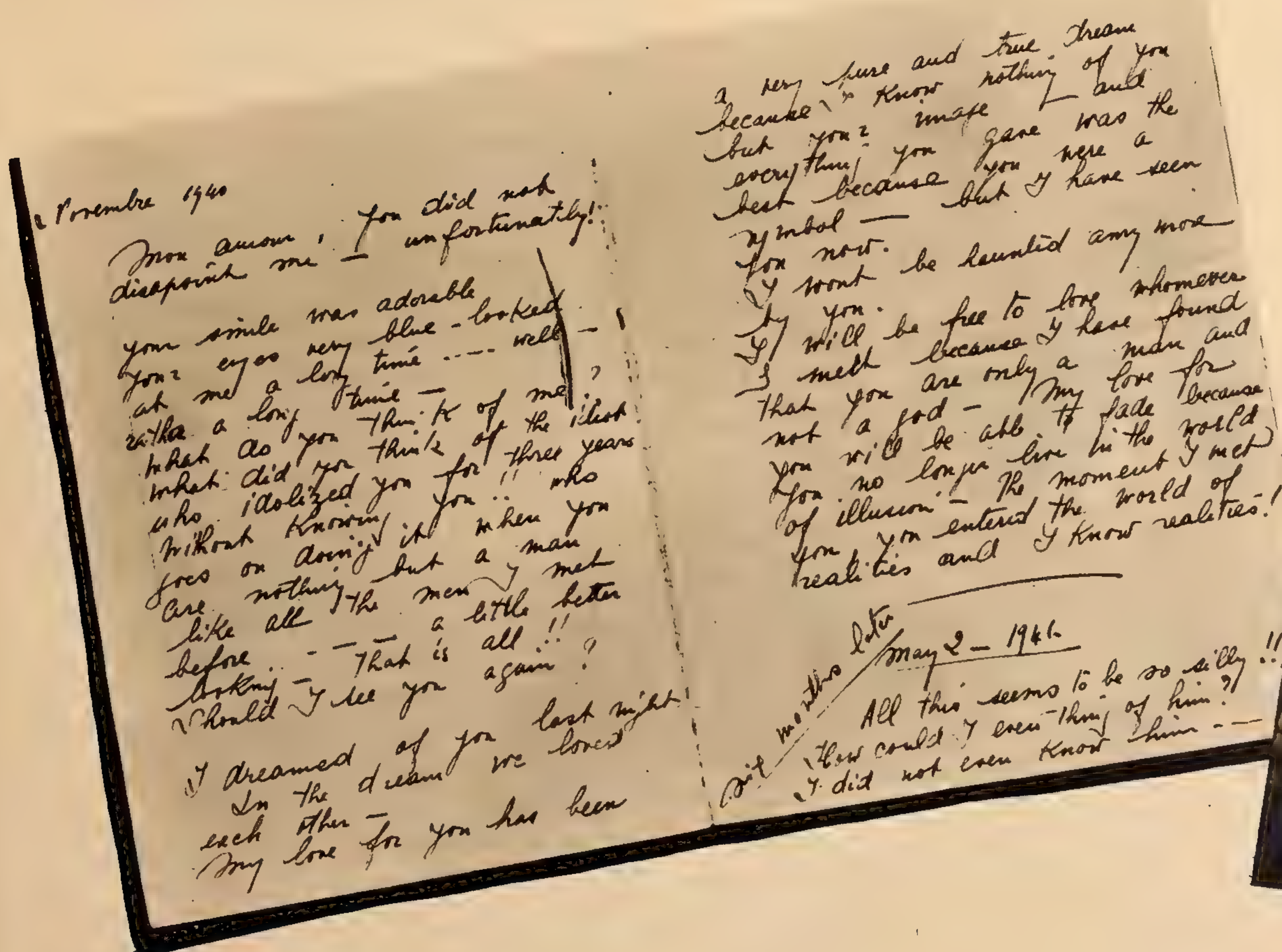
Hollywood diaries, like all diaries, are mental fingerprints. They are gay, chatty, vivid. They are stuffy, repetitious, magnifying silly detail. They spotlight Love, Romance, Infatuation, Friendship, Career, Most Embarrassing Moments and the world their writers live in. They are kept, mostly, by aspiring youngsters, pursuing fame; occasionally by fabulously-fortuned oldsters who have a heart for such things.

Hollywood diaries are more likely to be tended by women, although a few rugged fellows keep what they shamefacedly call "Commonplace Books" (they're still diaries). Most recordings are in cheap school copybooks (Michele Morgan's was); on engagement calendar pads. The hand-tooled, gilt-edged, gold-locked affairs are to be seen in Hollywood—yes, indeed, but only on fashionable booksellers' shelves.

Like all diaries, they reveal one thing: that open confession is good for the sole reason that it makes awfully interesting reading . . .

Carole Landis . . .

Sept. 23, 1941—Back to the big bad city (New York). You come alive in this town. Does things to you. Shopping this morning. Found an un-Landis hat and two that were simply made for me. Bought 'em. Lunch with Jimmy at one of his favorite spots—the Crillon, French cooking—ahh!—and then a dizzy ride up the Avenue. Always a thrill. Out to the Stork that night, and who should come up to our table but Tony Martin. There is a man! Didn't dare tell him that I owned all his Deccas from "Intermezzo" to "I'll Never Smile Again" to "Last Time I Saw Paris" to "Indian Summer," and I have a standing order with the Music Shop to supply me with



Michele Morgan

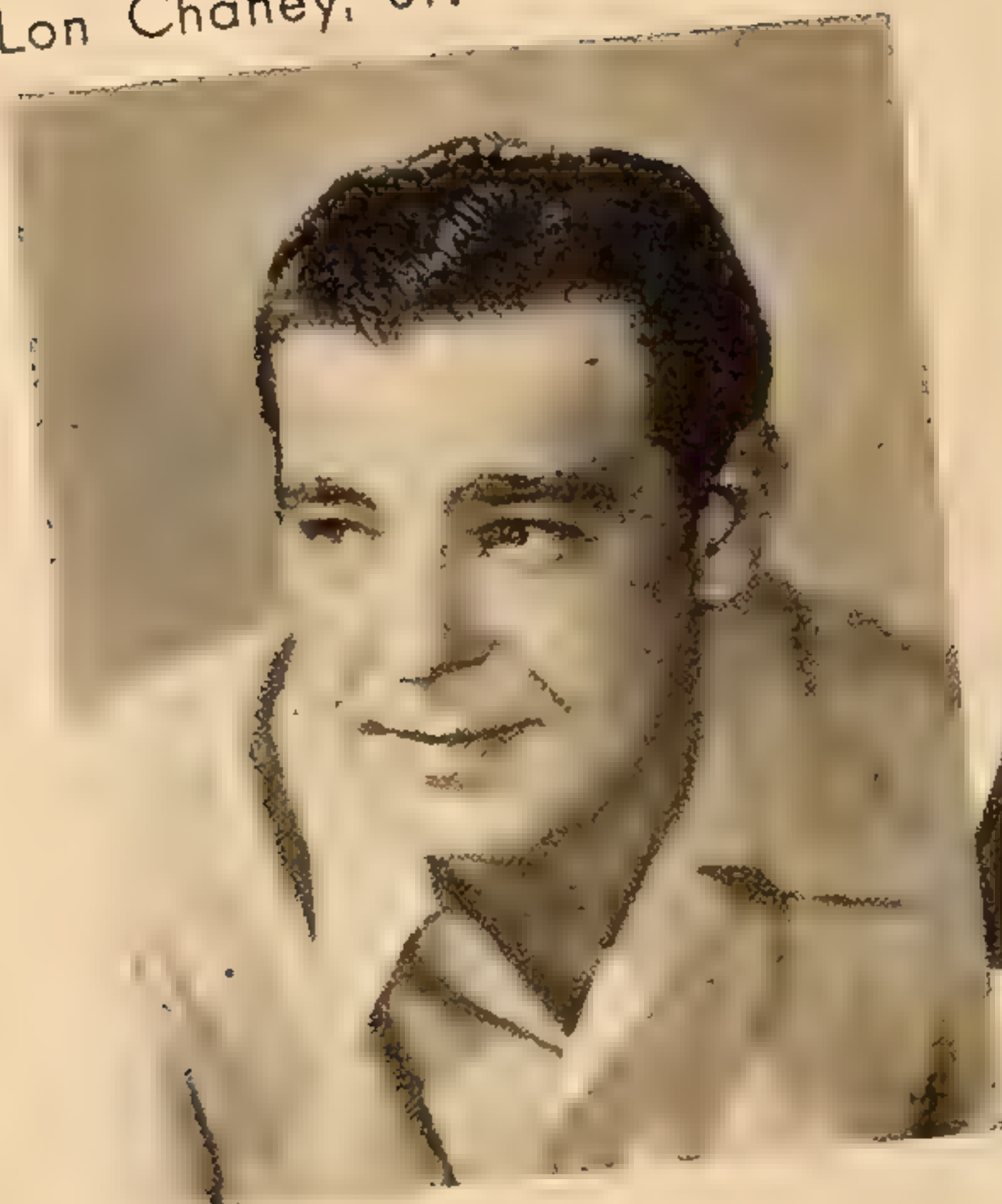




# "Dear Diary..."

Continued

Lon Chaney, Jr.



13  
Wish Dad had kept a diary. Remember that he suffered agonies while making some of those pictures. Like to know how he felt about it himself. Funny they called him the man with a thousand faces. Can only remember one the one with a smile. If he could take it like that guess I can too. Hope so anyway.

Bette Davis



Have dinner in  
upstairs at  
7:30 -  
press proba dit  
have to buy  
mushrooms -  
tell garden  
to help leaves  
up friends -  
take Toby to  
1st or 2nd  
& stuffing  
Sherry for Bobby  
56 Audubon St  
Augusta 'm  
Call Hollywood  
Insanity Jan.

his very latest platters the moment they come out!

Sept. 24, 1941—Tony asked me to go to the "Yank in the R.A.F." premiere tomorrow night. I said "Yes . . . of course!" I wonder if this could be the beginning of something? I'm a little afraid it won't be. Singing idol—dimples—tall, dark and handsome—uh-uh . . . too pat. Watch out, Landis! The big bad wolf may catch up with you.

Sept. 25, 1941—Take it all back! He's a darling. Sort of modest and simple and sweet. Kind of over-

whelmed at all the fuss that goes on over him. Women can be so exquisitely silly about a matinee idol, and that includes yrs. trly., so help me. Did the night spots after the show—"Yank" very exciting. Tyrone wonderful. Starlight Roof for supper, and Tony humming "You Stepped Out of a Dream" as we danced. Very effective! We're going out dancing tomorrow night, too. And the next night—!!

Michele Morgan . . .

She admits (now) that it (Continued on page 64)



LINDA DARNELL





# COSSACK COWBOY

HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT FARMS THAN HE DOES

ABOUT FEMMES—BUT HE'S LEARNING FAST!



George disagreed when Papa thought he should don a coat for the camera. Mamotchka just smiled.



That long photo atop the piano is of George and his 7 brothers. Portrait is of friend Watson Webb.

● George Montgomery looks like an American cowboy. So you're startled to hear him break into rapid Russian when he talks to his parents. The explanation is simple. He is an American cowboy, but Russian comes easier than English to his father and mother, who in 1912 left their home near Sebastopol to settle in Montana with eleven children of their own and a couple they'd adopted. Mamotchka, as the children still call their mother, didn't bother with adoption formalities. In the little town of which her husband was mayor, an orphan with no closer claims automatically held a claim on her. There was always enough to feed another mouth. Over a period of years they took in five.

Of their own living brood of thirteen—two died in infancy—George and Maurice, his elder by two years, were born in Montana. His full name is George Montgomery Lyetz, the middle name after a treasured family friend—the Montgomery Ward catalogue.

He's six feet two, a tawny-topped young man with friendly blue eyes, slightly Slavic cheekbones and the level-headedness of his stock, which sprang from the soil. He says what he thinks, knows what he wants, takes his career with a grain of salt and squirms when people tell him he reminds them of Gable or Gary Cooper. "Look, do me a favor, (Continued on page 79)



In T.C.F's "Roxie Hart" he's Ginger Rogers' newsman.



George wishes he needed an alarm clock to wake him. Can't sleep after 7 a.m.



He wields a mean charcoal. That's his own version of Linda Darnell.





He worries about his spelling, feels lost without a dictionary.

He used to be "just a cowboy." Now he's top heart-throbber and soldier-boy in "Ten Gentlemen From West Point" for T.C.F



# The Lady is a Trump



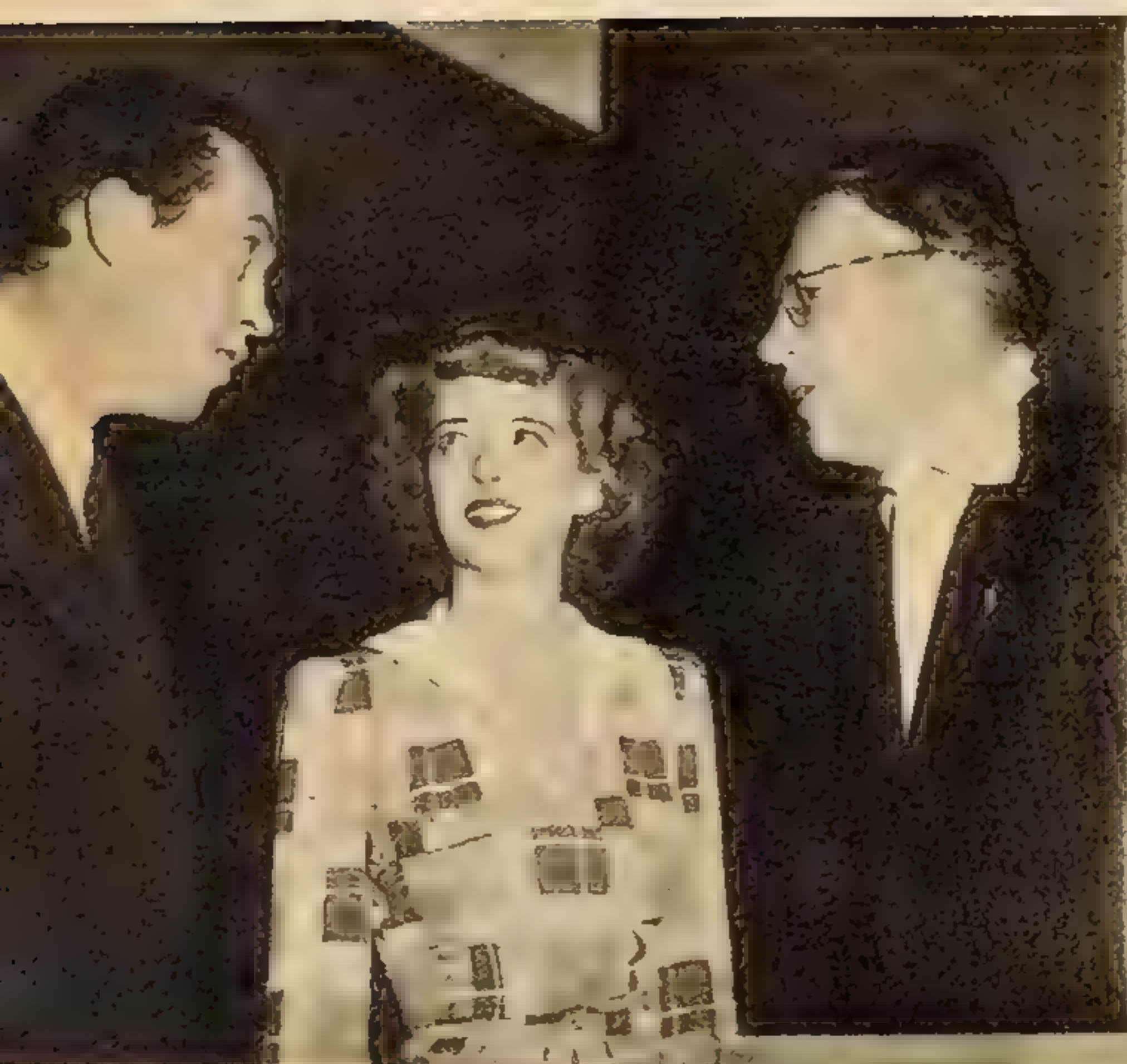
She's restless as a robin, loves men

who give her diamond bracelets. But

Bette swears quiet, thrifty "Farny's"

just what the doctor ordered!

BY CYNTHIA MILLER



With Warners' Director John Huston and his famous father, Walter.



Farny's pop gave her Peckett 3 years ago. She's had Tibby for 10 years!



Bette will be touring U.S. Army camps soon, doing her bit for all-out victory.



Livvy de Havilland and Bette on set of "In This Our Life."



● Bette's the only major actress in Hollywood who, on every birthday, adds a frank year to her age. The impulse to suppress vital statistics isn't confined to actresses. Nine out of ten women do it. Bette's the exception.

She's been bawled out more than once for what her advisers call gratuitous candor and rejects their advice for two reasons. The records are open to all who care to consult them. She'd feel like a fool to say she was twenty-eight and be faced with the proof that she was thirty-three. She also feels that the years are for, not against, you—that you gain sense with experience and interest with both. She says maybe the time will come in her forties, when she'll wish she *had* dropped a year here and there. Those who know her best doubt it.

Asked to name her governing quality, a friend said: "She's straight, like one of her own New England trees. It's not that she climbs on any high moral horse. But a lie discomforts her, just as cats discomfort some people. They feel easier when the cat departs. Bette feels easier when she tells the truth."

By the same token, she refuses to lend herself to any but authentic publicity, thinks it's silly to pose with golf clubs over your shoulder when you don't play golf. Whom do you think you're fooling? The fans? She'd rather not. And why go out of the way to make an ass of yourself, when life is so rich in bonafide opportunities?

To get most stars on the phone is a major production. Bette answers her own, because it's at her elbow, and she'd rather face the occasional awkwardness of an unwelcome caller than keep dragging the maid out of

the kitchen to announce that so-and-so wants to talk to her. One of her more unreasonable phobias is being told by people that they left a message with her secretary. To this she retorts that she has no secretary. "It's a childish reaction," she confesses, "but I cling to it. Maybe because I'm so tired of calling up and getting other people's secretaries."

Disliking to lie, she also dislikes being lied to—freezes up on saleswomen who say it looks beautiful when it's manifestly hideous and prefers unpleasant truths to her face than by indirection. Sometimes the truth makes her mad—when she knows it's the truth but hasn't got 'round to admitting it, and somebody beats her to the punch. Her fury spent, she'll apologize for the error of her ways. She never stays mad, doesn't sulk, can dig up only one grudge that she's held for years, and subdues her temper by reminding herself that temper doesn't pay.

To Bette, for instance, a fireless room is a dead room. She can imagine living without chairs, carpets, curtains—not without an open fire. So when she went away with Fanny for New Year's Eve and discovered that the promised fireplace in their living room hadn't materialized, she sounded, she's ashamed to say, like an old hen. Till she realized that an old hen sounds ugly, and that her squawks weren't building a fireplace.

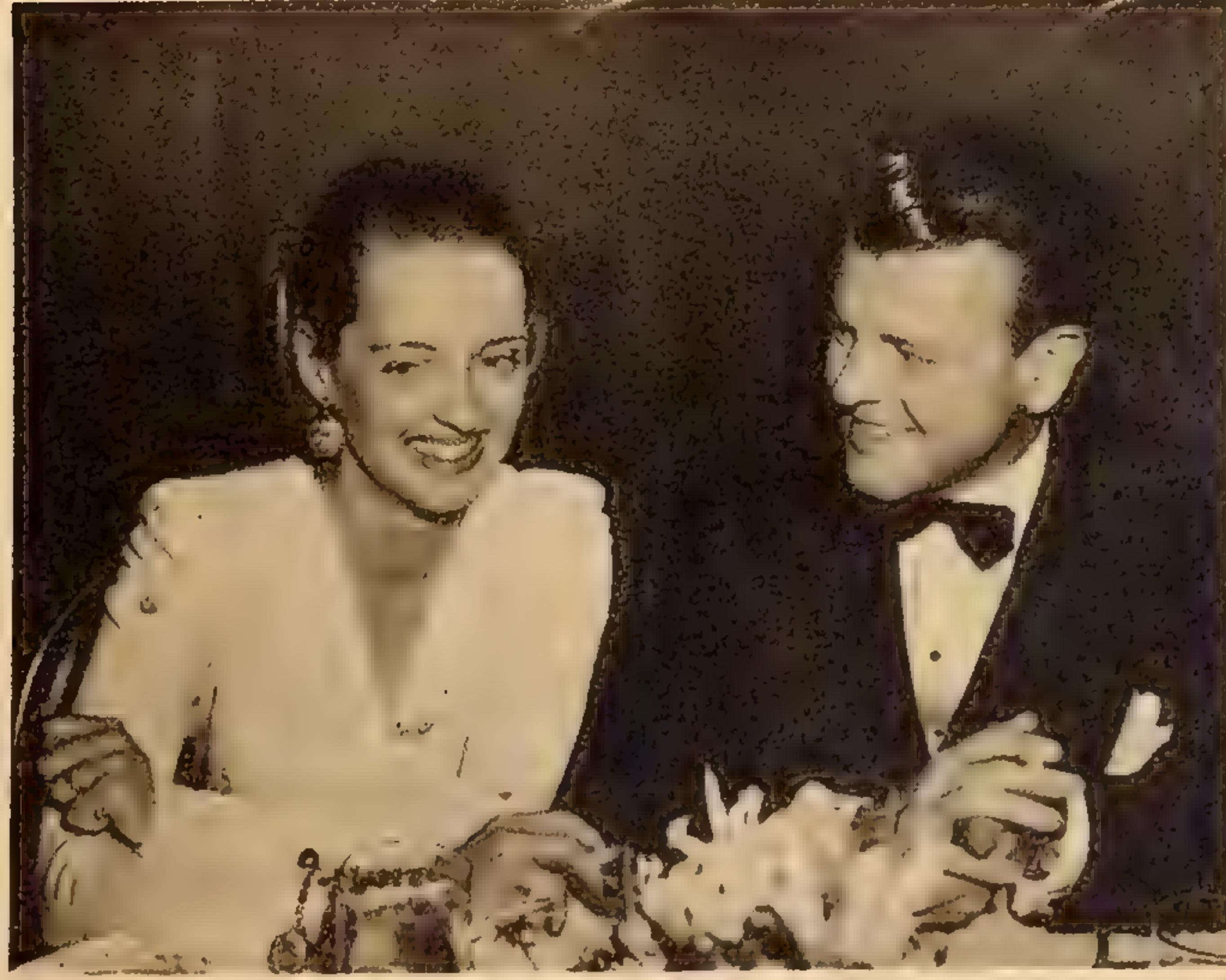
She's also ashamed of how mad she gets if things aren't kept impeccably clean. "I'm a devil," she says, "about fingermarks on silver." What bothers her more than the fingermarks is the sense of work sloppily done. It's a kind of cheating, no form of which can she tolerate. As when something's (Continued on page 82)



Leading man George Brent's slant on how it should be done.



The Hollywood Women's Press Club voted Bette "most cooperative" gal star.



Betty and Fanny have left the Big Time to spend a few months at "Butter Nut," their New Hampshire retreat.



# It's a Date!

Played Cupid, we did, and cooked up a date between Glenn Ford and Jinx Falkenburg! Here's an exclusive candid camera record of what went on behind scenes!



Jinx was afraid Glenn was going to be just another Hollywood fresh guy! But he turned out a complete natural, and they're the best of chums now. Drove to Caliente to the races in his hopped-up Cadillac club coupe.



Luxury-loving Jinx warbles and thinks in her bubble bath for hours. Retires by 1 A.M., is awakened at 7:30 by a noisy brother. Shrewd, vivacious, scrupulous, she was christened Eugenia in 1919, in Spain.



Glenn takes his showers icy, with intermittent scorching sprays. Can't stand toilet water, substitutes his special \$2-a-cake English soap. Averages 3 dates a week, generally with the Bill Holdens or non-pro chums.





Unorthodoxically made up and combed her hair before dressing, then had to start from scratch again! Adoree slips and owns about 20 costing up to \$10 per. Is currently emoting in Columbia's "Sweetheart of the Fleet."



Above average height (5' 7"), Jinx can indulge her huge appetite, breakfasts on fruit, cereal, ham and eggs, hot cakes, toast and milk. Never wears high heels, avoids short men. Relaxes with feet up and witch hazel pads on eyes.



Following his shower, Glenn shaves once a day. Lives in an 8-room home with his mom. Is ashamed of his studio-ordained long locks (for "The Adventures of Martin Eden"), hibernates to out-of-the-way places!



A rapid dresser, he takes half an hour from shave to door. Hates dolling up and has never once worn a set of tails bought 2 years ago. Doesn't give a hoot for dancing (neither does Jinx), but can do a wicked waltz if put to it!

CONTINUED . . .





Jinx's maid, Reyes, speaks no English, parleys with family in Spanish. Jinx's hair is washed every 3 days at studio, peroxided at hairline to give sun-bleached effect. Religiously brushes it 15 mins. evenings, 10 mins. in the A.M.



Unwittingly dressed to Glenn's taste—in sweater 'n' skirt! Keeps sweaters flower-fresh by sewing sachet bags in shoulder. That screen's plastered with mag covers (61) and ads for which she modeled in N. Y.

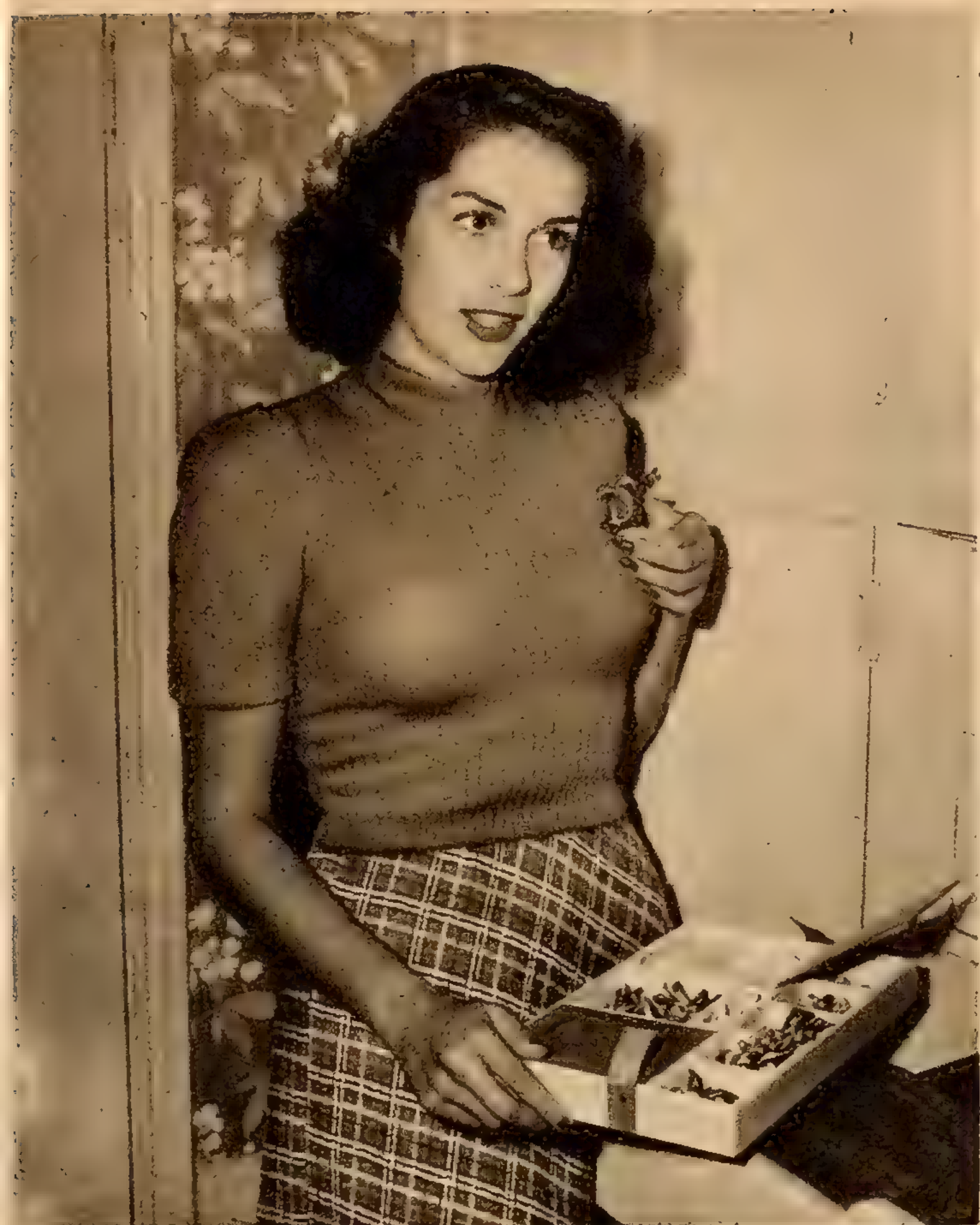


Glenn's his own valet service, personally attending to laundry and cleaning. Owns 4 suits, 4 extra sports coats, 6 extra slacks. Doesn't have a hat, thinks scarves are arty. Shares Jinx's affinity for long-distance phone calls!



An avid scanner of the Daily Racing Form, Glenn enjoys the ponies moderately, usually sits out several races eating in the clubhouse. He and Jinx are cautious bettors, so he took only \$25 for the two of 'em!





Jinx averages 3 dinner dates a week, plays hard at tennis and swimming week-ends. Hates corsages, but dotes on jewelry, especially pin given her by an ex-suitor, with rubies and her name engraved in gold!



Punctual as a clock, she never keeps a man waiting. Loves stage shows, movies and music. Substitutes hand lotion for face powder to give sheen to her cheeks. Broke into Winchell's column last winter with her stockingless legs!



From his 150 complete record albums (classical, T. Dorsey and Kostelanetz) Glenn picks a record for Jinx. A pipe collector, he owns 100 "broken-ins," but relishes a nickel corncob on the Q.T. Puffs imported tobacco.



A victim of the willies, Glenn sits and clock-watches till it's time to go. He doesn't want to appear eager and call for Jinx too early. That imported English sports coat's his all-time favorite, set him back 75 bucks, reeks of tobacco!





# "ALL CLEAR" FOR YOUR SKIN

Leave cleansing cream on several minutes, then remove with tissue, using an upward, outward motion.



Keep your complexion clear and stimulated by frequent use of mild soap, water and a complexion brush.



Apply rich lubricating cream before going to bed, massaging your skin gently with fingertips.



Tone up your complexion with skin freshener after cleansing and before applying your make-up base.



Jane Wyman's lovely complexion is important to her romantic beauty. You'll see her in "Larceny, Inc."

By Carol Carter



● "All Clear" for your skin means "All Clear" for happiness and good times, too, because a flawless complexion is the very beginning of beauty and glamour—even more important than perfect features.

We can thank our lucky stars for this because there is always much we can do to make our complexions lovelier, although we usually have to be content with the fundamental facial structure that nature gave us. Skin, you know, is constantly renewing itself, and when it receives careful daily treatment, it becomes more radiant, softer, more caressable.

But that epidermis isn't for beauty's sake alone. It is also your first line of defense against all kinds of attacks. It acts as a buffer when anything hits you, it insulates your body against heat and cold and is a regulator of body temperature. It stands guard against germs and lessens the intensity of sunlight. For these services—as well as for increased loveliness—it deserves grade A attention.

To give your complexion the best of care, you need to understand its requirements. A normal skin, of course, is the ideal—fine pored, smooth, clear and blooming with healthy color. To have and hold a skin like this, remember these three simple essentials—everyday cleanliness, stimulation and protection. Clean your face at least twice a day and always before retiring with cleansing cream and tissue and follow up with a stimulating skin freshener. Or, if you prefer, scrub it with lukewarm water, mild soap and a soft complexion brush. Then keep your face soft, smooth and protected by applying protective bases before making up and by smoothing on a rich lubricating cream before retiring at night.

A too-dry skin is the worry of most girls and women in this hurried, confusing world of ours. Rigorous weather, strain and the fast pace we live by, all tend to rob skins of their natural lubricants, which keep it firm and young. So if yours is of this type, give it plenty of extra lubrication.

After cleansing with soap and water or cold cream, be sure to follow up with a rich emollient or special dry skin cream. If it is bedtime, massage it well into the skin, leaving it on overnight. This lubricant not only softens skin and supplies it with the oils it lacks, but with massage, helps to stimulate circulation and tone up slack facial muscles. Be sure to use only the pads of your fingers and hands when massaging, smoothing the cream in with a gentle upward and outward motion. If you are going out, let the lubricant remain on your face only a few minutes, then remove it with cleansing tissue saturated with skin freshener—and apply a cream or creamy lotion foundation before your make-up.

All this will make your skin bloom—but glamour

demands that you do still more. Check up on your eating and living habits, too. Be sure that you eat three nourishing meals a day that contain plenty of fruits, vegetables and particularly foods that contain fats and oils—and that you drink plenty of water to keep your body in good working order. Fatigue and nervousness are also frequently the causes of a dry, flaky skin, so find time for at least eight hours of sleep each night. It's better to curtail social life a bit than deliberately to invite unattractive skin. Exercise will do wonders in relaxing taut nerves, as well as stimulating circulation. So if you don't have facilities for bowling, badminton or swimming, at least take yourself for a long invigorating walk several times a week.

If you have an oily skin, the symptoms are all too familiar to you—your face forever shines, and powder just won't stay put. This condition, you know, is caused by overactive oil glands which secrete more oil than your skin needs for softness and smoothness. Your defense is to regulate unruly glands by stimulation—and to keep your face free of excess oil by scrupulous cleanliness. Follow the cleansing routine prescribed for a normal skin, only adhere to it more rigidly, scrubbing your face with soap and water or cleansing it with a liquefying type of cleanser three or four times a day. After rinsing thoroughly with clear cold water, apply a good astringent or skin freshener. This has a toning effect on the skin, and also tends to return pores to their normal size. Scrubbing your face briskly several times a day provides beneficial stimulation, too. Before making up, apply liquid, cake or vanishing type of foundation so that your powder will go on smoothly and evenly.

A too-oily skin, like any other condition that varies from the normal, has some underlying cause, so again health and diet need particular scrutiny. If you find that you are unbalancing your diet by indulging in rich foods, pastries, sweets and fried foods, cut these from your three meals a day in favor of more fruits and vegetables. And be sure that you drink more water than you ever have before. You probably are beginning to think as much is claimed for eight glasses per day as the old medicine men claimed for their magic remedies, but believe us, plenty of water is essential to a well-regulated body; hence to a healthy, beautiful skin.

If you should have acne, which often accompanies oily skin, the important thing is to believe that you can cure it. Don't just scrub your face, slap on a lotion, sleep 10 hours, refuse a couple of pastries, and then give up in a week, saying, "It's no use. I've tried everything." This condition just can't be cleared up in seven days, although that is time enough for a start, so have the courage of your complexion and do strive for (*Continued on page 79*)



# BEST FACE FORWARD

BY CAROL CARTER

● Few people can resist the appeal of a crisp, lovely gift package—for its exquisite exterior makes the contents seem all the more desirable. Knowing this, why don't we—smart girls that we are—apply this idea to our faces? We may have perfect features and lots of animation, but unless the packaging—our complexions—is at its glamorous best, these attributes may never receive the attention and appreciation they deserve. So let's put our best faces forward!

A clear, flawless complexion depends, you know, on everyday attention, so give yours the faithful care advised in "All Clear for Your Skin" beginning on page 48. But remember, also, that even the healthiest of complexions shows weariness at the end of a long day—just when dates and good times generally begin. So it behooves all of us to have a trick or two up our sleeves for pepping up a tired face and making it as fresh as dawn. If there's time for a change of clothes and a shower, there is time for a quick facial pick-up.

Here's how you go about it. Begin by tucking your locks away in a kerchief or light net, then slip into your housecoat so you'll feel comfortable and relaxed. Next slather on cleansing cream in smooth upward motions, being sure to cover both face and neck. You want your neck to look as satiny soft and smooth as your complexion. Leave the cream on while you take a refreshing bath or shower—so it can do its best work in cleansing and softening—and remove it immediately afterwards with soft cleansing tissue. Then tone up your skin with cool skin freshener. However, if you are a soap and water addict, you can achieve substantially the same cleansing, invigorating effect by scrubbing your face briskly with mild soap, lukewarm water and a soft complexion brush.

After cleansing, you have several courses open to you. Your choice depends on the time you have to prepare for that important engagement. *If you have only 15 minutes*, treat your complexion to one of those easy-to-use facial (Continued on page 70)



Columbia's Rita Hayworth, soon to co-star again with Fred Astaire.

*It's a smart girl who knows a few quick tricks for pepping up a tired complexion and giving it fresh radiance for unexpected engagements.*



# Modern Screen's Complexion Chart

FOLLOW THESE RULES FOR A RADIANT, LOVELY SKIN

IF YOUR SKIN IS	CARE FOR IT THIS WAY	WITH THESE AIDS
<b>NORMAL</b>	<p><i>Before retiring</i>, cleanse face thoroughly with soap and water and complexion brush—or cream and cleansing tissue. Apply emollient or overnight cream.</p> <p><i>In making up</i>, cleanse face of old cosmetics with cream and tissue, removing excess cream with freshener. Then apply foundation—cream, cake, vanishing or liquid—also powder, rouge and lipstick.</p>	Soap, complexion brush, cleansing cream, cleansing tissue, overnight or emollient cream, skin freshener. Make-up foundation—either cream, cake, liquid or vanishing.
<b>SENSITIVE OR DRY</b>	<p><i>Before retiring</i>, cleanse face with cold cream and tissue. Then stimulate skin with soap and water scrubbing. Apply emollient cream or special dry skin cream immediately afterward.</p> <p><i>In making up</i>, cleanse face thoroughly, then use cream or creamy type foundation, cream rouge and a light, fluffy type powder.</p>	Cold cream, cleansing tissue, soap, emollient cream, cream type foundation, cream rouge very light fluffy powder.
<b>OVER OILY</b>	<p><i>Before retiring</i>—also frequently during day—scrub face with soap, water and complexion brush or cleanse with liquefying cream and tissue. Follow with bracing astringent or toning lotion.</p> <p><i>In making up</i>, use vanishing, liquid or cake type base and dry rouge.</p>	Soap, complexion brush, liquefying cream, cleansing tissue, astringent or toning lotion, liquid, vanishing or cake type foundation and dry rouge.
<b>BLEMISHED</b>	<p>Cleanliness is of prime importance in clearing blemished skin. Frequently scrub face gently with bland soap, complexion brush and lukewarm water—but do not irritate it. Special skin cleansers and beauty grains are very effective.</p> <p>At night, apply pore cream, healing lotion or medicated cream to erupted areas. Special masks may be used to contract pores and remove blackheads. Gently remove blackheads with special comedone extractor and cleansing tissue. Touch alcohol to these areas.</p>	Soap, complexion brush, special skin cleansers or beauty grains, pore cream, healing lotion or medicated cream, special mask, comedone extractor, cleansing tissue, alcohol.
<b>CHAPPED</b>	<p>Cleanse skin with heavy cleansing cream. Gently remove excess cream with soft cleansing tissue. Wash face with soap and water, being careful not to irritate it. Then apply rich, lubricating cream.</p> <p>Before going outdoors, apply protective cream or lotion. Apply rich night cream or tissue cream before retiring.</p>	Heavy cleansing cream, soft cleansing tissue, rich, lubricating cream, soap, protective cream or lotion, night or tissue cream.
<b>MATURE</b>	<p><i>Before retiring</i>, smooth rich cleansing cream over face and neck to remove dust, stale make-up and grime. Wipe off with tissues. Then pat clean skin with cotton pads saturated in skin freshener or toning lotion. Then smooth on extra-rich emollient skin cream and pat briskly with fingers. Cleanse skin several times daily with rich cleansing cream.</p> <p><i>In making up</i>, always apply cream type foundation first.</p>	Rich cleansing cream, cleansing tissues, cotton pads, skin freshener or toning lotion, extra rich emollient cream, cream type foundation.



# Nelson Eddy Talks His Head Off

**TEN RED-LETTER DAYS HE'LL  
NEVER FORGET — EXCLUSIVELY  
SCOOPED BY MODERN SCREEN!**



Nelson and wife, Ann Franklin, celebrated their 3rd wedding anniversary in Jan.



Modeled a head of Jeanette MacDonald between scenes of "I Married An Angel."

## MEMO FROM ALBERT DELACORTE

Dear Ida:

Haven't read a revealing Eddy story in years. See if he'll talk about the high moments in his life—days so exciting or significant he'd like to live them over—or maybe, by the same token, wouldn't. We want to know the kind of guy he is—never mind what he eats for breakfast. Tell us how he reacts to life, its thrills and its pokes in the jaw.

Al

3533 WEST EIGHTY-FIFTH STREET

INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Al:

Too excited to write much. Something must have happened to Nelson's "censor." He talked more than I could listen. But I got most of it. If I say so myself, it's the best Eddy story ever written. Print it fast before he changes his mind.

*Ida*

## HE HITS HIS FIRST NOTE

It happened one June night in Philadelphia. He didn't look like much. The doctor whacked him a couple of times.

"What do you think?" asked the nurse anxiously.

"Oh, I guess maybe we'll be able to shove him into shape."

From the bed came a faint voice. "Does he look like his father?"

"Here, here, young woman, you're supposed to be asleep. Anyway, how do I know if he looks like his father? He's got no beard."

Rose a thin, high, nerve-piercing wail of protest, which only to a mother's misguided ears could have sounded like music. Mrs. Eddy smiled blissfully and



BY IDA ZEITLIN



Is terrifically wound up in his career. Can relax only by hard physical labor!



Does most of his practising at home, playing his own piano and organ accompaniments.

fell asleep, while her lusty son yelled his lungs out.

"Hm," sniffed the nurse, bundling him up. "One thing you're *not* going to be, my lad, is a singer."

The life he's led, Nelson has no squawks. It's agreeable with him, if he's born again. Only next time he wants to amount to something and be a tycoon.

#### NEVER SAY DIE

He liked being night cashier of the Philadelphia Press, because he could pinch-hit for the watchman and run all the elevators. It was only a stepping-stone, though. He got drunk on the smell of a newspaper office. His single dream centered around a future day when, asked about his occupation, he

could answer with heart-swelling pride: "Reporter."

That night the city editor, in mellow mood, came in to get some money on a voucher. He felt good. He felt so good that he had to do something for somebody, and the night cashier was handy. "Son, what do you want most in the world?"

"To be a reporter."

"Okay. From tomorrow morning you're a reporter."

He floated home on clouds of glory and floated back on same the following morning, having donned his other (best) suit to honor his calling, and supplied himself with a black leather notebook.

Beaming, he presented himself to the city editor.

"What do you want?"

"I came for my new job." (*Continued on page 104*)



# GOOD NEWS

**Sheridan-Brent marriage leaves a trail of broken hearts!**

**Japs and British agree, vote Deanna tops!**

**Artie Shaw two-times Lana Turner!**

**Garbo zodiac reveals actor romance coming!**

**Bruce Cabot, debutantes' darling, has a daughter age 14!**

Soon as he joined the six-zero income gang, Kay Kyser went in for de luxe slumming, sat necktie-less at the Players opening. Above, with Janie Wyman, who movie-kissed Eddie Robinson so roundly she dislodged his front tooth.







Orson Welles kept radio and production schedules going while waiting for Dolores Del Rio's divorce decree to bounce in and out of court. Rita Hayworth (above) guest-starred for him.



Private Jack Coogan, 26, O.K.'d father-to-be stories while wife Flower Parry, 19, denied them. But it's definite now. Pepsodent warbler Frances Langford's teaching him hot swing lullabies.



Newly slimmed Pat Morison boasted Hollywood's longest hair—blonded it to avoid confusion with Roz Russell's dark tresses, recently chopped it for "Malaya." Above, with Hugh Fenwick.



Mr. and Mrs. Lou Costello keep close watch on contract obligations. Lou must show  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pounds for every inch of his 5' 4" (224 pounds). Bigwigs worried when he shrank to 200.

### HOLLYWOOD DIARY

**Mon., Feb. 2nd:** Shopping in Beverly Hills and ran into Maureen O'Hara buying baby things. Uh, uh, I was wrong. She was selecting a gift for a colored baby born in McComb, Miss., (where she was married) who'd been christened Victory Pearl Harbor Moore!

I loved her wedding ring—a wide gold band that once belonged to Will's great grandmother—but she wouldn't slip it off for closer inspection. Claims that would bring bad luck! She swears it'll stay put even if Mr. Zanuck casts her as a dewy-lipped school maiden. Her arguments are all set against the day he does. She says lots of unmarried girls own marriage bands. Before she flew to Las Vegas, Judy Garland wore one for years. And before she acquired one of her own, Cobina Wright, Jr., wore one on each hand—souvenirs of her mother's two marriages!

**Thurs., Feb. 5th:** Lunched in Warners' Green Room with Bette Davis and Cynthia Miller. Cynthia's interview was nearly ruined by air raid sirens, shrieking like mad. We ripped out of that Green Room faster than the B-19! Studio wardens directed us to a shelter. When we were all huddled in what we prayed was a bombproof cellar, we learned it was just a drill, and not the real thing. That was a relief, but the twenty minutes we spent thumb-twiddling seemed like hours!

Back in the Green Room, Bette told us she's leaving for New Hampshire tomorrow morning. She had six inches sliced off her hair a couple of days ago, because she doesn't want to be bothered with curlers during her two months at Butter Nut. Two minutes after she stepped off the barber's chair, the studio called to say she was needed for retakes on "In This Our Life"! She had to spend hours getting her head pasted up so her hair-do would match earlier scenes!

Almost tripped over Carole Landis, this evening at Harry Rosenthal's Music Shop. She was coming out of a soundproof booth, loaded with rumba records. How that girl's changed! Haven't seen her in a night spot for months. Since she moved into that house in Santa Monica (the old Norma Shearer-Irving Thalberg place), Carole hardly dates any more. The boys still come around, but she gives them the heave-ho. Thinks maybe the beach air makes her drowsy 'cause all she wants to do at night is listen to records and sleep.

**Tues., Feb. 10th:** Sat in on the Ann Rutherford-Fredda Dudley confab over at Metro. Ann was a knockout in a black and white shepherd's check suit. And her lapel pin! A two-inch long zircon set in gold swirls! The Fred MacMurrays gave it to her last Xmas. Glad the interview didn't last longer than it did. That gal has so much pep, vim and vigor, she was exhausting me! As it was, she was called away to see a private screening of Dottie Lamour's "Aloma of the South Seas." She's being considered for a sarong role in "Pearls of Paradise." And only yesterday she was Polly Benedict!

Malted-milked with Linda Darnell and Ann Miller at Schwab's. These two are such bosom buddies, they were even wearing identical white teddy bear coats. The kids belong to the Red Cross unit organized by Elaine Barrymore. They love the work, but they're hurt because girls in the unit aren't friendly. It doesn't occur to them that people may be too shy to talk to movie stars.



# GOOD NEWS Continued



Loretta Young, Ronald Colman, Deanna Durbin with announcer Don Wilson go all-out for Victory on the air. The Navy closed Ronald's pier-end Steak House, said it was in a "danger zone"!

**Fri., Feb. 13th:** Bob Sterling looked mighty frail next to Dick Williams' 225 lbs., this noon hour during their interview for a story in the May issue. Bob's just out of the hospital. Tonsillectomy. He was awfully proud of his brand new navy blue suit. Said it gave him a mental if not a physical lift. He really loves clothes, that boy. He still felt pooped after the interview, but he went home to change his outfit and toss off a game of golf with his best friend, who's a pro.

Leaving the commissary, I noticed a steady stream of stars—Lamarr, Tracy, Taylor, etc.—pouring past a corner table like worshippers past a shrine. Turned out to be Red Skelton, everybody's pal!

Spent the afternoon set-touring at Warners. Gabbed with Annie Sheridan who's a giddy bride if ever I saw one! She was buried in plans for the extra wing she's having built on to her new home for George. And after all these years, she's trimmed her Dragon Lady fingernails! George likes 'em short and polished pale.

On to the "Yankee Doodle Dandy" set, and smack into a gathering of the Cagney clan. Jimmy and Jean who are in the picture, and brother Bill who's associate producer, were entertaining their mother and another brother. At three o'clock on the nose, Jimmy walked out of shooting range. Teatime had come. Jimmy's got to have his every afternoon, and he likes the entire cast and crew



Michele Morgan tells the world she's going 100% American—refuses to talk, think or even dream in her native French. Her perfect English speech amazes linguists, challenges Boyer's accent.

to join him. When he sets down his empty cup, production resumes. Not before.

**Sat., Feb. 14th:** Opened a letter from Bobbie Andrews of Clermont, Indiana. "... In Indianapolis," she wrote, "just before that fatal day, Carole Lombard became almost related to the thousands who saw her sell bonds and heard her leading songs. At the news, an expression of great sorrow came over the state of Indiana. ... Like millions of Americans, all we can say is: 'She died doing her duty and we're proud of her.'" Hollywood's proud of her, too, Miss Bobbie. Carole will never be forgotten here or in any corner of the earth where her name is known.

**Mon., Feb. 16th:** Ouch, just got the scare of my life! Here I am, sitting peacefully on the "I Married An Angel" set, waiting for Ida Zeitlin to wind up her Nelson Eddy interview, when all of a sudden I look up and see Eddie Horton—dressed in a purple togal! Eddie in civvies is startling enough. But Eddie garbed like a Roman senator! I hope it never happens to me again!

Back in the office. According to Ida, Nelson was the easiest person to interview since Ray Milland. He talks easily, wastes no time and, for an artist, is almost business-like in his efficiency.

Dinner at Preston Sturges' Players restaurant. John Carroll happened in and joined us. Poor Johnny! Always beefing. This time it was "Rio Rita." He hated making the picture; thinks he's horrible in it. That's what he says of every picture, yet he keeps getting more and more popular. He has a glorious voice and, naturally, the studio wants him to sing. But he thinks that's unreasonable! He'd rather get his molars into red-blooded action roles where he can jump on villains and yell all over the place!

**Thurs., Feb. 19th:** RKO-d all morning. Found Kay Kyser screaming on the "Favorite Spy" set. A make-up man, intending to pour hair stickum on Kay's hair, emptied a half bottle of shellac on him instead! Jimmy Craig strolled over for a visit. He has a problem. Whenever he goes riding on the Beverly Hills bridle path, he's followed by a young co-ed on horseback. If he goes fast, she goes fast. If he slows up, she slows up. She never tries to overtake him, but she never lets him out of her sight, either! Jimmy's worried about neighborhood gossips! (Continued on page 58)

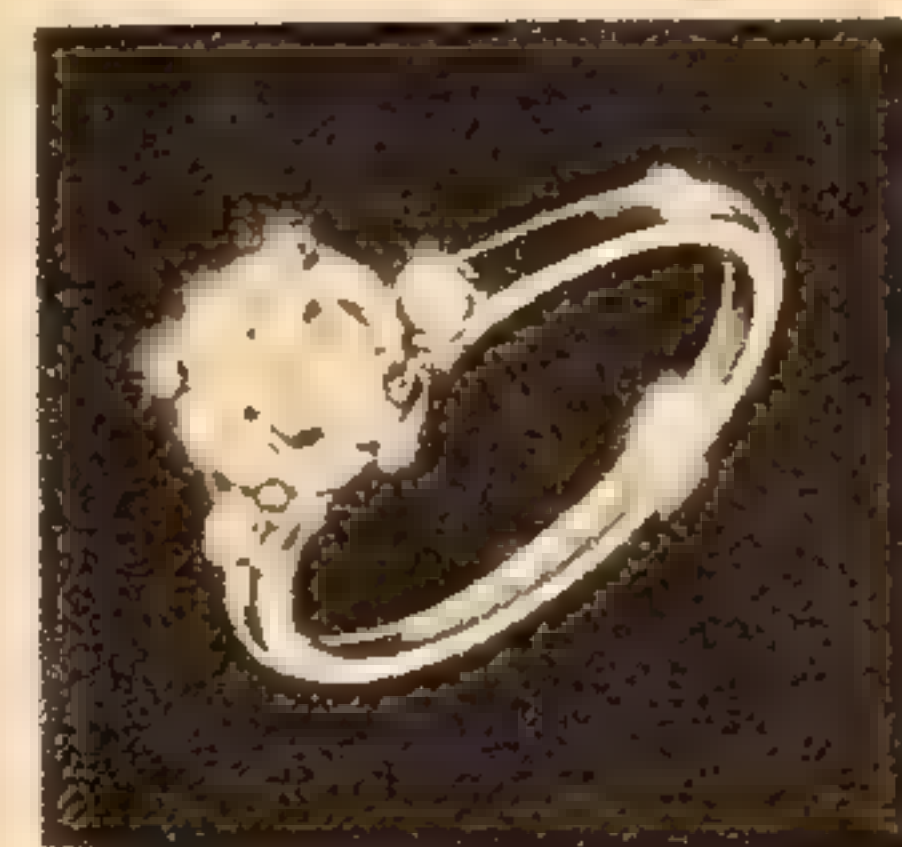




## Another Pond's Bride-to-be

MARION LYNN, exquisite daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude E. Lynn of the prominent Chicago family. Her engagement to Bertram L. Menne, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky, was announced New Year's Day, 1941.

HER RING is a beautiful brilliant-cut blue-white solitaire, set fairly high, and on each side a single round diamond set a little lower. The band is platinum.



## She's ENGAGED! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

See how Marion Lynn's soft-smooth Glamour Care will help *your* skin. Marion says: "I think Pond's Cold Cream is splendid for skin that's thin and sensitive like mine. It's so light, so soft and soothing itself—and softens and cleans my skin beautifully.

"I always use it *twice* each time—like this:

- "1. I SLATHER Pond's Cold Cream *thick* over my face and throat and pat all over with brisk little pats. This helps to soften and take off dirt and make-up. Then I tissue it all off.
- "2. I RINSE with a *second* creaming of lots more Pond's. Then tissue it off. This twice-over leaves my skin *shining* clean—every little smitch of soil comes right off."

Use Pond's Cold Cream—Marion's way—*every* night—and for daytime cleanups. See how it helps *your* skin have that lovely fresh-as-a-flower look. You'll see, too, why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely *big* jars.



**PRECIOUS LEAVE—**  
Marion and Bert a few hours before he was called back to the officers' training school at Quantico, Virginia. She teased him about that close-cropped Navy haircut—but he had only adoring looks for her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

*It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream!*

## Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid

Hurry today to *your* favorite beauty counter for Pond's soft-smooth Cold Cream—the glamour face cream used by so many lovely engaged girls and by leading society beauties like Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt and Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps. And Pond's makes for you four other famous beauty aids:

Pond's *Vanishing Cream*

Pond's lovely new *Dry Skin Cream*

Pond's new *Dreamflower Face Powder* (6 shades)

Pond's "LIPS" that *stay on longer!* (5 shades)







The Richard Hallidays (Mary Martin) rejoined the gang at Ciro's as soon as baby daughter Mary Heller was old enough to chew her toes. Both gals' hearts belong to daddy Dick.



Newlyweds Mischa and Joyce Auer tuned up life at the Stork Club cocktail party for Dottie Lamour. They're trying their best to forget critics' woeful words following Mischa's stage debut.

(Continued from page 56)

**Sat., Feb. 21st:** Shot the afternoon at Westmore's, getting a "once-over, not too lightly." Louise Lockridge, the Westmore astrologist, stopped by my booth to say she'd read Anne Shirley's fortune with Egyptian taro cards around Xmas time. She promised Anne 1942 would be her greatest career year because she'd come out from under a dark cloud that's been enveloping her. Well, I don't know that Johnny Payne would relish being called a dark cloud. Anne seems to be through with her marriage, though.

Dancing at the Hollywood-Roosevelt's Blossom Room. Randy Scott and Dotty Lamour at the next table, looking Made For Each Other.

**Tues., Feb. 24th:** Saw my favorite Hollywoodian . . . Alfred Hitchcock. He's directing Bob Cummings and Pat Lane in "The Saboteur," at Universal. Pat had a pot-bellied gold Buddha pinned to her lapel. She calls it "Alf" because it reminds her of Hitchcock! Hitch brought in a little cotton triangle, the other morning, to keep "Alf" warm.

Passed Diana Barrymore on the lot. She's every inch a member of the Royal Family. Deep-voiced like her Aunt Ethel, loaded with theatrical mannerisms and supposed to be terribly, terribly talented. Understand she was thrown out of fifteen schools in the U. S. and Europe! In New York, she lives with her mother, Michael Strange, the poetess. In Hollywood, she's living with a French companion. She turned down her dad's invite to share his home because it's too far from the studio.

#### DIDJA KNOW

That Bob Cummings once stooged for Milton Berle under the tag of Blade Conway? . . . That Bruce Cabot has a 14-year-old daughter by his first marriage? Her name is Jennifer . . . That Loretta Young won't be shuttling back and forth between New York and Hollywood anymore? Her husband, Tom Lewis, has been awarded a better-than-ever job in a local advertising agency and will remain here permanently . . . That Mary Lou Cook, one of the Merry Macs, has received word her brother, a Marine, was killed at Wake Island? . . . That Ida Lupino was born during an air-raid on London in 1918? . . . That the town of Mikado, in Michigan, will change its name to Abbott-and-Costelloville if they can get permission from A. and C.?

That as soon as Lana Turner left New York, Artie Shaw took Phyllis Brooks cocktailing at the St. Moritz bar? . . . That all that chatter about a Tommy Dorsey-Lana Turner marriage is a bit

premature? Dorsey's wife hasn't finished divorcing him yet . . . That the same holds true for Jean Gabin and any of his dates? There's a Mrs. Gabin in Paris . . . That Laurence Olivier and Leslie Howard sneaked across the Atlantic to Canada, recently, to appear in some scenes for "The Invaders"? . . . That the door knocker on the Deanna Durbin-Vaughn Paul home is engraved "E. (for Edna) and V. Paul"? . . . That Hedy Lamarr has never been happier? She finally got her mother out of Europe and will bring her here to Hollywood as soon as the authorities permit!

#### SMILIN' THROUGH

What to do! What to do! When she first got to be a famous movie star, Martha Scott was pricked to the quick by rumors that she had gone high-hat. She knew, and her friends knew, that the rumors were unjust. They started when Martha passed several acquaintances on the street without so much as a "how-de-do," and continued because the little Scott is so nearsighted, she could march through a brick wall and not know it till she reached the other side!

Rather than permit the snob legend to grow, Martha, some time ago, adopted a policy of good will toward all. She trained herself to wear a pretty smile in public and soon became known as one of the friendliest girls in town. That's why it's surprising the following incident did not occur sooner.

Martha was in the Brown Derby, last week, waiting for her husband, Carlton Aslop, to join her at lunch. While she waited, she set her usual grin and glanced about. As her eyes made their second circuit of the room, they were caught by a huge, immobile glob, standing several feet away and staring straight at her.

"Good afternoon," said Martha sweetly. "How are you?"

The glob made no answer, but Martha continued to smile and nod in its direction. She was still being her most cordial self when she noticed her husband at her side.

"Honey," he whispered. "Cut it out! Everyone's laughing at you! That's not a man you're saying hello to! It's a big block of ice—with lobsters on it!"

#### HOUSEWARNING!

John Shelton still doesn't know it, but his wife, Kathryn Grayson, almost left him last week!

Kathryn happened to pluck her telephone out of its cradle the other morning and hear John's voice on a downstairs extension.

"No," John was saying, "Don't call (Continued on page 91)"





"See how this Polish protected my nails for 7 days!" *Mrs. Jut Kent*



*Hand  
Polish  
Time*

MRS. JUT KENT  
NEW CUTEX SUGAR PLUM  
RIGHT AFTER MANICURE

*Same Hand  
7 Days Later*

MRS. JUT KENT is one of the busy younger set who has lately fallen in love with Cutex . . . "My nails stayed practically perfect for a whole week! I finally changed the polish only because the moons grew out!" Try Cutex Black Red, Gingerbread, Lollipop, Butterscotch, Sugar Plum, Sheer Natural! See if you don't agree that the way its beauty lasts is truly amazing! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U.S.!

Northam Warren, New York

*Wear* **CUTEX**

APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR



# IN THIS OUR LIFE

BY JEAN FRANCIS WEBB AND KAY HARDY



William: "Well, I reckon the check won't be lasting you long."  
Stanley: "Oh, there's always more where that came from."



Stanley: "Why don't you admit the truth, Craig? You'll never be over me. Even now you can't help kissing me, can you?"

**STORY . . .** There wasn't enough to life so that a girl could afford to waste any of it! That was Stanley Timberlake's (Bette Davis) philosophy. Only a few short years, and so much to crowd in them! So much to snatch from Fate!

Since she could remember, she'd been able to twist rich Uncle William (Charles Coburn) 'round her little finger. From babyhood, Stanley had coaxed and bullied men. But she hadn't quite realized, until the eve of her wedding to Craig Fleming (George Brent), that what she *really* wanted was her sister Roy's (Olivia de Havilland) husband, Peter (Dennis Morgan).

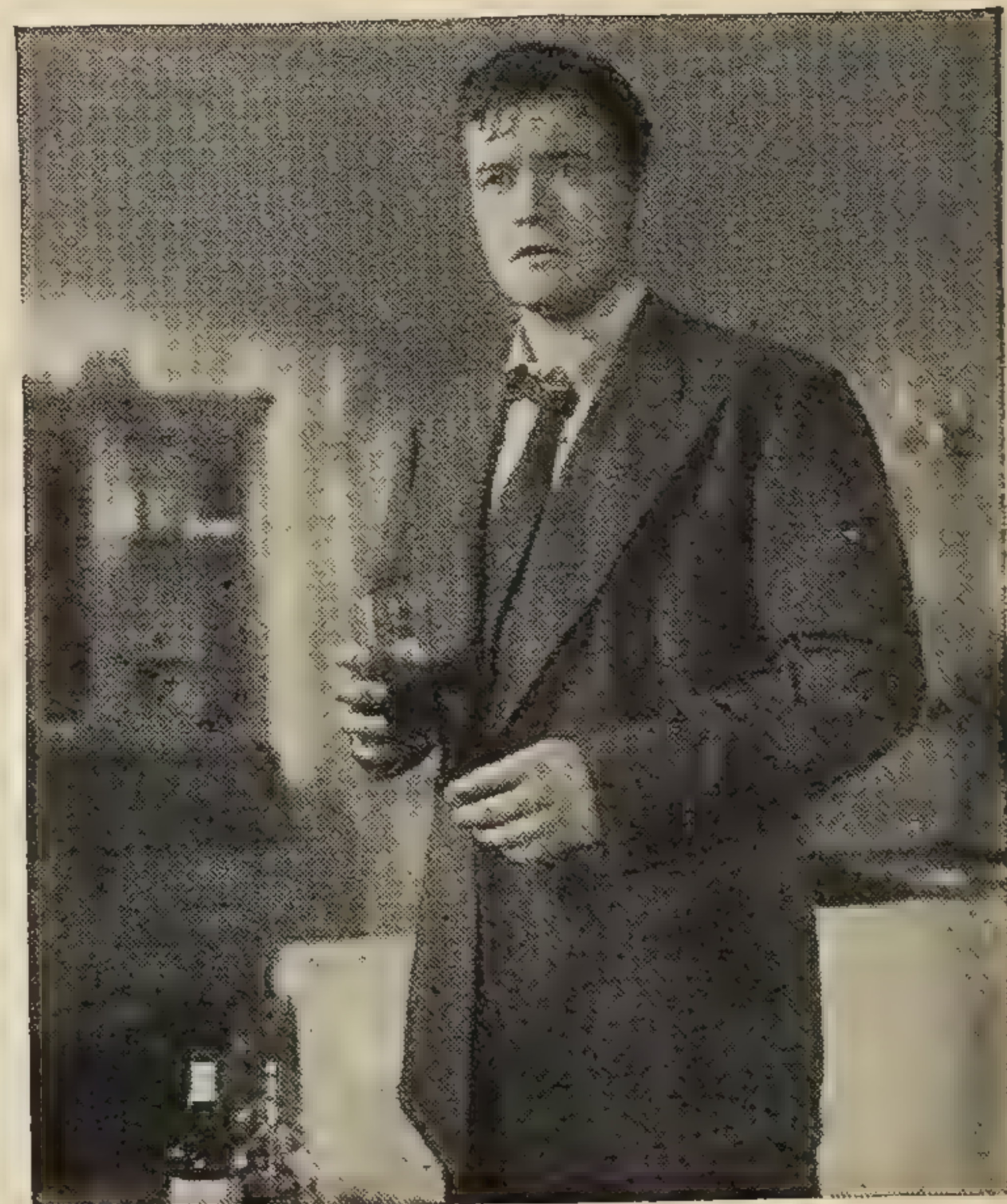
She took him, of course. Only fools and weaklings balked at taking everything they could from life. Roy's cool kisses were the kind her own hot mouth could burn away. Roy's sweetness paled before the throbbing excitement Stanley knew how to arouse in a man. Young Dr. Kingsmill (Dennis Morgan) hadn't a chance, once she decided she had to have him!

They found a small apartment in Baltimore, after that night when they ran out on Craig and Roy and the rest of her unsuspecting family.

A furnished apartment. No personality at all. She was cooped up in it day after day, while Peter puttered at the hospital. His miserable hack job was all he'd been able to find after their elopement.

It was dull, deadly dull. Peter was still Peter, of course; but once she'd grown used to the knowledge of her power over him, that wasn't enough. Stanley was restless. She wanted to be amused.

The day he discovered she'd cashed Uncle William's wedding-gift check for Craig and herself, to buy a marvelous new phonograph, was the first time they quarreled. But Peter couldn't hold out for



Peter: "We've got to stop this tormenting each other—both of us."

long against her pouts and wistful arguments.

"Darling! Don't begrudge me a little music to pass the time!"

Word came from home that Roy's divorce had been granted. Stanley and Peter were married next evening, by a Justice of the Peace. They went to a roadhouse called The Shanty to celebrate. Peter hated roadhouses, but Stanley adored them. There was light and noise and color. There was laughter. There was something doing.

Their second battle—much sharper than the first—arose over the girl who sat at the next table and picked them up. Her name was Betty Wilmot (Lee Patrick), and Stanley hailed her as a sister. But Peter detested her. He wanted to go home, only a little after (Continued on page 86)





**Stanley:** "Well, don't look so serious. I didn't steal the money. . . . Remember Uncle William's check?"

**Peter:** "Stanley, you didn't cash it?"



**Betty (surprised):** "Married? I'd never have guessed it. You look too happy."

**Peter:** "We are. Happy *and* married."



**Roy:** "Killed himself! But he wouldn't. Why on earth—"

**Craig:** "Roy, darling."



**Roy:** "How's Parry taking it, Minerva—being in prison?"

**Minerva:** "Reckon he don't care."



**Stanley:** "Why did it happen? Oh, why did it have to happen to me?"

**Roy:** "Don't talk about it, Stanley. Try not to think."



# So it's Spring again!

By Elizabeth Willguss

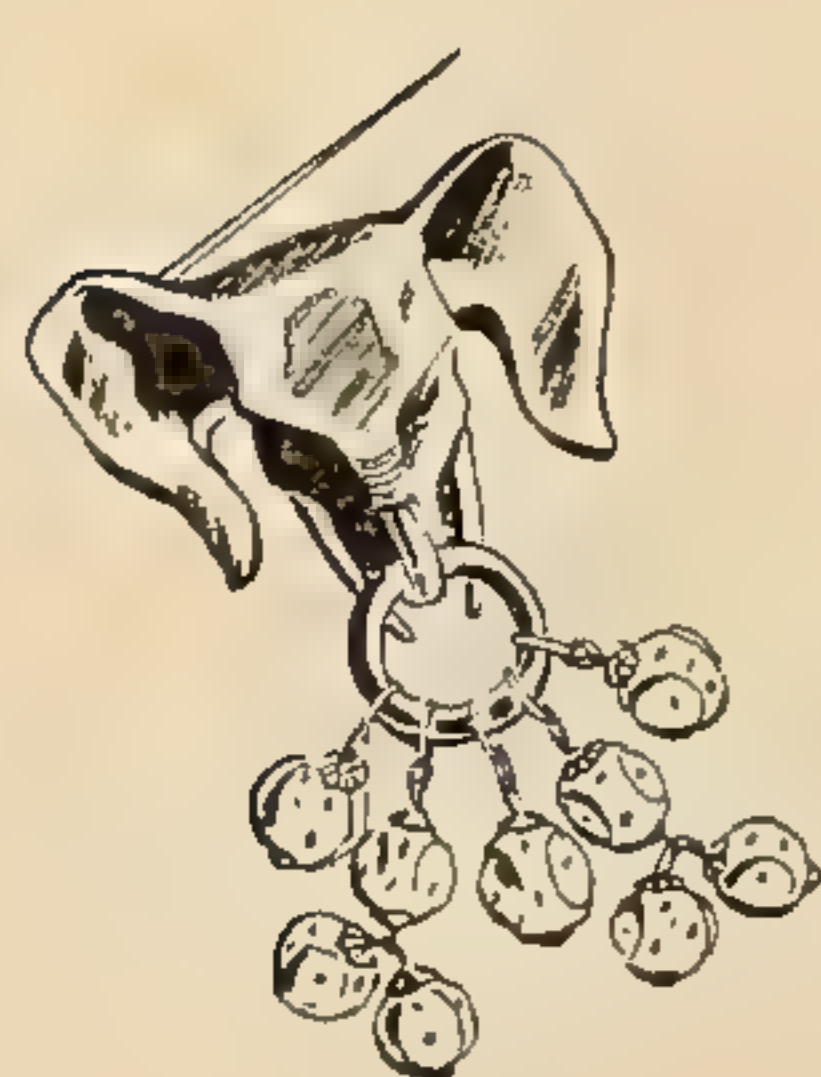


**B**UT this one is different. Never before did we gals have to wonder what would be left for us to wear. But now that the first zipper and elastic panic is over and done with, let's find out what we will have and how we will look.

It's in the cards for you to look like spring, but more so. Prettier than ever before, cross our heart. Not pretty-pretty with fancy frills, but fresh, sparkling, healthy pretty.

You want to be just perfection, but there's no extra cash to squander on nonsense. Bright novelty, a thousand times yes. Any accessory that livens a dress or a conversation is all on the credit side. Like the new berry buttons: blackberries, strawberries, right on through the berry family. In luscious colors, they bring a touch of whimsy to suit or dress. There are vegetables and fruits, too, if you want to sprout a garden. Even flowers, like lilacs and rosebuds. The button people stop at nothing. Think of all the lovely, colorful paperweights you've ever

B. G. E. originals



Rosemary de Camp wears daggers, doesn't look them.





Phyllis Brooks, siren of U. A.'s "Shanghai Gesture."

seen—no, not the ones which swirl snowflakes when you turn them upside down—but the stationary kind. They, too, are copied into thick, crystal buttons.

If we could stop oh-ing and ah-ing long enough, we might get down to jungle business, meaning the costume jewelry inspired by Alexander Korda's production of "The Jungle Book," starring Sabu. We thought we had seen all the mask heads and all the animal pins in the world, but we were wrong. Pins, earrings, necklaces and bracelets resemble beasts of the jungle and elephant tusks and tiger teeth. The sword pin shown on Rosemary de Camp, starring in the picture, has an ivory tusk top and a caravan of little gold elephants charging down the blade. It looks so expensive it is hard to believe you and I can have one without breaking a bank. The black enamel tom-tom beater pin is good conversation, just like the Susu girl head. Best of all, though, are the elephants. Trunks-up elephants have always been symbols of good luck. These are so decorative we think you, too, will want a collection, starting now. Here's to "The Jungle Book" for inspiring such exciting new jewelry!

How many times have you heard about the magic of white on a dark dress? How it makes the teeth to glisten and the eyes to shine? Still true. Blonde Phyllis Brooks prefers the button-on variety of spic and span smartness.

If you've had a knack for knotting a scarf since way back, you're in the groove, you don't have to learn. Otherwise, take a cue from Shirley Ross (don't call the cops, that's only her husband's mailbox she's pilfering). She wears her spun-rayon challis scarf way back on her pompadour. Sometimes she goes gaucho, sashing her scarf. Now and then she ties one on, true kerchief fash-

ion. Wonderful accessories, these printed challis scarfs, and so inexpensive you can decide on a dozen different color combinations without any qualms.

You've seen what plastics can do for buttons, and now you know that your beloved costume jewelry won't do a fadeout. What about color, though? Well, we've heard this and that about chemicals needed for national defense, but enough will be left in the dye vats to keep us from going around in sackcloth colors. Beige we will wear, yes, gray also. They both complement patent leather. And what a revival for patent; not only black, but cherry. There will be blues for suits from palest pale to deep navy. But five will get you ten that the military red, white and blue combinations of last year will be missing from the Easter parade. Everyone is too busy being patriot to have to spell it out in color. Go overboard for clear pastels. They're in. Your prints will



It's Shirley Ross in Republic's "Sailors On Leave."

be no namby-pamby stuff, but big and bold. Floppy, brown-eyed susans on gold, or gargantuan white butterflies on raspberry shantung, with blouse prints flowing over into matching hats and bags.

Encouraging news, all of it. So give to Uncle all the rubber and dyes and metal he needs and know that even so, you won't have to look like something from a slag pile.





(Continued from page 38)  
 was Infatuation. Her final entry proves it. Here's the plot: for three years, in Paris, the youngster nourished a crush on an American film idol. Imported to Hollywood as an actress by RKO (see her in "Joan of Paris"—but good!), she met her idol at a cocktail party. Her heart "beated so," she confesses, that she didn't dare raise her glass to her lips. 'Fraid she'd spill the champagne! It's all over now—poof! like that. (For the factualists, this material is translated right from Michele's French):

Nov. 19, 1940—My love, you did not disappoint me—unfortunately. Your smile was adorable—your eyes very blue, looked at me a long time . . . well, rather a long time. What do you think of me? What do you think of the idiot who idolized you for three years without knowing you?—who goes on doing it when you are nothing but a man like all the men I met before—a little better looking, that is all.

Should I see you again? I dreamed of you last night . . . in the dream we loved each other. My love for you has been a very pure and true dream because I knew nothing of you but your image,



## *Put him in the mood* with Swell-tasting **WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM**

Cheer him and charm him with this delicious, refreshing treat — wholesome Wrigley's Spearmint. That clean, tangy flavor is a real smile-getter . . . the way it freshens up your taste.

And the smooth, pleasant chewing of Wrigley's Spearmint seems to give you new pep as it helps relax too-tense nerves. Besides, it helps sweeten your breath and keep your teeth clean for a winning smile.

Make a hit with the men in your life. Always keep plenty of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum handy to offer them.

*The Flavor Lasts*



and everything you gave was the best because you were a symbol—but I have seen you now. I won't be haunted any more by you. I will be free to love whom-ever I meet because I have found that you are only a man and not a god . . . my love for you will be able to fade because you no longer live in the world of illusion. The moment I met you, you entered the world of realities and I know realities.

May 2, 1941 (six months later)—All this seems to be silly. How could I even think of him? I did not even know him!

### Olivia de Havilland . . .

No one ever completely tabbed the de Havilland-Stewart meanderings. Let's chalk it up to Friendship, and then see how Livvy analyzes it.

Oct. 10, 1939—Dinner with Joan at the Cock 'n' Bull Cafe on the Strip. Yorkshire pudding, very good, and a gorgeous baked apple. Jimmie Stewart was there. Moved his plate around and sat at another side of his table, the better to see us, m'dear. Joan and I got to giggling. It was awful!

Nov. 7, 1939—One of the writers had a "what he thinks and a what she thinks" idea for a magazine article, and he asked J. Stewart to do it. I am told that J. S. said he would "if Olivia de Havilland did the woman's half." So we meet. Heavens! I didn't know he was so tall! I walked into Publicity with my eyes fixed at half-mast, my right hand outstretched in normal position for a normal handshake, and all I see are legs—two endlessly long legs. My gaze travelled up—up—up—and at last I came to the Stewart face. He seems to be the sort of man who could be an awfully good friend. Positively nothing more. We do hit it off awfully well.

Jan. 10, 1940—On the New York merry-go-round and having a lot of fun with J.S. All the columnists and editors here are agog over our "secret marriage." Silly, isn't it? We haven't said a thing. If they go off the deep end with marriage predictions, it's not our fault. The "Gone—" premiere was tremendous. Never knew what it could mean to be a part of a really great film.

June 16, 1940—Been taking a self-inventory. X and XX have proposed. I don't think X loves me. I know I don't love him. But he says he is willing to marry me because of my charm, wit, ad infinitum, and take a chance on falling in love with me later. Funny slant. XX . . . NO!!

I have decided ideas on matrimony. Take J.S., for instance. Not that marriage was thought of by either of us, but I have a deep-down feeling that if we had tried it, it never would have worked. We are too much alike, for one thing. Our ambitions, for example. Precisely alike. We both want theatrical fame. We both play the same kind of parts in the same sort of dramas; and get the same amount of money a week for doing it. We both live in small houses. We both drive the same make of car!!! This is a

laugh, of course. Marriage would be deadly! It would be like being married to one's twin—psychological twin. Opposites make the best mates. At least that's what I think as of this date.

### Eleanor Powell . . .

And then there are Career Women . . . Eleanor Powell, for example, who creates all her own routines, like Fred Astaire. Did you know that? We didn't.

June 13, 1941—To Earl Carroll's with Merrill. Saw a wonderful floor show routine—man with a little dog. Gave me an idea. Stimulating . . . I can't get to sleep now. Why not do a dancing dog number? I wish I could see sunset as a sunset, instead of seeing it as the germ of a dance idea, with girls marching out of it! I can't even relax and see a night club floor show, listen to the tea kettle humming on the stove, without thinking "wonder if I could use that for a routine?"

Last night I dreamed I had frozen. Would never dance again. Must take an extra Vitamin today, or something. Can't have those old dreams cropping up to haunt me. Haven't dreamed like this for months. A dancing dog . . . how could I train it? How could I find the right dog? I can see him walking between my feet as I tap out the rhythm . . . but that "Lady Be Good" music is so tricky. Could I do it? How long would it take to train the dog? I've got those other routines to work out, too. Might try a French poodle. Understand they're smart. Cute, too, and sassy-looking. Add to the glamour—

Oh, dear Lord, to be a character dancer! Then I wouldn't have to worry about Glamour. Ellie, you've got to get some sleep. Good-night.

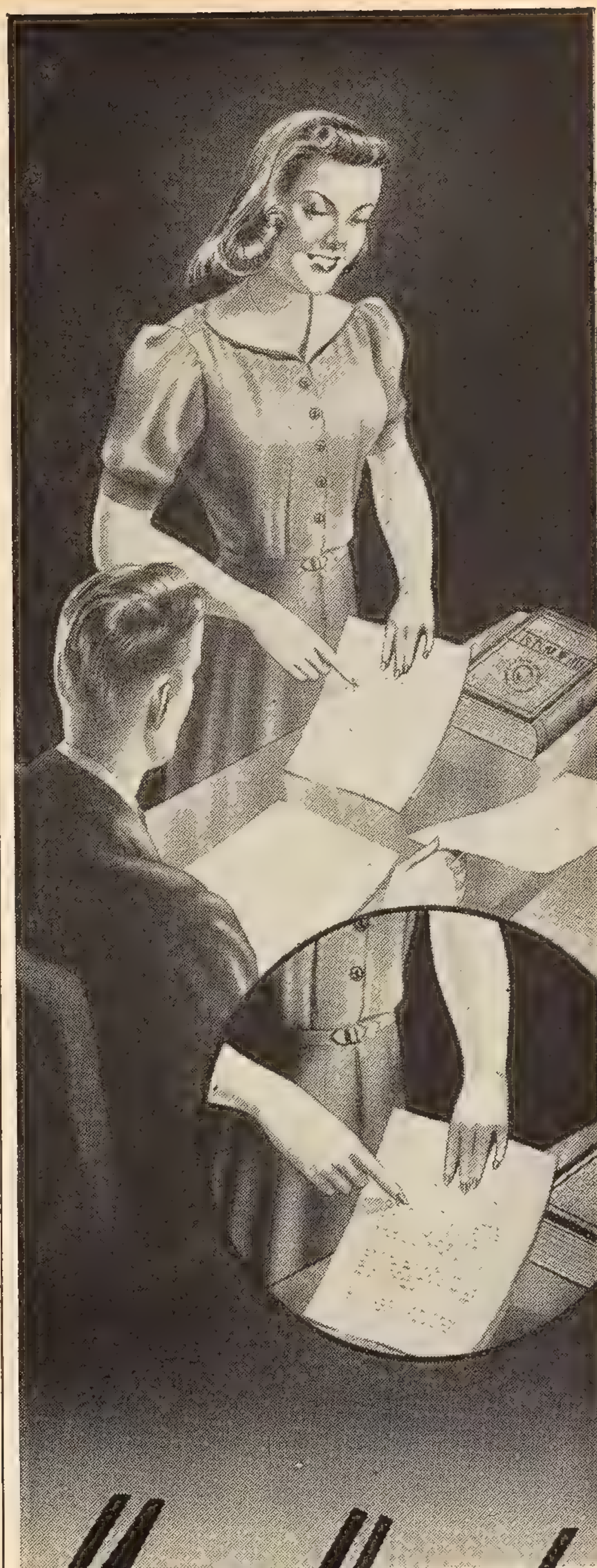
### June Havoc . . .

Continuing the anguish of Career Women—June Havoc, Gypsy Rose Lee's li'l sis and a Broadway product:

Sept. 10, 1940—Well, Junie, it looks like a Red Letter Day in your life, and no fooling. For posterity's sake, let's write it down: Up to two weeks ago Junie is playing Chrystal, the subsidized mouse in "The Women." Chrystal is the one who gets the husband away from the heroine, and her biggest scene comes when she takes a foam bath right out in front of the customers. Funny thing about bathtubs and Junie. The scene should have made her, for she does her best emoting in her own bathtub (always goes there for a good cry), but—no. They said the Havoc didn't have enough sex. And Junie the Gyp's own sister. So Junie is out.

Then comes a try-out, this morning, for "Pal Joey," the George Abbott musical, music by Rodgers and Hart, swell book by John O'Hara, and Junie is told to sing five songs in ten minutes and to "sing 'em straight." What chance for the old personality stuff? Junie thinks she is a floppo there, too. Lower than a double chin, she drags herself to Walgreen's basement (the Walgreen Green Room for Out-of-Work and Discouraged Actors) and orders herself a slug of milk, sipping it slowly while she works up a good cry. Then she dashes for home and la bain (French), turning on the bath water, jumping out of her clothes and into the tub, letting the streaming tears mingle with the steaming suds.

The 'phone rings. "To heck with it," weeps Havoc, the tears falling into her bath water. It keeps on ringing. Her "little people" start fussing. Grumpy the dog barks. Pousse-Cafe the cat meows



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Have you ever had any personal contact with any of the stars? Write us about it, and for every amusing story that we publish we'll send you ONE DOLLAR! AND you'll see your own name IN PRINT below your story! For complete details of the contest, turn to page 90.



★ ROSEMARY LANE ★  
Hollywood star, now appearing on  
Broadway in the George Abbott musical  
success "Best Foot Forward"



# Canaries

## A HOLLYWOOD HOBBY YOU SHOULD ENJOY!

The stars of Hollywood have taken canaries into their hearts and their homes. Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting spirits afresh with the enchantment of his song.

And you, too, should know the joy one of these perky little pets can bring. A canary takes but little care—and keeps hearts buoyant amid the worries of these trying times.

Send for beautifully illustrated 76-page book on Canaries. It's the book the movie stars use—and it's FREE! Just mail your name and address, on a penny postcard, to THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, 2473 Mustard St., Rochester, New York.



### In Hollywood FRENCH'S BIRD SEED is the Favorite . . . 4 to 1

Keep your canary happy, healthy and singing. FRENCH'S air-washed Bird Seed (with its diet-balancing Bird Biscuit included FREE) supplies 11 proved aids to song and health. Today—and every day—feed your canary FRENCH'S . . . the largest selling bird seed in the U. S.



because Grumpy barks, Lizzie-Love the goat and Caca the rooster make a clatter. Only Muscovi the duck maintains a dignified silence. Junie scrambles out of the tub. She tries to keep the weeps out of her voice: "Hel-lo."

"Is Miss Havoc there?" comes a John's voice. "This is Miss Havoc." "Oh, June, this is George Abbott. Just wanted to tell you that we think you're great for the 'Pal Joey' part." Fan me with a feather! The Havoc's strictly in!

### Alexis Smith . . .

More Career Girl, and Warner Brothers' pride and joy, Alexis Smith:

Week of January 5, 1942—Everything happened at once this week. Got the role of Florence in "Constant Nymph," opposite Charles Boyer, with Joan Fontaine, too, and the papers broke a sort of "preliminary engagement" story on Craig and me. Nothing definite, but a sort of claim-filing thing. Nice break. I don't see how they found space with all the war news.

Dad is more excited than I am about the "Nymph." Gets to buzzing around, shouting in his enthusiasm, and then tells me not to get excited! You should see my friends' faces—especially the women—when I announce that I am to play Charles Boyer's wife. They simply go crazy! "May I touch you?" they ask.

Everything's been hanging fire for two months. Took tests of five different scenes. Goulding's wonderful. He shows you just how it should be done, and does it so skillfully that you wish he were you, instead of the director, and could play the scene. Sounds complicated, doesn't it? But you know what I mean. It was all news to me—and a pleasant shock!—that I had Florence. Alex Evelov first told me when I went into his publicity office. Don't they ever tell me anything around the studio?

"How do you feel about 'Constant Nymph'?" he asked. Well, how did I feel? I'd been eating, sleeping, waking, walking, dancing it for months. How does one feel? "Don't you know?" he continued. "You've got it." Jeepers, Smith is Florence. How do I feel? You try and tell. I defy you to be coherent.

About Craig—It's good to have our positions clarified. Both of us are new to this Hollywood routine. We could have listened to studio "suggestions" (sometimes they look more like ultimatums) and hitched our personal lives to prominent stars. That's been done so much. And we both hate it. Going places with the "right people" to be "seen." I don't think any career ever really profited by it. I don't mind doing anything—anything that's within reason—to further my career, but my private life is my own. I balk at messing that up. That's the way Craig feels, too. This way it's a "strawberry milk shake, very thick, for two," and real fun.

You're a very lucky girl, Margaret Alexis Fitzsimmons Smith. I suppose you know it?

### Veronica Lake . . .

If it's Love you avid diary-readers are after, there's Veronica Lake:

April 25, 1940—Corsage mystery solved. The young man who 'phoned Mother yesterday and begged us to lunch with him at Metro today is the man. He bounced the paper clip onto my head from the Cutting Room bridge the day I wore his gardenias. Only I didn't know they were his. I gave him a frigid glare. His name is John Detlie, art director at M-G-M. He marvels at my stoicism.

Been rushing to the commissary every noon hoping to meet a friend who knew both of us. This since the beginning of "Forty Little Mothers." Very annoyed when I kept my nose in a book and never even looked at him. Nor at Taylor or Gable! Confessed that he took to haunting our apartment building, cruising up and down our street, thinking that he might see me. Persistent. Mother is a darling; such completely modern ideas. Doesn't see why I shouldn't see him more often. Mr. Cantor thought I did a scene well today. Maybe the name Constance Keane will mean something some day.

Oct. 1, 1940—Said "yes" to John. He's been asking me every day for six months. Practically erosion—he's worn my resistance down. No difficulty with Mother and Dad; particularly Mother. Reminded her she sponsored our meeting. Very stern about it. She laughed. I think she thoroughly approves. And so does Dad, although he says he can't picture his "Scotch-and-Soda" battling the responsibilities of marriage. I can.

John and I had a long talk. "No children" for a while. Not until we see how this crazy world readjusts itself. How can one be sure of giving babies the security and peace and beauty they deserve?—at least the way things are now. Woman, you are getting morbid! I suppose every girl gets dithery on the eve of her marriage. Why should I be an exception? I think we shall make a quiet trip to Santa Ana on the third and be married, keeping it a secret; using my own name and no mention of Veronica Lake. Perhaps I should wait. New careers are so chancy. But I can't. I knew that when Mr. Hornblow told me I would be going to San Antonio for "I Wanted Wings." I couldn't leave John. Perhaps, God willing, I will have career and John. I hope so. I love him very much. I think it's because he likes to whip away his blues on the roller-coaster at Venice! So do I.

### Lucille Ball . . .

And then there is Lucille Ball, now very happily Mrs. Desi Arnaz. Hers is a line-a-day account, except for the final entry, and no wonder.

Sept. 26, 1940—Wire from Desi, says he misses me. Maybe I can see him when I go East in December.

Oct. 1, 1940—Wire from Desi, will arrive tomorrow.

Oct. 2, 1940—Desi here. Looks a little thin. Mother is having us for dinner tonight, and then we are all going to Ciro's to celebrate his arrival.

(Continued on page 68)

### DO YOU KNOW THAT

"That Chinese tenement" is the name John Barrymore gives to the joint he used to call home. He auctioned off this five-acre section of California for a flat \$448,000, including its two houses and three swimming pools. In one of these glorified water holes Jawn kept and fed, for two years, a school of rainbow trout. Off on the side he built a bowling green, a skeet range, a bird reservation and 2 garden houses. The place had a lavish wine cellar and quarters for 12 servants. The Great Profile imported a sun-and-moon dial from England for a tidy \$15,000, and an elegant chandelier from an Austrian archduke for \$8500. The Barrymore bar was one which John had shipped in from Alaska "for sentimental reasons."

—Look Magazine



*"Want to be Attractive?  
Then make Daintiness  
**SURE**"*



**IDA LUPINO**

THIS lovely young screen star gives you a tip women everywhere are following:

"A daily Lux Soap beauty bath," she says, "makes you sure of skin that's sweet!"

You'll love the way ACTIVE lather gently caresses the skin, then swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. You'll love the delicate fragrance this smooth white soap leaves on your skin. Try it and see!

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**





"Start right!" Every time you put on fresh make-up, try this modern way to make it "stay-put." Start with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP, the perfectly blended powder-and-powder-base in one. It's non-greasy . . . goes on smoothly . . . hides complexion lines and blemishes . . . banishes nose shine.

Dazzle the stag-line, too! Use it on back, shoulders and arms for evening wear.

Takes less than a minute to apply, yet keeps your skin fresh, radiant and velvety smooth. *Stays on for hours*, eliminating frequent re-powdering.

Use MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP as a powder base or complete make-up . . . and thrill to the greater loveliness this "new way to all-day face glamour" gives you, in one of its 5 flattering shades.

More women use MINER'S than any other LIQUID MAKE-UP! Buy it! . . . Try it! . . . You'll love it!

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I enclose 3c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-Up FREE!

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Peach ☐ Rachelle ☐ Brunette ☐ Suntan ☐ Hawaiian ☐

(Continued from page 66)

Oct. 15, 1940—Desi left tonight for rehearsals in New York. May see him when I go East next month.

Oct. 30, 1940—Hallowe'en. Went to party and found when I got home that Desi had been calling me all evening from New York.

Nov. 22, 1940—Leave next week for Milwaukee Sentinel Feminine Fair. Eddie Stevenson made me a lovely dress all white and glitter, almost like a bride. Then on to New York and a radio show.

Nov. 27, 1940—Show a great success and lots of fun, met lots of people and hope I can come back here again. Off to New York in the morning.

Nov. 29, 1940—Spent yesterday and most of today with interviews and having pictures taken. Desi met me at the plane. He looks wonderful. He is a terrific success in his personal appearances. He comes over to the hotel between performances to see me. Went to Twenty-One with him last night after show. He looks wonderful, or did I say that before.

Nov. 30, 1940—Found I had a surprise breakfast date with Desi at the Byram Beagle Club. It turned out to be the most important day of my life. We dashed over to Greenwich, Conn., and were married by Justice of the Peace John J. O'Brien. They waived the 5-day law for us, and Milt Bender and Deke Magaziner stood by with smelling salts while he said the fatal words. I can't think that it is anything but the Most Wonderful Day in My Life. We decided so suddenly that we couldn't even give coherent answers to reporters when they asked where we were to honeymoon. "Havana," we both blurted, then Desi said, "by boat," and I mumbled, "by plane," and then we laughed like mad. It's marvelous to be mad like this—and married! One of the reporters asked if it was "love at first sight?" "No," I told him, "it took me all of five minutes to fall in love with him!" I hope it takes me five hundred years to fall out of love with him. Fingers crossed!

### Bruce Bennett . . .

*The male diarists, bless their hearts, are virile in their recordings. Here's an account by Bruce Bennett (né Herman Brix of Olympics fame):*

Aug. 6, 1928—Talked myself out of the championship today. Can't say I'm sorry because we saved the title for America, but I sure could kick myself, just the same. Johnny Kuck got the shotput title at 52' 3/4", which is pretty good putting. My record was 51' 8 3/4" in the preliminaries, but old Johnny certainly put the stuff into it when he got into action.

Funny thing about the kid. He's from the tall wheat country in Kansas. Regular country kid. The crowds, bands, excitement of an Olympic meet in a faraway city like Amsterdam, in Europe, threw him off-base. He got hollow inside and scared. So I said to him, "Stretch out on the grass, Johnny, and imagine you're back in Kansas . . . waving wheat, hot sun, birds calling to each other. You're right back in Kansas, see, and all this stuff isn't going to throw you." I sat with him, giving him the old pep-eroo talk. Yeah, I did. Talked myself right out of the title, because Johnny gets up like young Johnny Appleseed himself and puts that shotput where it has never been before.

Sure, I placed—second. Emil Herschfelt, the German entry, was third with 51' 6". He looked awfully good in the preliminaries. Had me scared. Well, the

big thing is that we kept the shotput title in America. The government's representative with the team, Lieut.-Gen. Douglas MacArthur, is plenty pleased. Party tonight after the winnings. Great town, this Amsterdam. Great people, the Dutch.

### John Garfield . . .

*And John Garfield sounds off this way:*

Oct. 29, 1939—Went to a performance of the Chinese Theatre on this trip to Frisco. But never again will I take any dames. Robby and Gladys went along, and I just get interested in the pantomime of one of the characters—it's really marvelous the way they put the shows on; no scenery, just a bare stage with a little guy who sits in a chair on the stage and sing-songs a description of what is supposed to be the stage setting—anyway, I just get into the groove and think, "Here's something good," and Robby says she wants some coffee. Coffee! In a tea house. Geeze! So I get the coffee for the two dames and start getting back the feel of this drama, and it has a lot of kick to it, and the dames want to go. They've had enough. I know it's no use. They've got one of those junk curio shops on the brain, and the Chinese Theatre is the nuts to them, so we go. Next time, I promise myself, no dames!

### Roddy McDowall . . .

*A small English lad looks at Hollywood, Miss Davis and the world. Excerpts from the honest-to-goodness diary of Master Roddy McDowall, the Huw of "How Green Was My Valley" and a great admirer (need we say?) of Bette Davis:*

Dec. 7, 1941—Went to 10:00 mass. Got flowers. Home. Breakfast. Mable came. Apparently the Japanese bombed the Philippines and Hawaiian Islands. I think there is going to be fireworks somewhere. Messed around. Built my bar. At two o'clock this afternoon Japan declared war on America and ten minutes later on England. Neither America nor England has declared war yet. Then we went and saw Errol Flynn in "For Richer, For Richer," a broadcast and met him. He is very kind. (George took us.) He is very kind. Lay down. Listened to the radio. . . . On Dec. 4 Roddy goes out to dinner and meets intrigue: Out to Mary Height's for dinner. We met some people there—5 of them. One a little girl of 14 called Adina. We think she is very nice. In the night Virginia was very sick, and I had a very bad tooth ache. Mummy was up most of the night. . . . A flashback to Oct. 4 when Roddy attends the Ice

### I SAW IT HAPPEN

*When Martha Raye was in mid-act during a personal appearance in Milwaukee, she stepped gracefully toward the baby grand to nonchalantly snatch her bonnet when—kerplunk! she slipped and plopped, right on the stage. For several seconds, she sat stunned, speechless, motionless, facing a deadly-silent audience with every eye glued to her. Suddenly she began to laugh. She howled and howled, until the audience, taking its cue from her, laughed and howled, too. Martha picked herself up, brushed herself off and went on with the show. From then on all Milwaukee really loved her.*

Viola Pivorski,  
Milwaukee, Wis.



*Follies and sees a star:* At 7:15 we left the house and went to the Pan-Pacific Auditorium to see the Ice Follies of 1942. We had rink seats. The skating was marvelous. The whole show was marvelous. Shirley Temple was there. Home. Bed. Finis . . . *Momentous entry on Dec. 6:* About 1:00 or 1:30 Bette Davis' maid phoned me up and said that if I phoned up on the 15th Dec. she would see about lunch with her. Nice, huh? . . . *And on Dec. 12—wheeee!* . . . we went to the Shrine Auditorium. Just as we got out the car Bette Davis was there and she was very, very, very, very, very nice to me . . .

### Lon Chaney, Jr. . . .

*The talented son of a great actor—father, Lon Chaney, indulges in jottings:*

**Friday, Dec. 19, 1941—Up** at 3:30 again. (That's a.m.) Wonder if the Fourth Interceptor Command knows what it's done to me? Possibility of blackouts puts studios on 8 to 5 daily schedule. No more night work. Oh, no? Takes Jack Pierce four hours to put the Frankenstein Monster make-up on me. So up at 3:30, report to Jack at 4. Result: daily one-man mental blackout. Oh, well. Can turn back these pages about ten years and find that one Chaney, Jr., was boiler-maker by day and pumped gas at night. This beats that. To set at 8. Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lionel Atwill already rehearsing. What chance has a mere Monster got with talent like that? Everything as usual until late morning. Feel a fiery burning in my forehead. Jack uses sponge rubber make-up to build up forehead and frontal bones over the eyes. When it's on, it's really on. No chance to check and see what's cooking up there. Feels like it's me that's cooking, all right. Really painful during afternoon. But the director says he'll finish with me early. 4 o'clock is "early," he says. That makes a 12-hour day on my clock. Back to make-up department. Jack removes make-up with acetone, which doesn't help either. Finds lovely mass of blisters all over forehead. Rushes me to Dr. Woods, skin specialist. What good is that, I wonder? Doesn't seem to be any skin left. Anyway, Doctor says I am allergic to sponge rubber. Hurried consultations with studio doctors. Decide to insert layer of oil silk between skin and rubber make-up. Hope it works. Wish Dad had kept a diary. Remember that he suffered agonies while making some of those pictures, and we never heard about it at home. Like to know how he felt about it himself. Funny that they called him the man with a thousand faces. Can only remember one—the one with the smile. If he could take it like that, guess I can, too. Hope so, anyway.

### Bette Davis . . .

Even Queen Bette succumbs to the diary fad. Calls her's her Little Black Book. Friends like to speculate on its "secrets." Nothing secretive, really; most revealing. Shows her to be a slavish perfectionist. This is to be seen in all her dramatic work, of course. In private life the sight of dry leaves sprawling over the greensward, drives her to distraction. Thus the entry: *tell gardener to keep leaves off grounds—watch the pool.* He had to skim the swimming pool that time.

A standard family story is of La Davis, aged two, refusing to go "bye-bye" because her best batiste dress had a wrinkle in it. She didn't budge until the garment was changed. At seven years she was taken to see a circus. "Before the elephants performed, a rug was laid for



Gown by Milgrim, New York

## Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

**PUT FRESH #2** under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading

vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.

4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

**Make your own test.** Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.



Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.



Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "Song of the Islands," with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"

## It's Easy to Look "STAR-LOVELY" with WESTMORE FOUNDATION CREAM



Large economy size, **50¢**  
Smaller sizes at variety stores



- Created by the famous Westmores, Hollywood's Make-up Masters.
- Used by leading stars for real life as well as "reel life."
- Gives your face a smooth, even, glowing tone... covers little blemishes, tired shadows... and it's non-drying!
- In six skin-tinted shades, with Face Powder to blend. Also, vital-tone lipstick, rouge (cream and cake), skin-freshener, cleansing cream, dry skin cream, eye-shadow and mascara.

House of **WESTMORE** Inc.  **HOLLYWOOD**

them to dance on," she tells. "The rug was crooked, and the rest of the show was ruined for me!"

A frequent entry is "cash checks." She usually forgets to cash her pin money checks—\$25.00 a week allowed by her business manager. Chances are the checks will be found lovingly curled about a bottle of nail enamel or entwined with a hand-tucked nightie. Davis cares little for money; more for what it can buy. Example: *Hunky brace. of carnelians on Rodeo Drive or Call Hollywood Bookstore for "Insanity Fair."* Means she wants to buy a ducky bracelet she saw, and that a house guest from Washington, D. C., has recommended a book to her.

Note the injunction to send picture to Jennie Gray, 56 Audubon St., Augusta, Me. Scrupulous sincerity. That marks Diarist B. Davis.

### Barbara Stanwyck . . .

Here's Barbara Stanwyck with a Most Embarrassing:

Feb. 3, 1929—My first Hollywood party. What a flop! I was so excited to be invited—a swell shindig tossed by my agent. I steamed up in my grandest clothes—short beaded chiffon dress with ostrich feathers on the shoulder, and satin pumps with enormous rhinestone buckles. I arrived. And found all the guests wearing everything from sports scarves to tennis shorts. It certainly was an initiation to informal Hollywood. I'll never forget it. Never again will I get dressed up like that.

### Jinx Falkenburg . . .

And a heart-throb from Columbia's Jinx Falkenburg:

March 28, 1939—Dr. Wynn here this morning. Said I may leave the hospital in *ten weeks!* And then he's not sure whether it will be on my own two feet or in a wheelchair. And this trip to Hawaii was to be a pleasure trip. Ye gods! "Multiple contusions" is the diagnosis (I'm black from head to foot—bruises), and something bafflingly wrong with my spine. The family mustn't know; not yet, anyway. Time enough when the worst is over.

I wrote a long letter to mother this morning telling her all about the lovely party on Vincent Astor's yacht "Nourmahal" that I *didn't* attend. Fancy an invitation like that and then falling 38 feet through what I thought was solid concrete and wasn't, just to wave good-night to some supper guests. And not being able to go to the party. Maybe not being able, ever, to go to any more parties and to dance, swim—play tennis. I don't dare let myself think!

Dickie called from the mainland last night. Such a silly sweet thing to do. I hardly know him. One dinner date, that's all, the night I sailed off on this first trip to Honolulu. I wouldn't tell him about my injury at first. I've kept it out of the papers so that the family would not be worried. Mother'd fly right over, I know. But when he asked "What are you doing out there?" I sniffed like a baby. And told him everything. He promised not to tell Mother and Dad, and then called me back a half an hour later and talked for almost an hour. Said he'd called Mother in the meantime and told her I was fine.

Outside the sunlight is hot and sweet, and a little nurse, firm-fleshed and brown as a berry, brought me a lei of ginger flowers. I want to go out and swim in that blue, blue water—and play tennis!

## BEST FACE FORWARD

(Continued from page 50)

pick up masks or packs that pep up tired skin so quickly. Spread the preparation on evenly, according to directions, and lie down and relax long enough for it to dry. When you remove it, you'll be amazed how radiant and smooth your face will be. If your face is inclined to be dry, smooth on a little tissue cream and let it remain a minute or two. Then, remove it with cleansing tissue saturated with skin freshener.

If you have a half hour or more to coddle your complexion, treat it to a facial massage. In addition to softening skin, it will help to tone up and firm lazy facial muscles. Immediately after cleansing, apply your richest lubricating cream in gentle molding movements. Use the pads of your fingers, tapping gently but firmly, always working upward for beauty. You can use also gentle smoothing movements if you like, but be careful never to rub or stretch delicate skin.

Begin at the base of your neck and work upward to your ears. Then, from the base of your neck, smooth or tap to a point beneath your chin. Next, pat under your chin (using the backs of your hands this time for convenience). Again, with the pads of your fingers, work from your chin outward along the jawline to your ears. Then, from the chin upward around your mouth to your nostrils, smoothing out parenthesis lines that may have formed. Begin beneath your nose and following the under curve of your cheekbone, pat toward your ears. Then, using your lubricating cream or a special eye cream, tap first above, then below your eyes, working from the inner corners outward. Last, smooth out forehead lines by pressing and lifting fingers, beginning between brows and working upward and outward. Finish off by rotating a few times across your brow.

Any type of facial is more effective if you couple it with complete relaxation—so leave this rich soothing cream on your face while you lie down in a darkened room until it's time to don your festive clothes. If your eyes are tired from the strain of the day, place little pads moistened with skin freshener or eye lotion over them while you rest. It will add immeasurably to their comfort and sparkle. Set your alarm clock, so that you can drift off to sleep if you like.

### rise and shine . . .

When you are ready to rise and shine for the evening of fun, remove all excess cream with cotton or cleansing tissue, moistened with skin freshener. Your face will be velvety smooth and radiantly alive with fresh youthful color—a fitting background for subtle make-up. Next, blend in your foundation to match your skin tone skilfully. Even if your skin is inclined to be dry, your complexion will remain dewy fresh and soft if you use a rich lotion or a thick creamy type foundation. Apply a dab first to your nose, chin, forehead and cheeks, then blend it smoothly over your skin. Don't forget your neck and the back of your ears, if you want to be all the same complexion color scheme. If your skin is oily, it will take on a most natural finish with either a liquid, cake or vanishing type of base. A normal skin wears any kind of base successfully. Next comes rouge, lipstick, eye make-up and those other adornments that, like Cinderella's godmother, transform you from a hard-working girl into



an ultra-glamorous evening beauty.

These quick, easy-to-do facials we've just described are not only good skin pepper-uppers for special occasions, but they are ace complexion beautifiers at any time. These busy weeks when we spend so much time at our jobs—whether at the office or shop, at home or doing volunteer work—we are constantly under nerve strain, and as a consequence complexions lose tone, giving facial muscles a chance to become loose and flaccid. So instead of waiting until unattractive lines begin to appear, keep your complexion invigorated by a simple facial weekly.

If your skin is oily or at all dull and sallow—give it extra toning with a special circulation cream or mask, applying it just after cleansing. Smooth it on evenly and leave it on only as long as the directions suggest. If your face is at all inclined toward dryness, apply a rich lubricating cream immediately afterwards. However, if your skin is delicate or thin or has any broken capillaries, avoid a highly stimulating facial of this type.

Skins that are marred by surface blemishes, such as blackheads, will benefit by a stimulating mask or cream that combines cleansing qualities as well. These cleansers, sometimes called pore masks or creams—penetrate clogged pores and help remove minute imperfections of dirt and dead tissue. Since they also help to contract enlarged pores, they are excellent for oily as well as muddy complexions. Always apply these and leave them on according to directions. And remember, their effectiveness depends on applying them to skin that is scrupulously clean at the start.

Using fresh, clean puffs in applying powder and the like is important in maintaining skin health and beauty. Since they're so inexpensive, why not keep a supply handy so you'll never be tempted to use one that's less than immaculately clean.

Putting your best face forward, girls, doesn't mean neglecting your skin on Tuesday and Wednesday and give it all-out attention on Friday, Saturday and those other date-nights. Give it faithful everyday protection and stimulation—and it will respond quickly to quick facial pick-ups and make-up magic those times when it's important to look your most glamorous.

Is your complexion too dry? Then, better give it extra lubrication if you want it to remain youthful and lineless. Why not make it a point to apply House of Westmore Dry Skin Cream after thoroughly cleansing your face. It's fluffy rich with oils and soothing and will help keep your skin smooth and velvety. Leave it on overnight and see how soft and lovely your complexion will be next morning.

Kleenex tissues have so many tricky uses, you never know where the family supply is apt to be. So why don't you smart girls, who need cleansing tissues for complexion care, play safe and hide an extra box of Kleenex for your own use in your dressing table drawer. Then keep another box on the kitchen or bathroom shelf for the rest of the family to dip into whenever they need one.

If you are looking for an Easter gift for a friend or a treat for yourself, you will stop searching when you catch a whiff of Irresistible Perfume and see it in its new Easter box. The fragrance is like spring. It goes with the flowers, the fashions, and the romance of the light-hearted season. A touch of Irresistible will make you feel as exciting as does your new spring bonnet.

**RICH IN DEXTROSE**

**HI HO!... HI HO!  
TO SPREAD THE NEWS I GO!**

Before you're "batter-up"—Big Boy—remember **BABY RUTH**, the Big League candy bar that packs a wallop in both flavor and food energy.

Help keep your pep **UP**—and you help keep your score **DOWN**. **BABY RUTH** will aid a lot the last nine holes!

'Morning, busy mother. How about this **BABY RUTH**—makes your work a pleasure—helps ward off fatigue!

Five little princesses—all in a row. **BABY RUTH** is the first and only candy ever given to the famous Quintuplets.

**World Copr. 1942 King Features Syndicate**

**CURTISS Baby Ruth CANDY**

**RICH IN DEXTROSE**

Look for me (N. R. G.) On every wrapper!

**DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS: "Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."**



# Let's dine out with the STARS



and here's a meal

à la Murphy



Marjorie Woodworth and Richard Denning, with obvious enjoyment, learn from an authority that intricate art of eating broiled lobster

• The *grrrand* old name of Murphy has long been associated with songs and stories of the Emerald Isle; but in Hollywood, sure and it's better known as the name of the genial proprietor of the House of Murphy. This famous dining spot is the top favorite with such hale and hearty stars as Edward Arnold, Jack Oakie and Edgar Bergen—all lovers of fine food in the generous, old-time tradition and not in the least bit afraid of giving free rein to their healthy appetites.

On the night we dropped in, the place was thronged with Hollywood notables, all intent upon good food and gay conversation. We joined a group at a table in the corner of the Jiggs room where Bob himself, acting as master of ceremonies, was delivering a lecture to Marjorie Woodward and Richard Denning on the gentle art of extracting the last toothsome morsel from a broiled lobster.

After the subject of lobsters had been exhausted Bob started on some of his famous reminiscences. His has been a colorful career. He used to be in charge of all the Fred Harvey kitchens, but deserted that famous chain to tour in vaudeville. Here he spent so much of his time cooking special dishes for his pals that he found it difficult to get to the theater on time! So, he gave up vaudeville as a bad financial venture and came out to Hollywood.

When he opened the House of Murphy, four years ago, it had a capacity of thirty-two. Now, four years later, it has grown so that it has several rooms and holds as many as two hundred and fifty people. It has dark panelled walls and red printed tablecloths on the tables. There are strips of "Jiggs and Maggie" cartoons around

the wall of the Jiggs room, named in honor of the famous cartoonist, George McManus, who has been a friend of Bob's for over thirty years. Over the entrance to this room is a sign reading: "Dedicated to George McManus, whose intake of Corned Beef and Cabbage is equalled only by his output of cartoons. Selah."

Bob's personality is probably one of the reasons for the popularity of his restaurant—he's extremely informal, a grand teller of stories and has a booming laugh that makes his guests feel happy, too. Great names do not impress him, and if people come to Murphy's solely with the idea of creating a big impression, they're apt to find that their host has no time for anyone except those who have a true appreciation of fine food.

Among the most regular of his patrons are Bill Fields and George McManus, who have been holding a Corned Beef and Cabbage derby. They're now tied for the record. Each has eaten thirty orders in thirty days! Edgar Bergen says that Murphy's is the only place where he can get real Fiskaballa (Swedish Beef Balls in Cream). Mary Astor is a regular patron and usually orders Prime Ribs of Beef. Ann Sheridan loves the Murphy Chicken, and Alice Faye actually insists on having steaks that have been cooked with garlic!

But the secret we wanted most to pry out of Bob was just why that plebeian dish, Corned Beef and Cabbage, is the gustatory delight of all the men stars—and even of some of the glamour girls—of this sophisticated cinema city. According to Bob it's all in the choice of a good piece of well-corned beef, proper seasoning and long, slow cooking. Here's how they go about it at the House of Murphy—it takes time but the results are wonderful!



By Helen Holmes



'Tis himself—the jolly host of the House of Murphy, famed for his wit and "Irish turkey."

#### CORNERED BEEF AND CABBAGE

**METHOD:** Place brisket of corned beef in cold water and very slowly bring to boiling point. Allow to simmer for 30 minutes to 1 hour, in which time excess salt should be removed. Drain off water and rinse very well. Entirely submerge again in cold water in which have been placed celery tops, a carrot, an onion, a cabbage heart, 2 peppercorns and 1 garlic bud. Let this simmer slowly, never reaching an actual boil, until done—which should be in about 3 to 4 hours. Remove corned beef and strain stock. Quarter cabbage, place in pot and pour over it the strained stock. Boil 25 minutes or until cabbage is tender. For each portion, serve one quarter of cabbage and three or four slices of corned beef. (With mustard, of course!) Delicious with boiled onions and potatoes.

Another Murphy specialty is crisp salad de Cicco, mixed by the waiter at the table practically under your nose, so that you can savor the aroma of all the good seasonings that go into it. It's a whole meal in itself, so try it when you want something very much out of the ordinary.

# Guess What?



Unh-Unh . . . guess again.

Something worse. . . . Give up?

All right, here's what's wrong . . .

This young man is lonesome. He wants company. He wants that wonderful woman who always understands him. Even if he can't talk. So he's sending a hurry call for Mother.

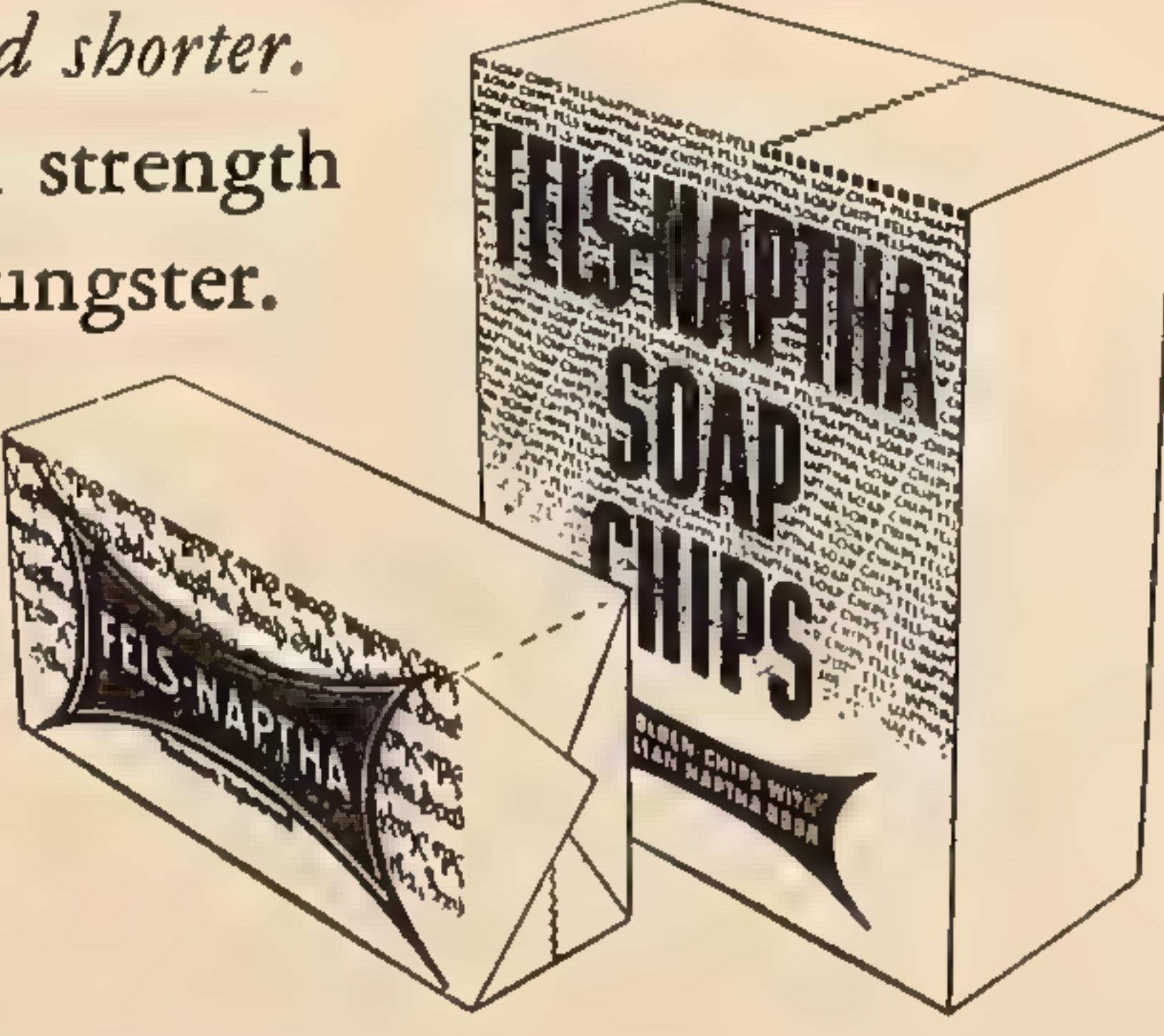
And Mother? Well, today was washday. Her poor back aches. Her arms are like lead. And she just *has* to rest another minute before flying up those stairs again. If only she had some help . . .

And so she should. *Especially* on washday. She should have the help that only Fels-Naptha Soap can give . . . *two* wonderful cleaners—gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap—combining to banish dirt, without the rubbing that wears a woman out.

Making washdays easier *and* shorter.

Giving her more time and strength to lavish on this lusty youngster.

[*MORAL: On washday, a boy's 'best friends' are his Mother—and Fels-Naptha Soap.*]



Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPHTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





## RADIANT HAIR★ *sprinkled with* *"Star Dust"*

★ **H**ow gloriously feminine your hair looks when it's star-studded with sparkling highlights—gleaming with glorious sheen. This glamorous loveliness can easily be yours—with the help of Nestle Colorinse. For Colorinse rinses those beautiful highlights into your hair—gives it a warmer, richer tone—a softer, satin-like sheen. Notice how Colorinse leaves your hair easier to comb, easier to manage—helps your curl stay in longer. Take your choice from the 14 flattering shades on the Nestle Hair Chart. For a lovelier hairdo—use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing.

At beauty counters  
everywhere



10¢ and 25¢  
sizes

## GOOD-BYE, CAROLE

(Continued from page 27)

with cushioned chairs like Roman benches, clothes, clothes, clothes—

And then that all went gaily overboard. She met Clark Gable. Clark was all he-man. A boy from Cadiz, Ohio, who'd come up the hard way, he found Hollywood glitter and glamor a lot of expensive hooley. "Let me get enough money to have a sure ten thousand a year," the kid who'd been a fighter and a laborer and a bum maintained, "and I'm all set." "What about Carole?" friends asked, and Clark said coolly, confidently, "Carole will take it—and like it."

### all for fun . . .

And how she did! Overnight the lusty, swearing, striding, arrogant gal became a woman. Overnight she became a wife. Crazy human—the gags, the trick presents, the insane jests that took place on every lot where Clark and Carole played, were tradition. But they were man and wife. They slipped away and said words that made them one, and Carole meant it. Her career was second. The man she loved came first.

Clark wanted a ranch, so they bought one out in the Valley. Carole hauled on a sunbonnet and marched about the chicken yard. She studied the alfalfa crops, and she sat up nights listening to weather reports and planning protection for the precious citrus trees. No tiny anxious lantern burning in a single orchard represented more sincere love and hominess than did the lights that blazed on the Gable ranch.

She can't be dead—

For friendship is a permanent record, set in granite, and all Hollywood was Carole's friend. Jack Benny, whose radio program had followed the fatal news of December 7th, and who had gone through his own illnesses and troubles, could not speak to his world on Sunday night after that crash. He'd just made a picture with Carole. Living in his memory were her merry jokes and her sturdy workmanship, the sight of her gaily marching through their scenes. The peo-

ple on the lot, the extras, the stand-ins, the employes knew her as a gallant sincere friend. They knew that a recent edict against swearing on the set had sent a rueful Carole to practicing "Oh hecks!" and circumlocutions for her gamin language, and they knew, too, how really womanly she was beneath all this show of hardboiled strength.

Carole dead? Alice Marble shook a blonde head in unbelief. When Alice was recovering from a collapse in Paris, Carole was taking lessons from Eleanor Tennant, her coach. Into the frail girl's life poured the unfailing stream of Carole's vital interest. "Send a letter to her from me, Teach," she told Miss Tennant. "Stick in this check for a hundred dollars—she can buy a present to pep her up." And when they met, Carole had an inspiration. Alice had a voice, and singing gives one confidence. Carole had a voice teacher. Studying with her was one of the chores Carole had taken on and couldn't quite make. Suppose Alice took the lessons?

She did. She went into the State Competition and she developed the "killer instinct" that Carole preached. And over the top she went, strong, sure, a tennis ace, then singing at the Waldorf. Working at her job as Assistant Director of Physical Fitness in Civilian Defense, she heard the incredible news.

### brave new worlds . . .

Russ Columbo's mother had laid down her letters. When Russ died suddenly, his mother, too ill to bear the news, waited for letters from him.

"Don't tell her," Carole dared firmly. "There's no reason she should be hurt. We'll read her letters from him, tell her he'll come—" and so to the end, the mother was happy, waiting, touching letters, hearing—Wherever they may be, those friends of Carole's gone ahead, they'd be saying it, too—Carole dead? She can't be!

It wasn't all easy. The world saw the Glamour girl made Gamin Girl. The

## YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that up-to-the-second chart of your favorite "Westerns" you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio addresses of over 60 of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse opries"! Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your new revised "Western" chart is just as good as lassoed!

### INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN 149 Madison Ave., New York City

I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Please print name and address plainly



world saw her striding through the town and country. "She hunts like a man," Harry Fleishman said. "She carries her own equipment, retrieves her own birds, handles a 410 shotgun, never complains—"

The studios saw her putting a new touch into decorating. They saw offices with gay curtains, pine writing tables, chintz chairs and sofas. Like the throwing back of shutters letting in light, Hollywood was suddenly bright and fresh again.

They saw her joking with "Pa" Gable, they saw her laughing and shouting.

But there was another side. She went into the desert with a purpose. There was a time when she stayed there, away from the night life and parties. Anxiously frowning that broad brow of hers over health schedules and booklets, anxiously studying the routine her doctor gave her.

There were rumors and stories and Clark, scowling blackly, denied them. But Carole wasn't bothering—she had a dream, and she was working at it with her selfless, little girl courage.

A dream that died.

She came back out of the retirement with her mouth a little tight and a shadow in her clear eyes. There wasn't to be a baby after all. She had to fold up the booklets and schedules, she had to tuck away some rather special prayers. So—

"What'll I do, Pappy?" she asked Clark.

It wasn't enough for her, the hard, gruelling work of the studios, the extra warm friendliness that overlooked no needs, the social life and the ranch. It wasn't enough. The stars were fretting about income taxes, they were scolding and figuring and trying to think up ways to dodge taxes. Blonde hair tossed back, scornful grin flashing, Carole hooted at them. She'd worked herself to dangerous thinness, dangerous fatigue, and she'd earned \$465,000, and now the government wanted sixty per cent of it. What was she going to do? She was going to pay it. "For what the country's done for me and you, that's too much? It isn't too high," Carole said. The others flushed a little and high tax talk wasn't fashionable any more.

#### mission for three . . .

But it wasn't enough for Carole—"What'll I do, Pappy?"

Clark had the answer ready. He's a big man, a rough man, without veneer. From the day war was declared by the United States, he'd been working and thinking about the job that a he-man has to take on now. He was chairman of the motion picture committee in charge of bond sales, and he was the one to assign stars to entertainment at the camps. The lights in the gun-room at the ranch burned late while Carole and Clark worked shoulder to shoulder mapping out campaigns for the country.

"It isn't enough, Pa. What'll I do, me, myself?"

"How about selling stamps and bonds back home in Indiana?"

She liked the idea. "I'll take Mother along," she said, and Clark wanted Otto to go, too. Otto Winkler, their publicity man and friend. Otto had gone over the border with them when they were married. Clark trusted him with his life—and with something more precious, his gay girl, his wife.

The party set off. Carole marched to the train platform and told the people there about the bonds. At last she had something to do with those crowds that jammed up to stare at her. At last she could pour all the vitality of her taut little body and strong little soul into a



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN

**A NEW**  
**EXCLUSIVE SATIN-FINISH**  
*All you've longed for  
in a Lipstick*

### 3 LOVELY TANGEE SHADES

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All!"... harmonizes with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... Orange in the stick, changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose on the lips.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY  
*Constance Luft Huhn*  
**HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE**  
*Makers of the World's Most Famous Lipsticks*

**N**ow, at last, all you've longed for in a lipstick is combined in our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH...a softer, glossier sheen...a texture *not too moist*—yet *not too dry*...a lipstick that stays on and I *really* mean stays on, without blurring or smudging.

With this basic Tangee improvement, which we consider our most important news in 20 years, you now have not only Tangee's gloriously clear shades—not only the famous Tangee cream base that feels so soothing to your lips—but the exquisite grooming of a SATIN-FINISH that lasts for hours and hours.

## TANGEE Lipsticks

WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

### SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The Geo. W. Luft Co., Distributors.....417 Fifth Ave., New York City  
Send "Miracle Make-Up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipstick, matching rouge and face powder.

LIPSTICK & ROUGE: CHECK ONE ☐ NATURAL ☐ THEATRICAL RED ☐ RED-RED  
FACE POWDER: CHECK ONE ☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan  
I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_  
[Please Print]  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ MM42

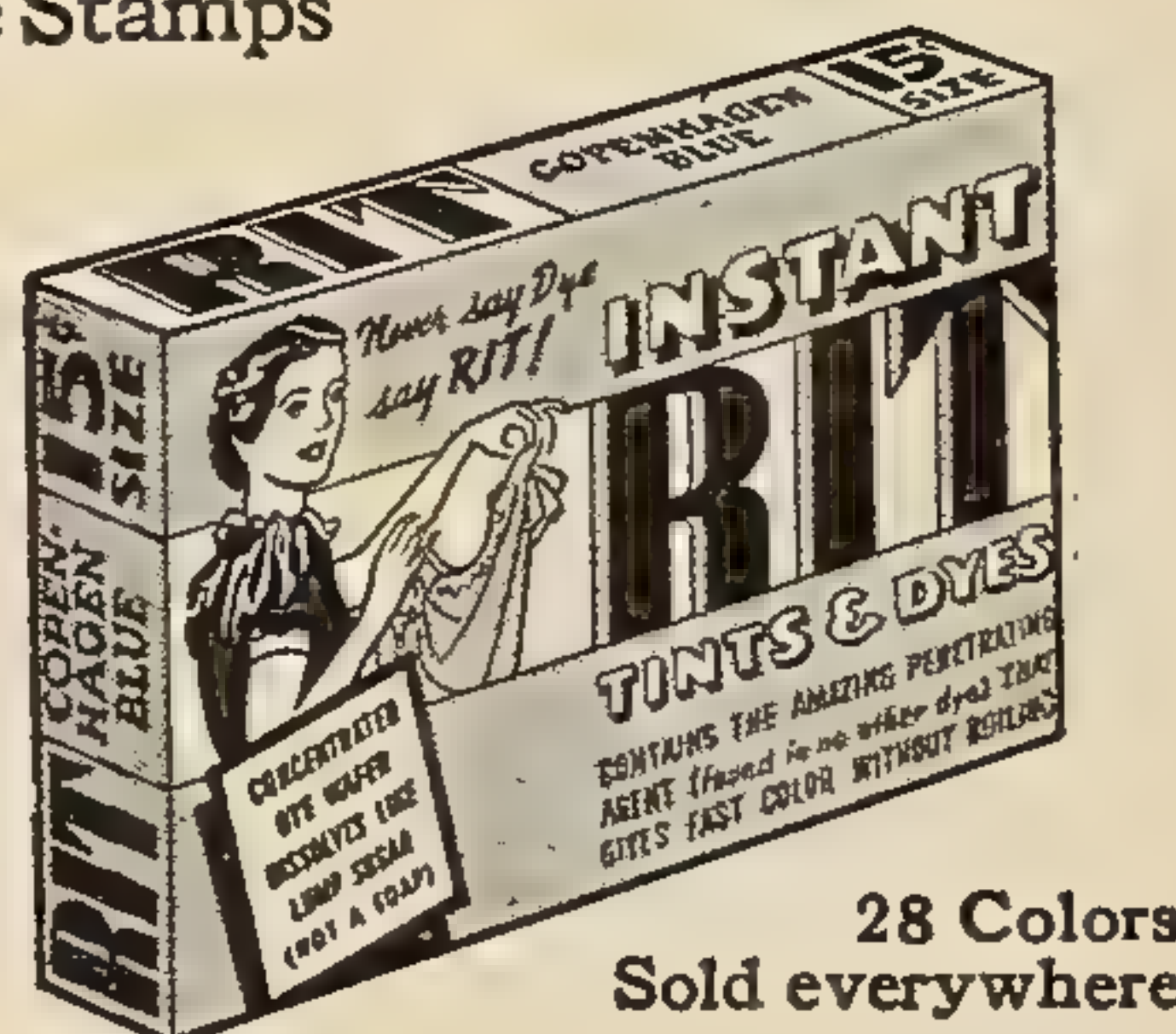


# RIT CALLS ALL GIRLS TO THE COLORS

Make last year's clothes do—but  
make them charming with RIT

- Save and serve—but don't let drab, faded colors rob you of charm. Treat the men-in-your-life to cheerful, sparkling colors and they'll never dream you're wearing last year's clothes. Give all your frocks a beauty bath with RIT—they'll sparkle and so will you. Buy extra Defense Stamps with the savings.

- Just be sure you get RIT. No boiling needed. Colors "take" beautifully. Perfect results.



NEVER SAY DYE... SAY

# RIT

TINTS & DYES

cause she believed, a meaningful cause.

Salt Lake City, Chicago, Indianapolis—She shoved back that mane of hair and talked. How she talked! And how she sold! It seemed almost unbelievable, but the totals sped up and up—Carole had sold two million dollars worth of bonds.

She got Clark on the telephone. He told her he'd bring Mrs. Winkler and come to meet her. Would she come by train? She pondered. "We'll flip a coin," she said. "Heads it's the plane—" A coin flipped and destiny moved a hooded head—Why? We may never know.

The plane was late. A huge-framed man began to pace a little, nervously, but he laughed and reassured his companion. "They're all right—weather bad maybe—nothing can happen to Carole—"

The hours went on. An ominous message came in. "We cannot establish contact with the plane—" But this was Carole—the Gamin Girl, the lusty, laughing, striding rancher, the strong, the free, the sure—This was Carole who joked with everyone. This was Carole whose voice was still merry and warm in her husband's heart.

Far out on Table Rock Mountain, this night of January 16th, a plane cracked into a mountain, flames soared, bodies hurtled—there was a moment's horror of sound and flame and then silence—

Clark was impatient now, desperate. He demanded horses, supplies, people. Then he'd go alone. He wasn't waiting here, not any longer.

Death was no stranger to Clark Gable. He was playing in a picture with another beloved screen star when it swooped down over the studio. He had to finish out the picture with a shadow, and once he turned away, his fists clenched and said between his teeth, "I can't do it, I can't DO it—" Death had come to Jean

Harlow then. But this was Carole, his wife.

"I'm going out there," he roared. "You can't stop me. I'm going."

And then they brought the word—Teletypes clicked out their unbelievable message. Wires flashed hot with it. A cinema montage of rolling newspaper presses, shouted headlines, radio dials twirling, aghast, unbelieving faces—

A man's heart bleeding, torn, wrenched. The White House and a tired executive pausing to speak words that should carry a nation's sorrow and gratitude.

salute . . .

Did a little gamin form rise from that wreckage, toss back its blonde hair and grin? Did she stare in amazement at the crashing of words, words, words, lamenting, describing? Did she whisper, "The President—talking about me?" And did her hands stretch out in blind helpless pity to someone who could not accept or believe—

If she did, she saw a wonderful thing. Planes speeding off an assembly line in shining rows—ships raising invincible prows—guns blunt-nosed and menacing—she sees them roll on and on and on with the power that one small girl's eager husky voice has given them. For two million dollars worth of bonds go marching on—

Carole Lombard is not dead. She is alive in the stirred hearts of those who knew her. But in more than that, she is alive. Somewhere she is laughing in sunlight and saying, "What'll I do now?"

Silent, brooding, lost, Clark Gable is going back to work. He'll work for defense—and he'll finish the picture on which he'd done one day's stint. It's name—"Somewhere I'll Find You."

## THE LADY IS A TRUMP

(Continued from page 43)

broken and stuck away in a corner, where she comes on it six weeks later, and the culprit murmurs, "Oh, that happened ages ago." She knows things have to be broken sometimes, but she wants to be told about it.

It's with an air of ruefulness that Bette says she knows things have to be broken. You get the feeling that she's not thoroughly convinced. She could lose her whole wardrobe with a better grace than almost any object she's bought for her home. Home is a dominating interest. She hates shopping for clothes. Shopping for the house is a delight and relaxation. If she weren't a career gal, she'd have been the queen of housewives. As it is, she does all right.

Her housekeeper's been with her for seven years. During the first three years of her tenure, Bette spent a lot of time with her—to such good purpose that she learned to do even the flowers to suit the boss—a feat verging on miracle. At other people's houses, Bette has to sit on her hands to keep them out of bowls and vases that are none of her business. You can have gardening. All she wants is the finished product.

model housewife . . .

When she gets a day off, she goes on a cleaning jag. Closets are her specialty. She can't bear having things around that she doesn't use or having the things she does use in disorder. Unless your belongings are orderly, she doesn't see how your head can be. She sorts out the magazines she wants to keep, sends the rest to the Salvation Army, goes through records and books, linen and crystal. If anything torn or broken can be fixed, it's fixed. If not, the hell with it. She won't have a chipped plate in her china-closet. She thinks maybe she overdoes it, but then, on the other hand, she returns love for beauty—never enters her bedroom without a glow of pleasure in the Sheraton desk and New Orleans pineapple bed she craved for years, never gets over being grateful that she can afford to buy lovely things, never takes them for granted.

Her cleaning finished, she'll get herself a decent manicure. Studio make-up doesn't allow for nails, so on pictures she does her own and has worn them nude for the last couple of years because polish, though beautiful, is too much trouble. Then she tackles her correspondence—on the typewriter lately, in the hope of improving her technique and making herself useful to the Red Cross post in New Hampshire, where she's vacationing till early spring.

Not till everything's done can she relax with a book. Reading in a chair, she sits on her spine or foot. Talking, she tangles her legs 'round a couple of rungs. At the movies—with the theatre, please heaven, half empty—she maneuvers her feet through the crack of the seat in front and keeps them parked. Her stand-in says that a year's work with Bette qualifies one as a trained contortionist. She plays with her hair, can't talk without using her hands and has always walked faster than any three men, to the despair of her teen-day swains. "What's the use?" one complained bitterly. "You turn around, and she's galloping six blocks ahead."

She dresses to suit herself and hasn't stepped into a dress shop for five years. A woman in one shop, familiar with her



tastes, sends her stuff on approval. Or she'll like something she's worn for a picture or fashion sitting and buy that. Her favorite daytime colors are blue, black and especially brown—for dress, cherry red and a certain beige-gold. Suits for the street, slacks for the house and simplicity in evening clothes. She buys most of the latter at Bernie Newman's end-of-the-year sale, rejects anything dated this-year-but-definitely-not-next and laughs at the Hollywood pother about not being seen twice in the same dress. Hers stay by her three or four years. Why buy it at all, she argues, if you don't like it well enough to give it a run.

She and Farny agree on the essentials of a well-spent evening. Six or eight people discussing things over drinks. Or two people, a fire and a book. A well-played rubber of bridge relaxes her when she's tired, and gin rummy's swell if you're stuck on a train or—she guesses—in a blackout. But she's no gal for games, and feels both irritation and sympathy for a hostess who keeps them going like mad so her guests can go home and at least say they played backgammon.

Entranced by the pleasant household vision of a husband and wife reading aloud to each other, that's what she and Farny said they would do. They don't. Bette reads faster, prefers reading to herself and, being an actress, enjoys novels of exhaustive character analysis, which bore Farny. He goes in for biography, current history and aviation.

#### canine capers . . .

They share their chairs with a dog or two. Bette's sense of tidiness doesn't banish dogs from the furniture. For one thing, furniture looks dead till it's been lived in, and dogs are to her an important part of living. For another, you're doing a dog no favor by taking him in and keeping him huddled in corners. If you won't let him enjoy his life, don't have him at all. Anyway, chairs and carpets can be cleaned.

Tibby and Peckett are Scotties. Having long thought she'd like a dachs, Bette took a chance that Farny would, too, and presented him with Hideho on his last birthday.

They've been taught to bother the family and leave guests alone. When no one's around they beg for tidbits—and get them. With strangers at dinner, they barely cock an eye. Bette's most talkative with them at breakfast time, tells them how beautiful they are, confides her problems to them and sounds to an eavesdropper like a borderline case.

She and Farny take night-clubbing as they'd take medicine—it's good for them once in a while. Two married people can get very lazy, and a dressy evening at Ciro's or the Scheherezade freshens them up and gives them laughs for weeks. Bette loves to dance but wouldn't be found dead in a rumba or conga, whose ludicrous aspect blinds her to their charms, if any. She likes best to dance at the New Hampshire lakes, where there's plenty of room, no staring or being stared at.

It's her firm belief that if you work hard to earn money, you should get fun out of it. She gets fun out of hers in divers ways. Remembering awful years when birthdays and Christmas rolled by and she couldn't give, her biggest kick maybe comes now from the fact that she can. For the rest, her pet extravagances are books, furs and her two-year-old niece, Fay. Going in to buy Fay a dress, she walks out loaded with half the baby shop's stock. She turns resolutely from the sight of fur, tempted to buy every

## "My Romance was dying of starvation"

A TRUE STORY OF THE  
"ONE NEGLECT"  
THAT ALMOST WRECKED A MARRIAGE



1. Before we were married, we were so much in love! But after our wedding Bill changed—his attentions grew less and less. I suffered the miseries of neglect.



2. Then at the club one day I met a famous woman doctor—and overcame my pride enough to tell her my troubles. She shocked me by saying, "I'm afraid it's your own fault—you see, there's one thing husbands don't forgive in their wives—carelessness or ignorance about feminine hygiene."



3. "So many married women come to me with the same story. And my advice to them, and to you, is—use Lysol disinfectant regularly for intimate personal care. Lysol cleanses and deodorizes—and at the same time it instantly kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues. Lysol is safe."



4. That's how Lysol became my standard practice for feminine hygiene. It's so gentle to use—and so economical. And you never have to worry about its effectiveness. It works! As for my romance—we're more in love than ever.

#### Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. M.S.-442, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.



# Cuticle Look

*Like this?*

*or this?*

## Get CUTEX Oily Cuticle Remover

● Don't gnaw at ragged cuticle! Soften and loosen it with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover! All *you* do is wipe the dead cuticle away with a towel! Have your hands admired! Get a bottle today! *It contains no acid.*

**Saturday is "Manicure Day."** Look for the special display of Cutex accessories on your favorite cosmetic counter — Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, Brittle Nail Cream, Orangewood Sticks, Emery Boards.

Northam Warren, New York



Used by more women than all other Cuticle Removers combined

## SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

kind in the market and has compromised over a period of years on a mink coat, a cape of Baum martin, a silver fox and—the most thrilling article in her wardrobe—an ermine coat.

No first-edition hound, she loves owning beautiful copies of books that mean something to her—like "South Wind." Children's books enchant her, and Fay's a good excuse for investing in them. A jealous sense of possession about books and handkerchiefs makes her cringe when they're borrowed, but her family cheerfully raids her stock of both while Bette stands by, inventing reason after reason why she can't live twenty-four hours without that particular article.

She likes bracelets that jingle because they make her feel elegant—which she calls proof of an inferiority complex. Among precious jewels, she hankers only after diamonds, wants one diamond bracelet before she dies but would die before buying it for herself, she'd feel so idiotic. She's informed Farny that he's the pink of perfection, except that he's never given her a diamond bracelet.

Off-screen she wears her hair in a long plain bob, feels too dressed up when it's fixed any other way, uses lipstick only—plus a little mascara for evening, prefers tubs to showers, with any kind of bath salts that smell good, and is probably the world's prize sucker for eau de cologne, rushing out to buy every new brand advertised so she can smell it quick. She can dress in twenty minutes flat, deplores her own celerity and blames it on her boarding-school training.

a sucker for sentiment . . .

Small pieces of soap drive her crazy, the money spent on laundry appalls her, she hates to carry a bag, sit at ringside

tables in restaurants or eat desserts. Give her potatoes, and the government can ration the rest. For coffee she drinks Sanka, for conviviality Scotch, and for love champagne.

She can't stand saving paper and bits of string but hoards old dance programs and other items of sentimental significance. If she could rescue just one object from a burning building, it would probably be the pressbook she's kept for twelve years. Some actors scorn pressbooks. Bette thinks she'll have fun looking through hers twenty years hence. She's often wished her family had collected things to pass on to her. If she ever has children, she hopes they'll enjoy the pressbook. If not, there's always Fay.

She likes the little wood and china dogs Farny picks up for her. In a house bright with order, she likes a cluttered desk—garnished, it looks like a stage prop. She loves the movies and, but for the curse of double bills, would go more often. When she does go—on Sunday afternoons as a rule, she acts like any Susie Doakes, can't be budged till the picture's over, no matter how corny, petrified lest the right football team shouldn't win.

She gets spasms of self-improvement. For one year she worked on a system to keep her stocking seams straight. They're still crooked. For three months she gave up cigarettes, till she decided the misery wasn't worth it and went back to lighting one weed from another. When her best friends told her they'd rather be shot than call her up—brusque was the kindest word they found for her phone personality—she spent weeks trying to cultivate charm on the phone. It didn't work.

She's happiest at Butter Nut, where life

is simple, where she and her mother do the marketing, with a hired girl for what Bette calls the dull work—like dishes—and a hired man for outside. The girl gets breakfast. Otherwise, when you want to eat, you eat. Farny, who fancies cooking, does all the meats over an open fire. His wife does the vegetables.

Normally, she's easy to get along with—gay, good-humored, considerate. But, with the standards of a perfectionist, work and its problems fray her nerves and exhaust her body. Besides, she sinks herself so wholly in what she's doing that, for any other purpose, she isn't there. When she was a child, Mrs. Davis had a phrase for it. "Bette's gone to Canada," she'd say.

Knowing her own vagaries and disillusioned by the failure of her first marriage, Bette tried three times to make up her mind to marry the man she'd fallen in love with. He had no qualms but not because of unawareness. Writers, musicians, people skilled in the arts had always been part of his background. He took them for granted. Bette was an actress, so what? He wasn't dazzled, he didn't feel he had to make an equally brilliant name in his own field to keep his self-respect—it was too well-rooted. Acting was her work. The rest was Arthur Farnsworth and Bette Davis, and what did her work have to do with that? She'd been twenty-three when she married first. If ten years hadn't brought her more wisdom to cope with life, what good had they been? So, on the last day of 1940 she said, "I, Bette, take thee, Arthur—"

two yanks in Hollywood . . .

Farnsworth's six foot one, blond, scrubbed-looking. His eyes are kind and intensely blue, his quietness spiced with a dry New England humor. You like and trust him on sight.

Head of the West Coast division of Minneapolis Honeywell, he spends most of his time in California. His prime interests are aviation, music and horses in that order. He plays the violin, has taught Bette the finer points of horsemanship and unwittingly helped her overcome—to a limited degree—her terror of planes. She wouldn't fly, and he wouldn't urge her to, but when he fell ill in the Middle West, she flew to him, unurged. She'd still think twice before trusting herself to the air, but at least she's no longer paralyzed by the thought, which pleases them both.

She doesn't pick his ties but once bought him a couple, Indian-woven, on a cross-country trip. He was very polite about them. When a studio crisis upsets her, he says he's sorry and leaves her alone. He's less silent than before his marriage. The Davis family habit is to talk and talk and not listen to anyone else, so he's training himself to scream along with the best of them.

Bette's worst social sin is finishing other people's sentences. She's always remorseful but, thinking faster than most, continues to sin. Farny will have none of it. Her proffered help falls with an anticlimactic thud into the pool of his silence. Then—"Will you let me finish my own sentence?" he suggests.

Like a spanked child, she shuts up.

### DO YOU KNOW THAT

Chico Marx, suffering heavy losses among the hearts, clubs, diamonds, and spades, had to borrow \$3,000 to make good on a \$7,000 debt?

—Look Magazine



## ALL CLEAR FOR YOUR SKIN

(Continued from page 49)

a lovely one. Fresh air and outdoor exercise are as good for your skin as for the rest of your body, and sunshine is definitely known to benefit any kind of skin, particularly the oily type. When your acne is particularly severe or does not respond to the treatment for oily skin, which we have just been discussing, consult a physician and follow his advice. Whether you are your own doctor or under the care of a professional, don't fool yourself into thinking that cleanliness begins and ends with the scrubbed face. Always use clean towels, fresh powder puffs, sterile cotton and cleansing tissues, and never touch your face except with clean hands.

Just to make complexions complex, there is the skin which is both oily and dry. Since most of the oil ducts are concentrated along the nose, chin and forehead, these parts are apt to have too much lubrication, while the rest of your face has too little. For a combination type skin, cleanliness, as always, is your first rule. Then, use drying methods for the too-oily parts and supply extra lubrication for dry areas.

If you keep your complexion always fresh and healthy, you probably are not often bothered by those annoying blemishes known as blackheads. When they do occur, however, be assured that they need not mar your skin permanently. Minor ones will come out of their own accord after a few scrubbing with soap and water and a complexion brush—and deeply imbedded ones can be removed

easily in the following manner: scrub your face thoroughly, then cover your skin with a steaming towel to relax the pores and press out these blemishes with a sterilized comedone (blackhead) extractor. If they resist your first attempt, leave them alone a few days, continuing your cleanliness and stimulation routine, for all this activity will help work the blackheads closer to the surface of your skin. Always, after removing blackheads, touch a little alcohol or some other antiseptic to the parts to help close the pores and to ward off possible infection. Never use your fingers to remove a blackhead, unless they are protected by cleansing tissue or gauze, for sharp nails may break the skin and aggravate the blemish.

So you see a glowing complexion is not a gift you have or have not because the gods flipped a coin. It is beauty you can bring on yourself by the simple rituals of cleanliness, stimulation and protection.

*If you want to do your skin four beauty favors all in one, try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Here is how it will add to your glamour: It will cleanse your skin gently but thoroughly; it will soften it; it will help guard against large pores; and it will smooth your skin, making a more perfect base for powder and make-up. See if your skin isn't lovelier and more enchanting almost from the very first time you use Lady Esther's 4-Purpose Cream!*

*You don't need to hide out at home when you have a complexion blemish. Why not use "Hide-It" instead? It comes in natural skin tones and when spread over surface imperfections, makes skin look clear and flawless. What's more it's waterproof and won't rub off. Keep a jar of "Hide-It" always handy.*

## COSSACK COWBOY

(Continued from page 41)

don't say that to anyone else. Makes me feel like a sap," his position being that he's done nothing to warrant such kudos, or, for that matter, any kudos at all.

Acclaim for what he hasn't done embarrasses him. Besides, he's healthily skeptical about fairy tales, especially one he's living himself, believes in it on a strictly day-to-day basis and, if it went up in smoke, would be less surprised than if he were to see it prolonged. Nor would his heart be broken. The movies to George are a means to an end, and the end's in Montana. He'd be grateful for five years in the movies, which he figures would net him enough to buy that ranch. Five years or no, he'll get the ranch some way, being the kind of egg who won't quit till he does.

home on the range . . .

His feeling about Hollywood is akin to his feeling about clothes. Clothes, says George, are a funny proposition. First they fit you, then all of a sudden they're tight or loose or something, and you're not comfortable in them. On the other hand, you never get tired of blue jeans. They're like Montana. You look at those mountains and—well, that's all there is to it. Get a ranch and you get your freedom, you're your own boss. That's what people work for, isn't it? Stay in the movies, and you're going to be bossed all your life. Which is silly. In America, you're supposed to be free.

Nostalgia for one's childhood doesn't start, as a rule, till the middle years.

## GOODBYE DANDRUFF

Don't let dandruff spoil your beauty! Keep your hair shining with natural life and color, antiseptically clean, AND COMPLETELY FREE OF DANDRUFF by using Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff in one application, and it is the ONLY shampoo whose guarantee is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms.

**Results Are Different—Because Fitch Shampoo Is Different!**

And you apply it differently, too—right to the DRY hair and scalp. That's when it dissolves the dandruff. Next add hard or soft water. Fitch Shampoo foams into a rich abundant lather that carries away all dirt and dandruff without the aid of an after-rinse, leaving your hair soft, manageable and lustrous. Good for all colors and textures of hair—so mild that it's recommended for even a baby's tender scalp. Economical—no wonder Fitch Shampoo is the largest selling shampoo in the world! Barbers and beauticians testify that it reconditions as it cleanses.

*After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day.*



### THE TRUTH ABOUT SOAP SHAMPOOS



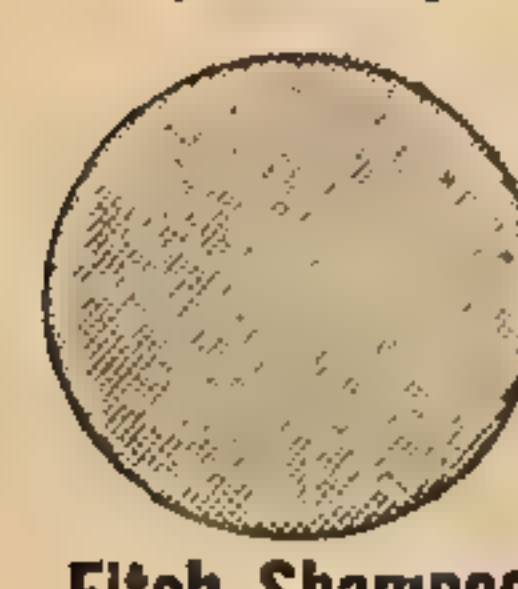
Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

**Fitch's**

**DANDRUFF REMOVER**

**SHAMPOO**

Copr. 1942  
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George already hankers to go back and relive his, though he knows it could never be the same. When he was a kid, the cattle roamed for miles, and the land stretched fenceless farther than the eye could see. There are fences in Montana now. He doesn't like fences.

An older brother—his eldest was born twenty-six years before George—came to this country first and wrote his father of the glories of homesteading. Papa Lyetz arrived to look things over, returned and brought back the older children, then returned a second time for Mamotchka and what George calls the litter. Papa still recalls, and with undiminished wrath, the gyp steamship agent who promised them three scarlet smokestacks and came through with one, dirty gray.

The four-thousand-acre homestead lay fifteen miles from a cattle depot where a train stopped every week or so to let a couple of cows off. Father and sons built a long wooden house, in whose attic Mamotchka stored her preserved meat and fruits against the long winter. Hoisted on his brothers' shoulders, it was George's job to swipe apples from the attic. Apples could be had for the asking, but they tasted better swiped.

At four he tended rabbits, watered horses, clambered up behind his brothers to go coyote-hunting. With a bunch of hounds he'd race four miles to the schoolhouse, thumb his nose at the kids penned up inside while the dogs yipped approval, and run back like hell when

the teacher tried to catch him. At six he saw his first movie with Harry Carey and, penned up himself now, confided to teacher that he wanted to be an actress. "Actresses," she said, "are ladies." This, together with howls of derision from his mates, shamed him out of his first ambition.

In summer a score of farm kids would get together, saddle up, take lunch and go swimming in the river fifteen miles away. In winter, with seven Lyetzes of school age, the older boys hitched a team to the bobsled and hauled the younger fry, snug under canvas, to school. In the spring George and Maurice played hookey, climbed to the cupola of the grain elevator and stalked pigeons with BB-guns, taking care to wound them as slightly as possible. What they wanted was pigeons 'round the house. Most of them flew away as their hurts healed. The boys all but killed with kindness the few that stuck around.

There was always enough to eat, enough to do, enough to think about. You had your work and plenty of time for play, and the work was half play, anyhow. The mountains gave you a sense of peace, not loneliness, and you never felt you were missing out on anything. Given the choice, not one of the eight Lyetz boys or five Lyetz girls would have traded in their childhood for the city life.

Having been graduated with honors from the Black Falls High School, George entered the University of Montana, be-

cause people told him college was a good idea. For him it wasn't. A rangy, overgrown, awkward farm kid, he fell between two stools, having no passion for study and few social assets. His dancing was a joke. Frats ignored him and girls brushed him off. Working his way through by tending bar at night, he began playing hookey to tend bar in the daytime, finding the atmosphere cozier than that of the classroom, though he didn't drink then and doesn't now. After a year he called it a day and went home. To milk cows and pitch hay, to harvest and herd. He tried amateur boxing and never lost a match but quit to keep from getting his teeth knocked out.

westward, ho . . .

He worked mostly for other farmers. Activity on their own place had dwindled. Four of the girls and four of the boys were married. Bad years had forced his father to sell sections of the land, and mortgage what was left. The ranch was a shadow of what it had been. In '37 his brother Mike, a roving engineer, suggested that George join him in Los Angeles. Papa said, no, mamma said, please. "Please, Georgie, find yourself a job in some nice warm store and stay here with us." George found himself a job—they called it landscaping, he called it good old WPA work with the pick and shovel—collected some money and went to Mike.

Mike had a friend who acted as movie agent for Cossack riders. Two days after hitting town, George was up at M-G-M, dashing into Garbo's house in "Conquest" and smashing up the furniture. He liked that, but it only lasted three days. *Bublichki*, the Russian restaurant on the Strip, was in process of construction, so Mike, who knew every Russian in town, got him in on that. Interior decorating they called it. George called it good old painting-and-carpenter work.

He was back tending bar again at a night club—making hamburgers, French dips and eighteen a week, with everything found—pretty pleased with himself, in fact—when another of Mike's myriad friends came butting in. "Gee, Mike, why don't you get the kid into movies? They're hollerin' for cowboys. Why don't you take him around?"

He got Mike hepped up. Mike got the kid into cowboy togs, with a hat whose brimsread cast him into the shade. They made the rounds.

"Yeah, swell, fine, fine, I can't use you, but I'll give you a letter—"

They got eight letters and saw eight casting directors. Mike talked. George felt foolish. By the time they landed at Republic, Mike's fervor was running low. "All you do," he snapped, "is stand around like a calf. This time you say something."

Republic's casting director at the time was one of those guys who looked as if he were in training to sub for Ned Sparks. His face sent a chill down our hero's spine.

"Want to be an actor, huh?"

"Yup."

"Done any acting?"

"Nope." Then, with Mike's ultimatum in his ears, he heard his own voice adding, to his own surprise: "But if I can't do better than some of these jerks you hire, I'll go back to the farm."

This brought a sour grimace from sub-Sparks. Still, he had George read and two weeks later gave him a day's work. The director shot a close-up of him laughing. Which led to his being tried out, with sixteen others, for the Lone Ranger. His turn to read came five minutes before lunch. He opened

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### QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories or features did you enjoy most in our March issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choice.

<i>Good-Bye, Carole (Lombard)</i> .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>The Lady Is a Trump (Davis)</i> .....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Double Exposure (Stack)</i> .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>It's a Date (Jinx and Glenn)</i> .....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>The Strange Case of George Sanders</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Nelson Eddy Talks His Head Off</i> ..	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Dear Diary</i> .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Good News</i> .....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Cossack Cowboy (Montgomery)</i> .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Co-Ed</i> .....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>"In This Our Life"</i> .....	<input type="checkbox"/>		

Which one of the above stories did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference.....

Do you read the beauty department every month ☐? occasionally ☐? never ☐?

Should the beauty department be made longer ☐? shorter ☐? stay the same ☐?

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his mouth. Nothing came out. He'd forgotten every word. Mike, still nursing little brother, leaped to the rescue. "The kid's a little nervous. Try him again after lunch."

#### up and at 'em . . .

After lunch he just about made it. But his riding was so masterly that they took him anyway—him and five others. To mix the kids up, the Ranger was played in successive episodes by different actors, each donning the mask and white gloves in turn. George was killed in the sixth episode but played the serial out. They said he was fine, he knew he stank. Again they made the rounds. "Well—uh—no," said the studios. So George said nuts, he was going home and went.

He returned in '39 to see Mike off to South America. Mike wanted a picture. The photographer who took them showed them to an agent. The agent asked him if he wanted to try again.

"I've got nothing to do for a couple of months. Why not?"

Maybe the agent's technique was better than Mike's. He showed the pictures first, then presented his client. "What do you think of him?"

"Fine." George says he knows how cattle feel, sold on the hoof. At Twentieth Century-Fox they weighed him—by eye—passed him from hand to hand, finally tested and gave him a contract. His news failed to impress the folks at home. Into his moustache Papa muttered the Russian equivalent for "Foolishness!" Mamotchka wrote wistfully: "Why don't you come back home? You could get a job in a nice warm store—"

He got a job instead in "Cisco Kid and the Lady" and decided he should have taken mamma's advice. "I was godawful,"

he says with simple fervor. Others must have shared his view, for assignments dropped off. But by now George had the bit between his teeth. He didn't like to be licked. He studied every day with Tom Moore, and whenever they needed a man for a test, George was on hand. One of the tests proved a honey. His agents showed it at other studios. "Who's the guy?" they asked. "Bring him around when Fox drops his option." So Fox picked his option up, and gave him bits in "Stardust" and "Young People." Also the lead with Joan Bennett in "I Married A Nazi" but yanked him after three days because he looked too young to play the kid's father.

This still left him nowhere. One day he bumped into Ralph Dietrich, the producer. "How do you like the business?" asked Dietrich, not expecting to be told.

George said he liked Montana better. He said if something didn't break pretty doggone soon, he'd forget the whole thing and go back to Montana. In brief, he blew his topper about Montana while Dietrich listened, impatient at first, then with mounting interest. "Son," he said, "you've given me the rough idea for a story. With you in the lead."

"Yeah," sneered George to himself. "Hollywood promises."

At the drop of a hat he'd run up to Montana. Any excuse would serve. Once he brought his mother down. Mike, back from South America, hadn't been home in ten years, and Mamma was determined to get him there if she had to drag him herself by the scruff of his neck. Once he made the fourteen hundred miles in twenty-four hours, because his sister had left on a visit without the grapes and oranges their mother always asked for. Seeing from a distance that the family was gathered on the porch,

he stopped the car, hoisted the fruit to his shoulder and swaggered up, yelling: "Sis, you forgot the oranges." From the top step Maurice broad-jumped to his back and sent him sprawling. Papa shook his head, grinning. He thinks his American children are nice, but crazy.

It was from one such trip that George was hailed back to test for "Cowboy and the Blonde." Driving southward, he made silent apologies to Dietrich for his silent sneer. The picture proved a sleeper. Previews, sneak and otherwise, put Montgomery's name on the Hollywood map. At his own request, he made a couple of Westerns. But the torrent of fan mail that followed "Cowboy's" release put an end to that nonsense. His A-career started with Landis in "Cadet Girl," he plays the reporter opposite Ginger Rogers in "Roxie Hart" and is John Sutton's rival for Maureen O'Hara in "Ten Gentlemen from West Point."

#### family affairs . . .

Once settled, he talked his parents into leaving the ranch, bought a modest house near the studio and moved in with them and his sister Lyda. Papa is eighty, Mamotchka seventy-six—both sturdy as seasoned trees. George says he has no superstitions but knocks wood when he mentions the state of their health. Papa digs up the ground, lets it settle for a day, then digs it up again. A man must have something to do. Mamma runs the house. George's pleas for a part-time maid upset her so that he gave it up and vacuums the rugs himself. They like California because George is there, though after Montana Mamma finds it a little warm. Relatives drop in at will—for a night, a week, a month. There are twenty-three grandchildren,

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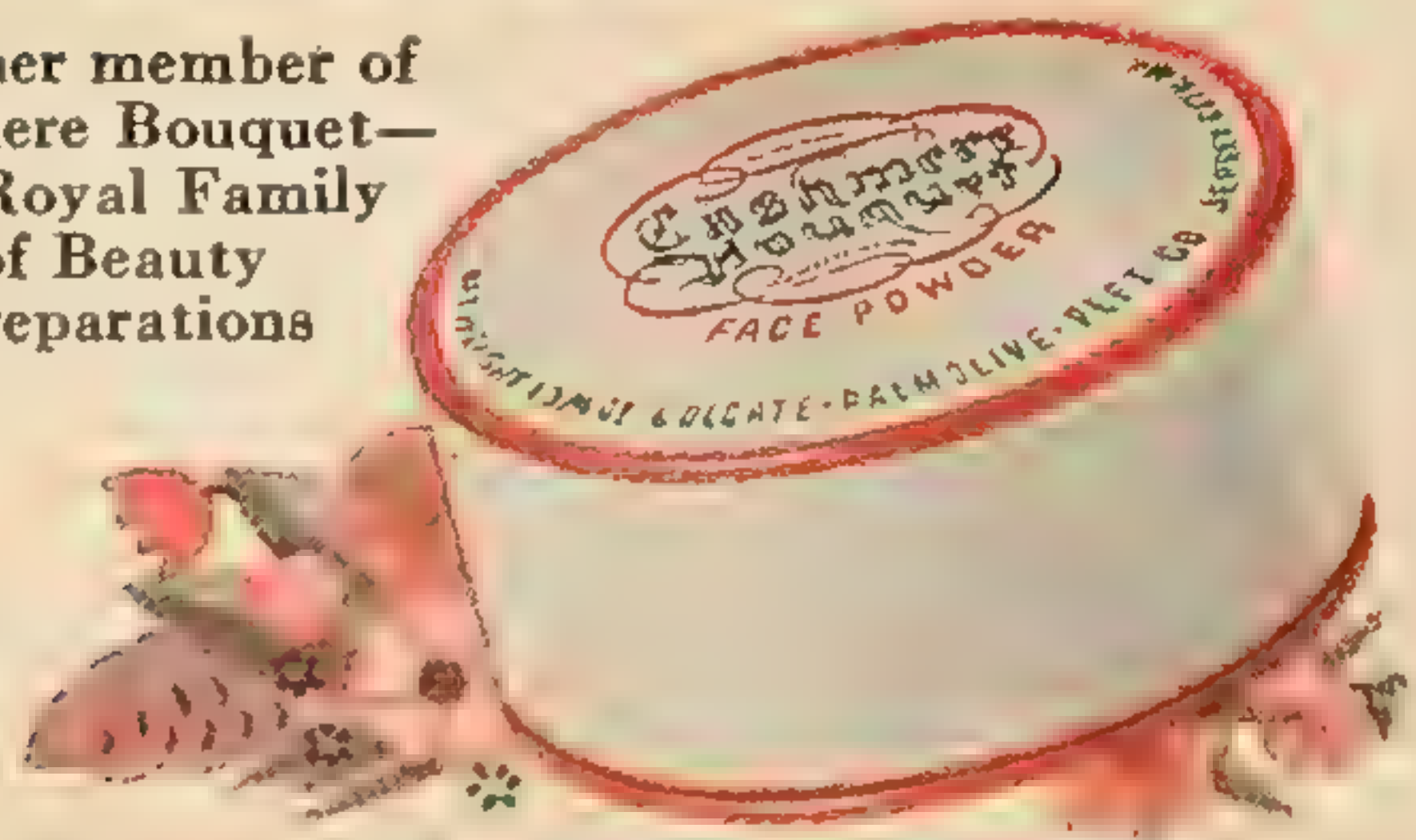
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whom the grandparents adore, while feeling that the figure is nothing to brag about.

George goes home to lunch. It's only a two-minute drive from the studio. Anyway, he likes eating at home, and it makes a nice break in the day for his mother, whose idea of recreation is feeding people. Milk, steak and peanuts are his favorite foods. He eats peanuts with orange juice for breakfast. As a kid, he sneaked his brother's cigarettes and found the taste so lousy he's never wanted to try it again. Coffee he drinks only on hunting trips.

When working, he goes to bed at nine and studies his script there. He reads between takes, likes Conrad, Shaw and O'Neill, and invariably picks a straight-backed chair to sit on—or a box, if he can find one. He takes care of his own Cadillac—a cinch when you've spent your life messing with tractors—plays the mandolin, sleeps in pajama pants, has a weakness for cowboy hats, owns three suits—all gray—and a dozen pairs of blue jeans. What he'd like best to forget is himself wearing a sarong in "Cowboy and the Blonde."

No phone conversation with George lasts more than two minutes if he can help it. He loves music, from which category jazz is excluded, and approaches radios fearfully, lest his ears be blasted by one of our better swing bands. Baseball, football, boxing—any of the harder sports—are his dish. Nowadays he plays tennis and golf to escape utter frustration. "Don't box, you might get your ear clipped," the studio tells him. "Don't fool around horses, you might get a kick in the snout."

matrimonial intent . . .

"Luckily," he says, "they don't mind my painting. No matter how rotten the picture is, the easel never rears back and clouts me one." He's rigged up the den as a studio, and most days off find him out in the sun with his palette. Once a week he takes the folks to the movies. Mamma came home from "Riders of the Purple Sage," wailing. "Why did you treat the men so mean?"

His closest friends are the Fondas, MacMurrays and Watson Webb, a cutter at Twentieth Century-Fox. Because of the ever-present relatives, he doesn't entertain at home. "You can't ask four people to dinner, when maybe eight more'll drop in unannounced." Night clubs he can do without. His dancing has improved, but it still doesn't fit in, he explains, being strictly Montana style, a hop and a skip. He's gone to parties at Ciro's when invited, but never on his own.

Ask him about girls in general and Ginger in particular, and his friendliness congeals slightly but thaws right out again. It's a case of the burnt child. "Ginger's a lovely person, and my friend. But I haven't had a date with her in a long time, and there never was any question of marriage. They make mountains out of molehills. Ann Miller went out with me once, and they had us going together for the next six weeks, which I happened to be spending in Montana. I haven't been out with a girl since I took Elyse Knox to the opening of the Cornell show. That was a good two months ago."

Matrimony isn't in the cards yet. When it is, the girl can be tall or short, blonde or brunette. But she's got to like to laugh, and she's got to feel the same way about the ranch that he does.

The ranch is uppermost in his mind. He bought a huge old silver candlestick, because it looked as if it belonged on a farm. He bought andirons too big for his present fireplace, but they'll be just right for the one he's going to build in his ranch-house. He'll breed cattle and raise every conceivable kind of food. "After all, how would the people around this town live, if it weren't for what's raised on a ranch?" He'll have books and a Capehart and records like "Scheherezade" and the "Grand Canyon Suite," and a girl who likes to laugh. Evening chores over, they'll sit by the fireplace, read and listen, laugh and be free.

"Even if I were sap enough," says George, "to take a Ciro girl and try to put her on the farm, I couldn't afford it. She'd need her airplane to fly back and forth. And I'll need the money for grain."

## THE STRANGE CASE OF GEORGE SANDERS

(Continued from page 34)

benefits and money-raising parties for Britain since have been conspicuous for his absence. This has raised several interesting theories about town.

One is that George Sanders is really more Russian than British and therefore not too concerned over King and Empiah. He was born in Russia, and his mother was half Russian. Another theory is that his sister, married to a German and living now in Berlin, might face retaliatory measures if he campaigned in Hollywood against the Reich. A third is that Sanders doesn't "belong" to the right little, tight little British set back home and is therefore locally snubbed by the limey colony.

A reason that holds better water, however, is that George's singular philosophy rises above such trifles as nationalities and wars. It's not exactly laziness so much as disdain. He has never been cooperative in what he considers non-essentials.

Four years ago when George made "Lancer Spy" at Twentieth Century-Fox, it was decided he had something worth a publicity build-up. T.C.F. runs notoriously to romances in the ballyhoo department. There were many unattached

stars around the Zanuck lot then. Efforts were made to couple George romantically with such lovelies as Alice Faye, Sonja Henie, Loretta Young and Virginia Field. Parties at the Trocadero were promoted only to have disappointed sirens jilted by George. "I don't like night clubs, and I don't like women!" he said. "They bore me." When repeated pressure finally managed a date with a certain star, they met for an introduction at the studio. As George left, he took the lady aside.

"Look," he said, "if we must go out, let's go to a quiet place where we won't be seen. You see, I'm already romantically involved with another girl, and I wouldn't want her to know about it. Please do me this favor. You don't mind, do you?"

The star flared like a Roman candle. "I certainly do mind!" she sizzled and stamped out of the place. That was the last attempt to build up George via the gossip columns.

The romantically involved young lady was George's present wife, Susan Sanders. Susan's original name was Elsie, but when one of George's studios, RKO, began glamorizing Elsie the Cow, she



changed her name, rather touchily. She is twenty-six, nine years younger than George.

Mrs. Sanders went with George three years before they were secretly married about a year ago. No siren or screen queen of movieland has ever threatened their romance, although Susan is not the bedazzling type to battle Hollywood glamor. Susan is small, on the plump side, with brown hair and eyes, an extremely sweet face, entirely in love with her husband and super-wifely in attention to his interests and comforts. She was a former Hollywood high school girl, is a non-professional and has no more social ambitions for the gay screen set than George. All who know her like and admire her. But few indeed know her.

She has never been to a premiere, a preview or out to dine and dance at the Mocambo or any other night club. She has never been to a Hollywood party. His wife has never seen George shoot a scene. None but his intimate friends and family have met her. The mystery man has a super-mystery wife.

The Sanders live most of the time in Laguna Beach, a resort riviera south of Hollywood. Laguna is an ideal retreat for dreamy George. First, because it's an artist colony where no inquisitive Babbitts can bother his private life, and second, because it's on the sea. George's prime passion in life is swimming and boating. He's an excellent diver and has been building his own boats and sailing them since he was a kid. When he first came to Hollywood, he built a sloop and lived on it, shifting around from Santa Monica to San Pedro to Catalina so elusively that his studio, Fox, hired a marine sleuth to relay his set calls.

The sloop ate into George's income too much, however (George counts his pennies), and he gave it up to take one of those early Spanish, late Sears-Roebuck mansions on the right side of the tracks in Beverly Hills. There he lodged himself, his brother and mother and father, whom he brought over from England. But both the plush surroundings and family eye on his private life got too sticky for George. He moved into an apartment in the Hollywood hills and shipped the family to Laguna. Now he maintains both places, moving with Susan from one to the other as studio appointments demand.

#### a local Rip Van Winkle . . .

In both he leads a sort of feudal, baronial life. Comfort for King George is the prime order of the house. His brother, Tom Conway, who works at M-G-M, also dwells with his wife in the Hollywood apartment. Each night after dinner, George and his brother retire from the dinner table, leaving the women to themselves. They play chess far into the night without a word to their wives. Sometimes they graciously include them in a rubber of bridge.

In Laguna, George is seen riding around in his Buick convertible while Susan drives, she in the front seat, George imperially in back. Sometimes he wears tweeds or beach clothes, sometimes a robe and slippers. Some visitors to the Sanders' seaside haven were once startled when Mrs. Sanders met them in the front room and said, "You don't mind if George makes himself comfortable, do you?" They said of course not. Whereupon George traipsed in clothed in a billowing nightshirt, adjusted himself in a prone position on a *chaise longue* and yawned a greeting. From then on he was charming.

Things like this have brewed a local



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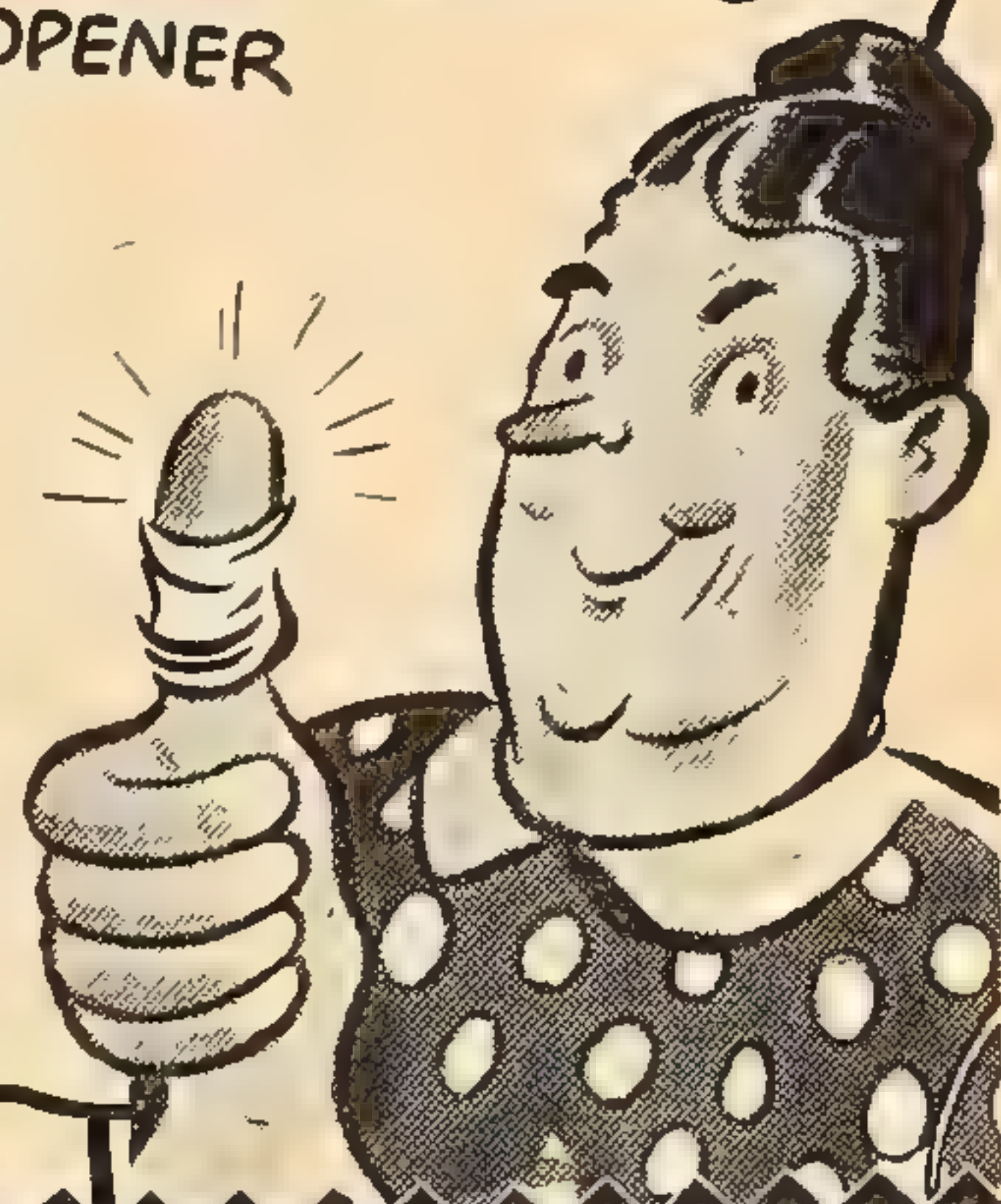
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Rip Van Winkle legend around George Sanders. He himself says he needs sixteen hours in the hay daily to feel good. On the set he cat-naps between takes, and even dozes in the face of people talking to him. The general impression is that life has handed George a perpetual sleeping powder—but that's not exactly the case.

As a close friend of his debunks this: "George pulls the sleep act mostly to avoid boring small talk and cheap conversation. It's a defense. He actually has such a high-speed mind that he can't stand ordinary people and their chatter."

If Sanders snoozed all available hours away from the camera, as the drowsy legend has it, he would have time for nothing else but mattress work. The fact is, no star in Hollywood uses his waking brain more. No star is better read, more correctly informed, more wrapped up in abstract studies, personal projects and hobbies. None has such an elastic mind, can speak as many languages as well or can hold forth as intelligently on as many subjects. He couldn't possibly handle all

that knowledge with his face in the pillow.

George can rattle off flawless Russian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and several more tongues with ease. He proved that briefly in "Man Hunt," in which the perfection of his Nazi gutturals astonished audiences who knew German. But the other day, spouting Spanish for a "Falcon" picture, George caused Latin Mona Maris to exclaim, "It's impossible to believe you aren't a Latin American. There isn't a trace of accent in your Spanish; it's perfect."

George reads as well as talks in all six tongues. The philosophers, historians, novelists and biographers of most lands are familiar to him, as well as the mathematicians, engineers and scientific theorists. As a matter of fact, George Sanders is an intellectual and a scholar, a fact which he likes to disguise by bawdy humor and a sleepy, indifferent pose.

When he's buried, either in a book or his thoughts, he resents being approached. Not long ago his brother brought a visiting Englishman into the Sanders house,



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led him to the front room and excused himself. George was stretched out on the divan, deep in some tome and his reflections on it. The visitor stood about awkwardly, as George made no move to greet or even notice him. After a few minutes, he was startled by George's deep voice, booming, "For God's sake, Old Man, don't hover about like that!"

**stony silence . . .**

Directors, actors, cameramen and all Hollywood set busybodies have learned to leave George strictly alone on his sets. That doesn't mean he's necessarily a male Garbo. When he's in the mood, George likes to be the life of the party. But he has to ask for it. It's that way all along.

His stand-in, Jack Dawson, worked for him six months before George spoke to him. Jack never prompted the conversation for a good reason. He had told RKO he was a pal of George's and had worked with him for months before. Actually, they'd never met. Finally, one day George turned to Jack and frowned, "How did you ever happen to be my stand-in, anyway?" Jack confessed the hoax promptly. "Priceless, Old Man, priceless!" bellowed George. They've been firm set friends since.

Irving Reis, who has directed the last few "Falcons," never mentions his next scene to George, even though he knows full well Sanders never learns one line of dialogue in advance. "If I disturb him and upset his thoughts, he'll brood," Reis explains. "By the time we get to it, he'll be exasperated with the idea and give it drudging attention. If I wait and say, 'George, here's what we do now,' and spring it cold, he'll hop right to it and do it perfectly."

George Sanders never studies his lines at home. He seldom learns them sitting on the set. Usually he finds out what he's to say in the scene's rehearsal. "Any dialogue in this one?" he'll ask. Then his quick mind catches it in one reading. Most directors place him on their "best actor" list. Usually, too, he comes up with suggestions about his lines or action that are pure inspiration. More than once he has solved knotty shooting problems for directors—but always ones in which he is involved. Never does George kibitz or offer help to other actors. When they volunteer advice to him, he returns it with sarcastic scorn.

Wendy Barrie is an impulsive, talkative actress who has been withered at work more than once by George. Once she was nervously impatient at the slow way George entered the scene. "Come in faster, George," she cried. "Snap it up." George gave her a cold stare and slowed down. Each time she repeated the advice he came in irritatingly slower until he was finally creeping. That cured her.

Set sociability is completely out when it's offered unsought to Sanders. Sometimes, when pretty extra girls are sitting around, he is intrigued and regales them with jokes, songs, wisecracks and mild flirtations. Usually, however, he sits in his chair nodding (and thinking) or deep in a stack of magazines. He always eats alone, reading the while, in the commissary. He is not amused in the slightest by set jokes or playful gags.

When George made "Saint in Palm Springs," he was more jolly than usual, because most of the action was outdoors in the sun beside a swimming pool, and the landscape was packed with beautiful bathing girls. The unusual sunshine in George's soul emboldened set cut-ups. While he dozed in the sun, a joker planted that famous American waker-upper, a hot-foot.

George reacted satisfactorily to the exquisite pain. But he never said a word.

He walked slowly to the pool, took off his shoe and bathed the burning toes. Then he picked up his clothes and walked off. It took some high-powered persuasion and apologies by almost everyone in the company to lure him back.

For a time, George lived next door to Maureen O'Hara, until one Fourth of July when Maureen set off a string of cannon crackers in her yard. George leaped from bed, dashed out in his pajamas and told Maureen what he thought of people like that.

As a matter of fact, Sanders in his private life is not the good neighbor by any stretch of the imagination. His complete independence and Olympian self-interest brews feuds wherever he goes. In Laguna, currently, he's carrying on one with Slim Summerville.

**nix on neighbors . . .**

That particular vendetta started when model airplanes on which Sanders is presently hipped, started buzzing from his front yard and zooming dangerously across the nose of Slim, resting on his veranda. When one model finally stukaed Slim on the head, he smashed it, angrily holding forth on what he thought of grown men who played with toys. An army bomber hedge-hopped the beach shortly after, and George sarcastically invited Slim to grab that one. In no time at all they were belligerently into the subjects of loud radios, offensive parties and everything.

What Slim Summerville didn't realize is that George's model airplanes aren't toys to him. If there's one thing Sanders is dead serious about it's his models and inventions. Some of them have been on the Rube Goldberg side, screwy gadgets—weighted chess boards that stayed level aboard a wallowing boat, self-waxing skis—things like that. Today aero-dynamics has George completely absorbed. Already he has perfected a new wing design, and his major advance interest is rocket-propelled ships.

George's gadgets are in dead earnest, all right, but some other inventions of his aren't quite so on the up-and-up. In certain malicious moods, Sanders can invent wonderful tall tales about himself, for instance. Publicity men are always certain of a daily item or a "story"

### I SAW IT HAPPEN

What happens when Sonja Henie loses her balance? Has she ever? It happened twice, before 2,000 spectating Chicagoans. First time, she passed it off; second time, though, she sailed into a corner, sat with her bowed head resting in her hands, crying. Her husband stood by consoling her. The sympathetic audience rose to the occasion, applauded madly, bringing her out again despite her bleeding knee. She was doubly cheered until the final curtain.

Eileen Koonce,  
Hattiesburg, Miss.

\* \* \*

Nelson Eddy was singing to a full house in a recent Chicago Civic Opera House concert. For an encore, he launched into "Wenzel's Song," the stuttering half-wit's aria from "The Bartered Bride." As he operatically stuttered in glorious half-wit fashion, a distracted lady in the audience jumped to her feet and tore down the aisle to the nearest exit, crying, "Good heavens! What's wrong with the man?"

M. W.,  
Pekin, Illinois



if they press George for one. "Only," as one laments, "they're all dreamed up and you can't use them." It's just another symptom of George's scorching disdain for what the world thinks of him, also a subtle protective device. If everyone doubts everything, they won't print anything, which suits him perfectly. He never reads what's written about him; half the time he never sees his own pictures.

Not long ago, Twentieth Century-Fox received a letter from a man in the East. He said he wanted to thank George Sanders for saving his life, but he couldn't reach him. The letter unfolded this tale:

#### malice and honey . . .

Some months ago, this man had been at the end of his rope, jobless, homeless and hungry. With no hope in sight, he was wandering to the Santa Monica Pier to end it all, when a car rolled past and a big guy yelled, "Hey, Buddy, how about having a steak with me. You know, I simply can't bear to eat alone." The steak was a three-dollar one, and when the big guy let him out of the car, he yelled, "Say, I believe you dropped something." It was a ten-dollar bill. That (said the letter) meant a shave, bath, rest and a start toward the East and an aircraft factory job. A wife came next and a baby, and now that everything was rosy (said the man) he'd like to thank Sanders, whom he'd later recognized, for saving his life.

It was a terrific story. Confronted with it, George shrugged. "I don't remember," he said. The publicity man swooned. He couldn't use it.

When all sorts of rumors floated about Hollywood concerning George's marital status (he has never openly admitted matrimony) implying he was flouting conventions, George fed the fire with wisecracks. One blunt question drew this answer: "This is a Hell of a town! A man can't live in peace without scurrilous rumors of matrimony spreading around."

For a gentleman with such unconventional actions and attitudes, George Sanders is surprisingly conservative in a lot of things. In clothes, for instance, he sticks to dark suits and ties, and his favorite hat is a midnight-blue Hom-burg. He owns not a speck of jewelry, not even a watch. When a wrist ticker was necessary for his "Saint" roles, RKO had to dig up a prop one. Despite his storied laziness, he is perennially prompt, carefully shaven and meticulously clean. He's especially careful of his hands, which are graceful and well manicured. On the set he empties the water cooler keeping them washed.

He is never sick, and how his 220-pound, six-foot, four-inch frame survives on his sparse, irregular diet is another mystery. Half the time he skips lunch, lying on the set munching apples and nuts, reading and chain-cigarette-smoking. He never wears make-up—except powder. His uninspired haircuts are the bane of the make-up rooms. George fancies himself clipped close up the sides, short on top, à la the best American dandy style. He looks far better with some nap around his big ears. So studios have overcome this by offering free, supervised haircuts for a month in advance of every picture.

That appeals to George, because in money matters he is canny. He makes \$1450 a week, not a top movie check, but not bed-ticking, either. Most of this he salts away. Outside of his parents, whom he supports, his own expenses are pretty negligible, as movie expenses run.

George recently bought several lots in Hollywood between Melrose Avenue and Santa Monica Boulevard. Typical of his indifference to swank, the site lies in a decidedly unfashionable location, where no other star in Hollywood would dream of building. Typical of his shrewdness, it allows him to build at low cost and low taxes a large house with enough room for a badminton court and swimming pool. That will satisfy one of his major athletic ambitions—to step from his bedroom to a court to a pool without interrupting his thoughts.

On the muscle side, George used to box and play tennis. Now he prefers stretching out on the beach with an occasional plunge in the surf. At Laguna his favorite group athletic pastime is a queer game called "French cricket." It differs from the Eton variety like this: You never run. You just stand in one place while people bowl balls at your legs which you deflect with the bat, never lifting this bat off the ground. When a ball hits it and bounds away, runs are scored by passing the bat around your midriff. As many times as you can circle the tummy, that many runs do you score. Only Sanders could seize on a motionless ball game like that and really enjoy it!

The Sanders house project refutes his most oft-stated ambition. That is, to get out of Hollywood and retire to a Sanders-owned island somewhere in the South Seas or the West Indies. For years George has said he's only hanging around the studios to collect enough wealth to sail somewhere away from telephones, inquisitive females and first-of-the-month bills, where he can tinker and reflect in peace.

It may be he has decided the stack of cash will take a while more to collect; or again, since women for some unaccountable reason have picked on his cad roles to idolize, Hollywood may be taking measures to keep him around.

#### anti commercial . . .

In the meantime, George is seeing to it that his unique personality, comforts, and general outlook on life aren't warped by crass Hollywood commercialism.

The other evening, Director Irving Reis needed George for some important wind-up scenes of "A Date With the Falcon." He was due back at Fox the next morning for "Son of Fury," else heavy cash penalties loomed (\$3500 a week is Sanders' loan-out price).

Since George has no watch, Reis decided to trick him into sweet oblivion until he could get the scenes. Quickly he called some pretty extra girls and told them to be entertaining. The prop room wheeled over a piano. That worked for a few hours while carpenters labored to dress the set. When George stopped playing, Reis sent waiters scurrying in with pitchers of his favorite light beverage, ale. That put George to sleep. The twelfth hour passed.

Knowing all would be well if George rested until called for action, Reis strictly shushed all hands. They hammered with rags over nails and gumshoed around silently shifting lights. At the fifteenth hour, all was about ready for action. Then a carpenter on high dropped his hammer. It landed near George with a loud "Ka-lump."

Mr. Sanders straightened up in his chair, gazed around the set and out the dusk-darkened door, at the people still padding ghostily around, long after hours. Then he bolted to his feet.

"What the Hell am I doing here?" he shouted and tore out into the night. They never saw him again.

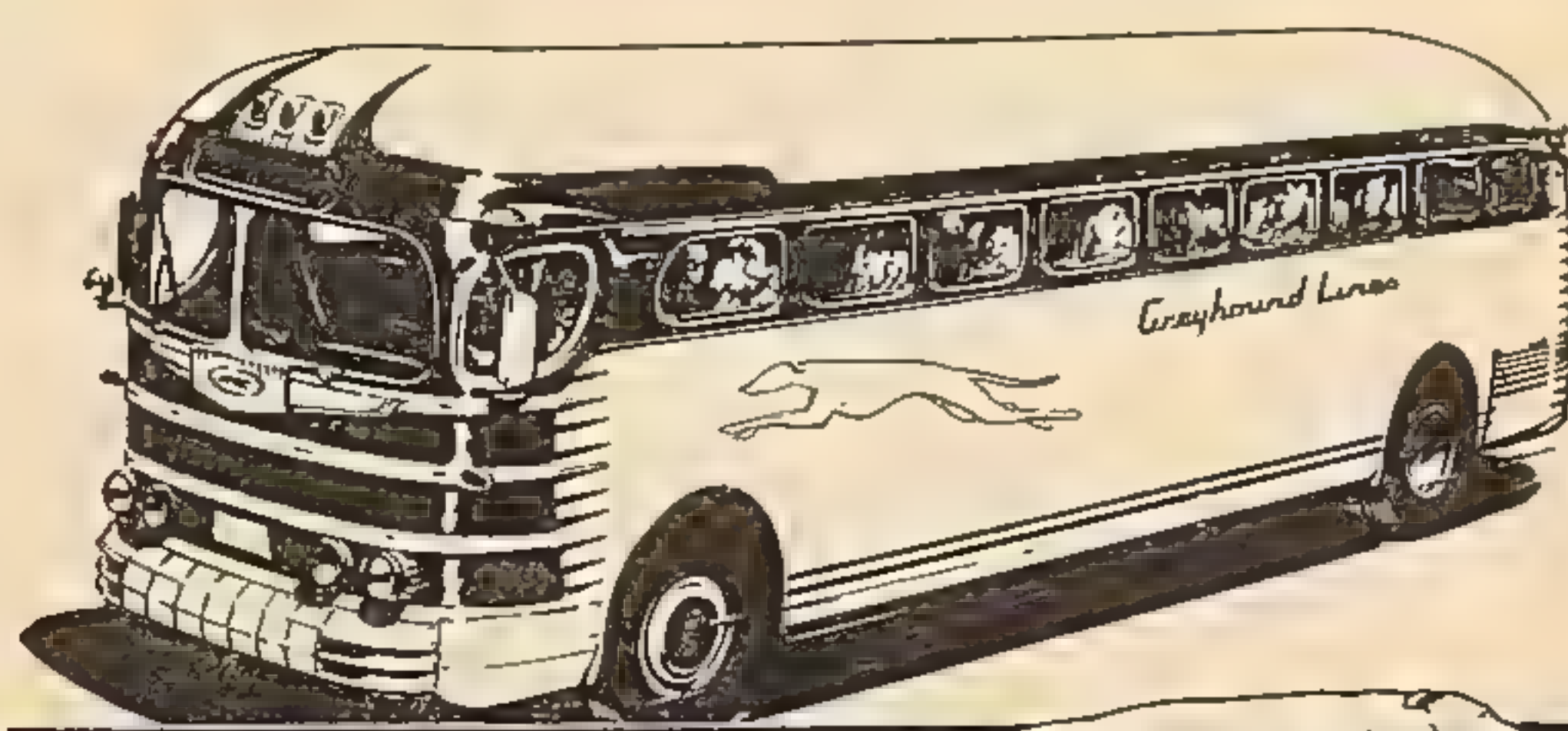
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## IN THIS OUR LIFE

(Continued from page 61)

midnight, because he had to operate next morning at his stupid hospital.

Within six months of that night she'd slipped away with Peter into romantic moonlight, Stanley knew that she was bored with him.

It was dreadful to be bored. It frightened her. You grew old, so soon. And then you were bored *all* the time; and drab and unexciting.

Yet somehow she'd never quite counted on the violence of the last row between them. She'd never expected Peter to all but order Betty out of her house, even drunk as he generally was nowadays. She hadn't expected him to slap her, when she began to abuse and taunt him.

And the next morning—finding his dead body in a quiet heap of eternal reproach. To Stanley, suicide was incomprehensible.

But Peter *was* dead. His growing misery was ended, so suddenly. And Betty was telephoning Long Distance frantically. And Stanley was lying in a dark room, sobbing and screaming and—way down deep inside her—terrified. Terrified because anyone could *want* death.

Roy came from home and looked after her. Peter's brother appeared and made many bewildering arrangements. Then Stanley was starting off again, with Roy's steady arms around her to comfort her.

"I loved him, Roy," she sobbed. "I—loved him!"

### woman alone . . .

They bought her black clothes, assuming that she'd want to wear them. Widow's weeds. She was Peter's widow! The word depressed her almost as much as the somber dresses. It was hateful, having to mope around a house when outside a whole world spun and shimmered.

Even Roy and Craig had gotten over their unhappiness. They saw a lot of each other. People said they might be married. Life still offered *them* plenty. What did it offer *her*? Peter had cheated her!

The fast roadster Uncle William had given her before her runaway still stood in the garage. But now Uncle William was afraid she might run off in it, leaving him again to be bored by his dutiful wife and his various tiresome ailments. So he laid down a law that Parry (Ernest Anderson), the son of her mother's old negro, Minerva (Hattie McDaniel), must drive for her.

Never in her swift-paced life had Stanley obeyed an order. Besides, Parry worked daytimes in Craig's office; struggling to rise above his humble origins, to become a lawyer like his idol. Why should a chaperone spy on every move she made?

She drove the car herself, knowing Uncle William could be aware of no difference. Fast motion—eighty-five miles an hour, with wind in your face!—was a blessed relief, a renewal of excitement, a rise of wings in her breast. She had begun to live again, Stanley had.

"And now—" she murmured to the wind—"Now, about Craig!"

Craig never really had belonged to Roy, she assured herself. Only their mutual suffering had brought them together. He had been hers. He still could be hers! Of course, he'd been giving her that dead-fish look whenever they met in her father's parlor. But—

A few days after she had discarded her

mourning, Parry was showing Stanley into his employer's office. It was about poor Peter's insurance; a policy withholding payments until a year after death. Stanley looked wide-eyed up into Craig's face, explaining her troubles. Couldn't she borrow on it? Just a little something, so she could go away somewhere? No one knew how wretched she was. No one knew!

Craig was more difficult than she had anticipated. He didn't react to her smile, to her nearness, the way he once had. Oh, but she could change all that!

"You're afraid of me!" she challenged him. "You wouldn't *dare* meet me tonight, at seven, at the South Side Tavern—*alone!*"

She went to the tavern, confident her taunt and his own desire would bring him. But he didn't come. At seventy-three, she called her father. But he told her that Craig had gone out with Roy for the evening.

Stanley hung up the receiver with a hard glint in her eyes, and marched outside to her roadster. *So! Craig had jilted her, now!*

The speedometer quivered as she urged her car onward, working out her rage in deadly speed. She never even saw the woman and child in the path of her headlights—until the wheel jerked in her hands.

### annoying questions . . .

The police came to her father, Asa Timberlake's (Frank Craven) house, next morning.

There had been no close witness to the fatal hit-and-run accident they were investigating. But a gray roadster had been glimpsed, speeding away. Just such a roadster had been found abandoned in an alley. It was Mrs. Kingsmill's roadster. Much as they hated to question a lady—

Stanley was charm itself. Stanley was all fluttering horror at what they told her. But she had not left her father's house since she came in, yesterday, before dinner. Hate to admit it as she did, Parry Clay sometimes drove for her. Yes, the negro boy. Perhaps—?

Parry's arrest was in the evening papers. And Craig, his boss and best friend, had refused to represent him. And the police had not listened to his statements that he had been at home, studying, the night before. The relief which shook Stanley was tremendous!

She was dancing near her phonograph, sipping a drink as she wheeled, when Roy came home. There was something grim about Roy's eyes. Stanley didn't like them. They made her nervous again, as she'd been until it was quite sure that Parry would pay for that miserable mishap.

Roy came in quietly and sat down and began to ask questions.

"Stanley—you love driving fast, don't you? Sometimes, accidents happen. Terrible as they are, the worst thing is not 'fessing up."

Questions! Hadn't Minerva, Parry's mother, been telling the truth when she swore Miss Stanley had 'phoned her boy not to come by for the car last night? Wasn't Parry telling the truth, in his cell?

Question after question! Roy never lifted her voice, nor dropped the cool appraisal of her glance. It raked Stanley's raw nerves like hot claws, that



examination. It left her screaming denials, shrieking for her parents, sobbing in her mother's arms. But Roy kept on.

"If Stanley doesn't tell you both, I must." Roy! Roy, revenging herself now for losing Peter! Stanley hated her, hated her!

"I was at home when the accident happened! I was!"

But Roy only shrugged. "When did she telephone you, Father?"

And Asa Timberlake wouldn't lie about that. It was seven-thirty. And Stanley couldn't have got back from where she was between that hour and the time the speeder struck.

Craig came in, too. The police had found keys in the car, Craig said. Parry's keys? Oh, no, Craig said. For Parry's set was safe at his ramshackle cabin on Catfish Row!

deeper and deeper . . .

He was going to take her down and make her admit she had done it, before a magistrate! Stanley couldn't believe it. But all her smiles, all her sobs, all her pleas, hadn't swayed him.

She went upstairs to get a hat, pretending compliance. She sped down by the back way, out to the garage, into her returned roadster. Its great motor howled defiance as it flung through the town toward Uncle William's mansion. Uncle's money, Uncle's power—

But Uncle William sat huddled before an unlit fire. He never even listened. When she screamed at him, trying to make him comprehend, he only groaned about his own troubles.

Stanley left him, still sobbing out the black bitterness of her hatred. She crouched at the wheel of her roadster, and it whipped on through rocketing darkness. They couldn't catch her! They'd never catch her! Ghosts seemed to be screaming at her heels; Asa, Uncle, Craig, Peter, even loyal black Parry. But they wouldn't try to help her now!

A siren wailed to her rear. A police car, giving chase! But it couldn't catch her! Once she rounded this next bad curve ahead and—

She never heard the scream in her own throat as her car left the highway, side-swiping a tree. She never felt the jarring impact as it rolled over. She never knew that a tall young officer in uniform climbed out of the police car, a moment later, and bent above her.

To the last man in her life, Stanley Timberlake wasn't even a name. He couldn't fill it in on the blank where he wrote, presently, his terse report of an accident. *Woman driver. Found dead.*

## PRODUCTION

The first turn of the cameras recorded a Brent-de Havilland love scene—their first since "Wings of the Navy" four years ago.

After Take No. 1, George stepped back, eyed Olivia closely, exclaimed "My, how the young lady has grown up!" Olivia smiled thoughtfully, said nothing to remind him that since 1938, she's been made love to by cinematic experts Charles Boyer, Errol Flynn, Henry Fonda and "gone steady" with Jimmy Stewart, Franchot Tone, Gene Markey.

George's conversation between scenes was limited to three subjects: Guns, sailing and life in Hollywood. His observations on them never varied. Guns are wonderful; sailing is a great sport; Hollywood is a hard-working little village where everyone turns in by 11:00 P.M.

Chicken dealers got to be a familiar sight on the set. George had overheard Annie, the love of his life, telling a pal she wanted chickens on her new ranch.

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- A Scholarship in Fashion and Photographic Modelling at smart Mayfair Mannequin Academy, Fifth Avenue, New York.
- And 5 gorgeous, jewel-encrusted sets of costume jewelry, consisting of bracelet, necklace, earrings and ring, by "Karu," well known Fifth Avenue jewelers.

**JUDGES:** M. J. Siegel, President Republic Pictures; Walter Thornton, head of Thornton Model Agency; the Beauty Editors of Photoplay, Glamour, Motion Picture, Screen Guide, Screenland and Modern Screen.

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As a surprise, he bought her a pair of every known species. Now that they're married and living on the ranch, he's the one who has to rise in the early morning hours to feed 'em!

During production, Olivia was notified that she'd been chosen Official Nansen Hut Girl by the boys at Camp Barrow, Iceland. Every iron dwelling now has an especially autographed photo of Livvie hanging on the wall. Excerpt from one of the "thank you" notes: "Your picture is as good a unit of heat as our stoves."

### two-day emoting . . .

The top dramatic scene took such emotional toll of Bette Davis, the master scene was shot on one day, and the close-ups were postponed 'til the following day. In it, Bette turns on the hysterics, pleads pitifully to Charles Coburn to save her from the police. Coburn, playing his role of William Fitzroy in a wheel chair, has only eight short but important words of dialogue in the entire scene. Commented Mr. Coburn after his day's

work: "I felt exactly like the cymbals in a symphony orchestra, coming in at the precise moment I'm needed, then fading away into the background again."

Cameraman Ernest Haller is Hollywood's Emily Post on the subject of man-hits-woman scenes. Began studying the correct technique while filming "Gone With The Wind," then followed up with post-graduate course while photographing "Jezebel," "Dark Victory" and "Manpower." Says he's hardened to it now and didn't flinch once while watching Dennis Morgan following his advice on how to administer a beating to Bette Davis.

Lanky John Huston is the topic of the month in Hollywood because of his direction of "The Maltese Falcon." When he was assigned to "In This Our Life," the "Falcon" cast made him promise them he'd give them parts in the new picture. If you look closely, you'll see Mary Astor as a bar-room floozy; Peter Lorre will be an undistinguishable shape dodging in front of Bette's car; Humphrey Bogart, as a menacing shadow on a glass





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door, will scare the dialogue right out of Olivia and George.

Before turning director, Huston was a cavalry man with the Mexican army, painter, actor, writer and magazine editor. Famous father Walter has agreed to trade-mark all his son's pictures by an appearance as a bit player. In this one, he's a bartender.

Shooting was interrupted by the studio's first air raid drill. Cast and crew ran to their assigned shelters, found them equipped with juke boxes, automatic "coke" machines and cards for gin rummy.

"Parry," the young colored boy, is played by Ernest Anderson, who's been working as a service attendant at the studio for three years, hoping for just such a chance as this. Bette recommended him for the role after hearing

his beautiful speaking voice. Ernest is a graduate of Northwestern University's School of Speech.

Bette chose all the clothes she wears in the film. She had to be well-dressed, "with just a little bad taste showing through." Her make-up is typically "hussy." Peroxided locks, phony eyelashes, heavily-rouged lips fashioned in a full Cupid's bow.

**Quickies:** Hattie McDaniel gave her lucky rabbit's foot to Olivia, who in turn sent it to Gene Markey. . . . Billie Burke has christened her new station wagon "The Busy Bee." . . . Dennis Morgan gifted every member of the cast with a recording of the memorable "Bill of Rights" program. . . . Brent turned over his huge Hawaiian plantation to the government for use as an evacuation center for children in case of an air raid.

## DOUBLE EXPOSURE

"A SIMPLY SUPER SOMEBODY"

(Continued from page 28)

a surprised male voice said, 'How . . . er . . . how are you?' I said I was fine enough to be giving a party on such and such a night and would he come, bringing his own girl. Still sounding baffled, but pleased, he said he'd love to, thanked me, and we hung up. I leaned back in my chair and wished that I hadn't invited this Bob person, because he seemed so astonished at the whole thing.

"Came the night of the party, and Bob Stack showed up with his girl—whom I happened to know. Always the perfect hostess, and thinking this tall, blond Mr. Apollo-stuff had come with one of the girls, I bounded up to him and said brightly, 'And I'm afraid I didn't catch your name.' He told me, and I realized then what I had done. I practically passed out, but when I came to, I explained, and he has been laughing about it ever since. However, that indicates one of Bob's best traits—he can handle any situation with perfect composure and poise."

Another thing that Ann likes about Bob is that, as she says, he isn't "entirely the Ciro kid." In Hollywood, where almost everyone is camera conscious all the time, Bob never seems to be aware of himself as a newsworthy object. He never "prepares to pose" several hours in advance.

Last fall he invited Ann to go to one of the season's top football games. She was all agog because she had a lush new Hattie Carnegie suit, a Persian lamb muff and hat, and she was prepared to cut a pretty dashing figure. When she opened the door for Bob, there he stood in weary grey slacks, a polo shirt open at the throat, enrobed in his cardinal varsity sweater with three gold bands that he had earned as a member of the polo team at U.S.C.

He looked at Ann, emitted a long, low whistle and said, "Whew!" in appreciation.

"Then," remembers Ann, "he was overwhelmed with the look of a small boy who has gotten himself into a terrific jam and doesn't know exactly how to get out. When he decked out for the game, he dressed just as Bob Stack, alumnus of U.S.C. should dress without giving a thought to the personality of Bob Stack, actor, to whom he refers as 'that jerk.' Considering what goes on in this town, you have to admire a boy who never takes it big, so I went straight upstairs and changed into rough-ems."

Every girl in this broad land who has

gnawed her nails up to the last moment before the Big Party, hoping the man of her choice was going to telephone—finally—will relish this Stack news.

"Another thing about Bob that is simply super," says Ann, "is that he calls for a date about a week in advance of any important function. In case of opera, he asks several weeks in advance. Furthermore, he always calls my mother a day beforehand and asks her what color dress I'm going to wear. Even if I answer the telephone, he asks for mother. Then, upon hearing what the color is, he finds out what kind of flowers she thinks would be appropriate."

With this system in operation, it is no wonder that florists report that Bob has ordered everything from a halo of red carnations to a muff of violets.

### the ideal suitor . . .

Continuing with the Rutherford appraisal, "Bob always notices what sort of a dress or suit a girl is wearing. He doesn't sabotage Webster, telling you how wonderful you look, but his eyes sort of light up and he says, 'Mmm-mmm!' or 'Whew!' and that starts the evening off with gusto—but gusto."

When there isn't a big date planned, Bob may call at seven, eight or nine some evening and say, "If you have no other plans, let's go somewhere." Or he may call and inquire, "How would a chocolate soda taste in about thirty minutes?" The "go somewhere" or the chocolate soda are usually prologues to an evening of bowling or record-listening.

"Speaking of dancing, now there's an athletic event at which Mr. Stack excels," reports Ann. "You can't know Bob very long without finding out that he has magnificent muscular coordination. By that I don't mean that because he was awfully good at whirling in 1928 in grade school, he goes on whirling all the days of his life, or that he ends every dance with a mighty dip. No, I mean that if the orchestra plays a waltz, he waltzes; if the music is rumba, he rumbas; if it's a conga chain, he takes you right into the first section instead of mumbling something about the floor being crowded, and dragging you back to the table. When it comes to music and rhythm, Bob is strictly from knowledge. His closest friend is a brilliant pianist with a name band, and the Stack collection of records makes me writhe with envy. But what else could you expect of the



nephew of Richard Bonelli and the grandson of Modini Wood?"

A fourth E for excellence may be handed to Bob for his modesty, according to Ann.

"One evening I was invited to go on a beach party with a group of service men and their dates, but I was supposed to bring my own escort. Problem: who would feel at home under any circumstance and be liked instantly by the gang? I telephoned Bob, and he said sure, he'd be right over. Well, the evening was marvelous. We rode all the mad mechanical things on the pike—even went down the Chinese slide head first when none of the uniforms would chance it that way. Finally the boys began to tell about their experiences on the rifle range. One of them seemed to be pretty good, and the others were building him up as a Dead-Eye Dick. You should have seen Bob. He asked courteous questions about what kind of guns they used and how much target practice they were given, and how they were graded. He had those boys talking their heads off about range and bulls'-eyes, rounds and wind velocity. They were building themselves up—but BUILDING!

"Here's the pay-off: in 1937, Bob won the Western Open Skeet Match in competition with his own teacher, and in 1938 he won every single 12-gauge competition held in this country. But he didn't breathe one word of it to those boys. How's that for modesty?"

#### fast ones . . .

Wit is another of Bob's 22 carat possessions. To illustrate what Ann considers a fast and subtle pun, she recalls an incident that took place when she and Bob were dancing at Mocambo one

night. Floating past them was a vision in white tulle. The stranger whooshed, she fluttered, she swooped. In her hair were two wings of tulle that added to her gliding effect.

"She looks whipped-creamy," Ann confided to Bob's adjacent ear. "She looks like something on top of a wedding cake."

"Yep," agreed Bob tersely. "A fly." "Another appealing thing about Bob," Ann says further, "is his behavior with his mother. Betzi Stack is an unusual woman, of course, and something super in the mother line. But here's the point: Bob is independent, he could have his own bachelor apartment away from home, but the idea doesn't interest him. He and Betzi have a wonderful time, ribbing each other. They live in exactly the same house in which they lived when Bob was 5 years old, and the only change they have made is the purchase of the lot next door and the construction of a swimming pool. One afternoon we were all sitting around the pool. You know how men are: they act the way they're dressed. When they wear cowboy suits—they're cowboys; when they wear dinner clothes, they're Lucius Beebes; when they wear swimming trunks, they're Tarzans. Well, Bob was playfully pushing people into the pool, leaping over furniture and using a nearby table for a diving board. His mother called to him with authority, 'Robert, you stop that this instant.' He grinned and waved to her. 'Okay, Mother,' he said with an odd mixture of deference and indulgence."

Naturally, no character sketch is complete without a few whispers about the principal's lerve life. "Bob," explained Ann, dimpling nicely, "has two distinct

sides to his amorous nature. He's affectionate—he likes to hold hands in a movie and to cuddle in a car. But if a girl felt low in the mind and wanted to have a good old cry, she could weep her woes on his shoulder without awakening the wolf in his nature. On the other hand, he's very responsive to moonlight and good music, and a summer drive along the beach. Beyond that I'm not saying a word, on account of I'm a gentleman, and gentlemen don't kiss and tell."

## DOUBLE EXPOSURE

"THE GUY'S A JERK"

(Continued from page 29)

more mature. In "Bad Lands of Dakota" I thought that, by working without make-up, I would look fairly aged-in-the-wood, but when I saw a rough cut of the picture, I could taste ham on wry. And I mean W\*R\*Y. In the scenes with Richard Dix, who is plenty smooth, I looked like a Junior G-Man. They tell me that I'll get over this in time, but I'm in more of a hurry than time is."

Up until the end of the above sentence, Bob had been seated on the geographical center of his being—the small of his back—but he's as restless as a Mexican jumping bean in a corn popper. Leaping up he began to pace back and forth, hands sunk in pockets and chin sunk into the open neck of his shirt.

"Another thing that throws me for a loss is my reticence about calling people on the telephone. I'll walk around a

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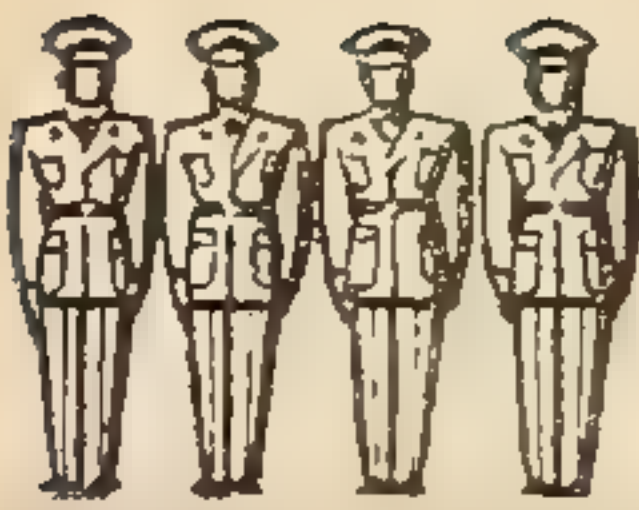


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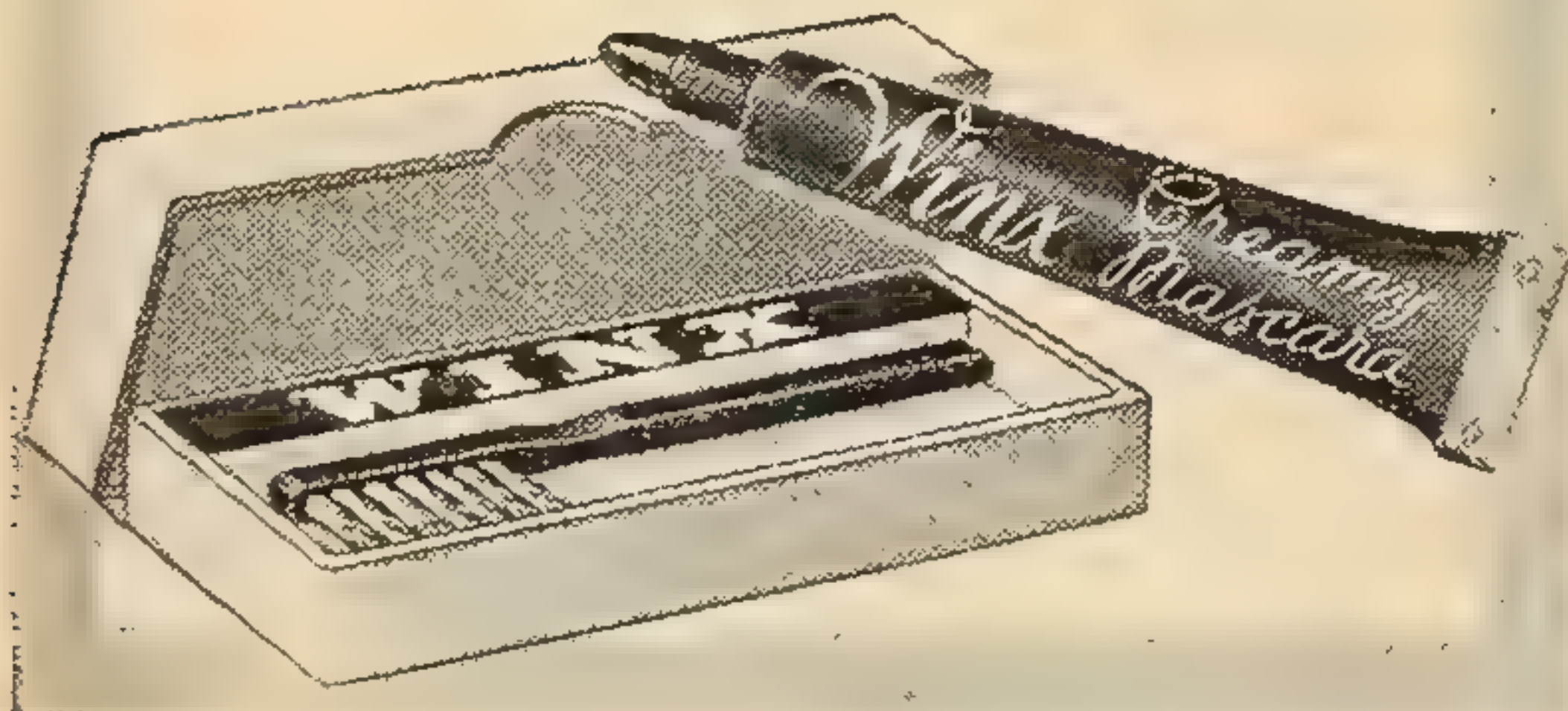
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telephone for an hour, eyeing it as if it were an octopus that I had to grapple, before I'll get up enough courage to spin the dial. People say, 'Give me a buzz some time soon,' and I say, 'Sure.' Then, when I don't call, they think I'm rude. I guess my trouble is this: I don't think you can judge by the voice on the other end of a wire what a person is really saying. I like to see the whites of their eyes—particularly when I ask a girl for a date. Over the telephone I can't tell whether a girl is just telling me off easy when she says she's sorry, but she happens to have a previous engagement. Yet, if I'm looking down at her in person, I know whether it would be policy to ask her again some time."

A siren came wailing up Sunset Boulevard and Bob loped over to the window to see what gave. Apparently it was a police car answering a hurry call, and not an air raid alarm—as one half expects all the time nowadays—but Bob was lost in preoccupation. Eventually, coming to the surface of the present, he blinked and looked mildly astonished.

### out of this world . . .

"There I go again," he grumbled. "If I'm not an absent-minded professor, I don't know from Tuesday. It isn't that I lose interest in what is going on, it's just that I get to thinking about something and I'm oblivious—I mean, I'm out of this world. That habit gets me into plenty of trouble, take it from me. One night I took Mother and a friend of hers to a preview of a picture in Glendale. After the showing, we were walking through the lobby, and I was musing about some angles of the picture. I'm a great guy to 'why' every sequence, not only in my own pictures, but in each one I see. I was so busy analyzing that I was wandering along in a daze. So help me, I didn't even see this fellow come up to me, and I certainly didn't hear anything he said. The first thing I knew, Mother was jabbing my ribs as inconspicuously as possible, and I became conscious of a very angry and very important man in pictures dropping his proffered right hand, giving me a look you could have sold for cyanide and turning to walk away. It all dawned on me—he had spoken to me, started to shake hands and been met with old sleep-walker Stack's absent treatment.

"Naturally I jumped after him, pumped his arm and tried to make up for the slip, but I've never felt that he liked me since then. I notice that he always makes me speak first when we meet nowadays."

Sample 2 of Stack somnambulism deals with his birthday party this year. He decided to make quite a festivity of it, but he knew he would be in Palm Springs for a week or ten days beforehand. Whereupon he invested in some note paper and wrote two dozen invitations. He telephoned his mother to confer on the sip and bite items and planned an extensive menu. In a final lavish moment, he even engaged a three-piece Hawaiian orchestra, stranded in Los Angeles for the duration, thrilled by the chance.

Came the night of the party, and the clock ambled around to ten o'clock with a tick that could have been heard through the Stack silence halfway to Pasadena. It occurred to Bob to investigate his topcoat pockets. Umhuh, you guessed it—he forgot to mail the invitations.

Sample 3 (and we'll stop there before we scare ourselves into buying a memory course) finds Bob under a sun lamp, fast asleep. He was out of this world so long that he sustained a very serious burn and had to spend eight days in a hospital.

### start from scratch . . .

Bob went on, "I'm gradually recovering from one trait of character that I hate in myself: frequently I take rumors too seriously. When a certain radio commentator hinted over the air one night that I had bought my way into pictures, I nearly blew my top. Just to set the record straight, I got my break in pictures just the way most of the beginners do nowadays. I worked for it by enrolling in a dramatic school and doing my share of spear-bearing for experience. The truth is that I, personally, don't think a person can buy his way into anything on a permanent basis; good, hard work is the only coin that trades for real success. I hope I'm not getting soggy when I say that I'm dead in earnest about improving my work so that I'm a more capable actor with each picture I finish.

"All of which brings up another thing that I wish I weren't. I'm a perfectionist. I like to have things right. You know, the British have a saying to the effect that an Englishman plays a game for the sake of the game, but that an American only plays to win. Well, that's me all over. I never go into anything just for the exercise; I want to be good.

"To be quite honest, I always want to be champion. Not that I'm a trophy room hound, nor a medal worshipper. Once I win, the outward sign doesn't mean a thing to me—I'm a little embarrassed by cups and trophies. But the winning does something for my insides.

"For instance, one year I entered a 12-gauge match against the man who had taught me everything I knew about skeet shooting. We were the two finalists, and the shoot went into four extra innings before there was a winner. There I was, a punk kid, shooting it out with a guy I liked from the bottom of my heart. Something in my heart kept saying, 'Let him win.' But something in my head that I hate, just wouldn't quit. I won the match, and this fellow came over and

### I SAW IT HAPPEN

Tomboy Lana Turner, then in the second grade in Wallace, Idaho, was playing a game of Cops and Robbers, and captured a girl "robber." Lana lassoed a rope around the little girl's neck—and then dragged her around! The innocent victim, grown up now, still has a scar on her neck.

Ruth Westfall,  
Osburn, Idaho

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put his arm around me. 'I'm proud of you,' he said, and I wanted to bawl like a baby. 'Put your whole soul into every undertaking, fight clean and hard, son, and you'll do.' Now there was a prince of a guy."

#### brother Casanova . . .

He brought an imaginary gun to his shoulder and sighted down the invisible barrel. "Xclk," he said, clicking his tongue. "Broke that vase."

Setting the phantom armament in the corner, he strolled over and collapsed in a chair—the chief burden of his weight divided evenly between his heels and his neck.

"There's something else I should get off my mind," he admitted. "There was a time when it drove me crazy to take a girl out on a date, and then to hear the telephone ring at the crack of dawn next morning because someone wanted to verify my quote engagement unquote. Because of the way I was brought up, it seemed to me that such publicity was frightfully unfair to the girl in the case. So I would never call any girl for a second date, and I was criticized—but plenty—on that score. Eventually I foiled the rumor mills by getting myself a reputation as the big brother type. So that's me—Stack, the Local Big Brother Bureau. My final beef is that I no longer want to be anybody's big brother," he explained, rocking on his heels and trying to control a devilish grin.

There he sat, well over six feet of muscle and brawn, a trifle absent-minded on occasion and stricken with telephone fever. Obsessed with a will to win, but to win fairly, and bothered about protecting the reputations of sundry local lassies—in spite of the birds-and-bees glint in his eye. Definitely the big brother type—even as a gent named Casanova.

# DON'T LET SMOKE SMUDGE MASK YOUR SMILE

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## GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 58)

me here anymore. From now on you can reach me at 1603 ——— St. You have the phone number, but don't give it out, whatever you do!"

Kathryn was stunned. The address her husband mentioned was certainly not the one he was sharing with her! With numbed fingers she began to return the phone to its hook. Suddenly she stopped. She had recognized the voice at the other end of the wire. It was her father! Her own father! And praising John's treachery, too!

"You're a mighty smooth lad," Mr. Grayson was saying. "I hope Kathryn doesn't find out and spoil everything!"

"Don't worry," John replied. "I've covered my tracks too well! When I bring her out to that house tomorrow, she'll never understand how I was able to buy it and furnish it without making her suspicious!"

Kathryn dropped the phone in relief. So it was a new house and not a new woman! She wanted to cry, but she didn't. Instead she tore out of her room, jumped into her little roadster and zoomed out to Brentwood to inspect John's surprise. And there it was. A lovely English farm-style cottage, even more beautiful inside than out!

Kathryn's first impulse was to hurry home and tell John she was thrilled. She changed her mind, however, when she recalled how hard he had worked to keep his secret. On the following day, when he brought her out to see the house, she played innocent as a babe! And, until he reads these lines, Mr. Shelton will never know why the "amazement" on his wife's face looked more like Drama Puss No. 3B than the real thing!

### SHORT SHOTS

The newly-wedded Mickey Rooneys will start their married life with a small apartment but a big family! They're moving into a modest parlor-bedroom-and-bath setup, but Mick's three dogs (two Scotties, called Sheila Ryan and Joe Yule, respectively, and a third pup, a gift from Norma Shearer) will move right in with them! Mickey's Number Four dog, Orson Welles, was killed not long ago . . . And speaking of the Rooneys, a close friend of the pair tells us Ava won Mick by using the old "disinterested" technique. When Mick gave her the go-by or failed to telephone her, Ava ignored him just as completely. After years of being chased by palpitating females, Mickey couldn't resist a girl who was nonchalant!

Man Mountain Dean, famous wrestling hillbilly, once "stood in" for Charles Laughton . . . Jackie Searl and Richard Barthelmess, missing from the Hollywood scene for many months, both made news, recently. Jackie enlisted in the Army Air Corps; Barthelmess in the Naval Reserve . . . Carole Landis is the newest member of the Movietown bomb shelter set . . . Fearing priorities might create a shortage, the Johnny Weissmullers have ordered 200 diapers for their bundle from heaven, due in April!

### SOMETHING FISHY HERE!

Whew, what an experience! It happened to Rita Hayworth only the other evening. She invited some friends in for dinner and instructed her cook to start the meal with crab

meat cocktail.

The guests assembled early, and Rita led them into her playroom where they sat before the fire chatting peacefully and awaiting the call to eat. Suddenly the cozy quiet was broken. There was a terrible noise in the kitchen, and Rita's cook burst into the room, white and trembling.

"It's the Japs, Mrs. Judson!" she screamed. "They're trying to kill us! What will I do!"

Rita went weak to her wrists. "The Japs!" she gasped. "Where are they?"

The maid stood there whimpering. "They're trying to kill us," she repeated piteously. "With their crab meat! I just opened a can—and it's full of ground glass!"

"I called the FBI as soon as I pulled myself together," Rita reports. "But believe me—not one of us could eat a morsel that night!"

### YOU GO YOUR WAY

The day Eric Maria Remarque sat beside Lupe Velez at a dinner party and announced to all within earshot that "for me 1942 will be a year of work—not love," was the day we realized Lupe had come to the end of another romance. Her affair with Remarque, we figured, would fizzle out in the usual Hollywood manner. The pair would bust up, temporarily reconcile, bust up again and finally agree they would be "good friends always." It was inevitable, we thought.

But we thought wrong. It's true Lupe and Remarque are through. But there will be no teary reunions, no rumors of love reborn. Because Mr. R. has quit Hollywood. He has

(Continued on page 92)



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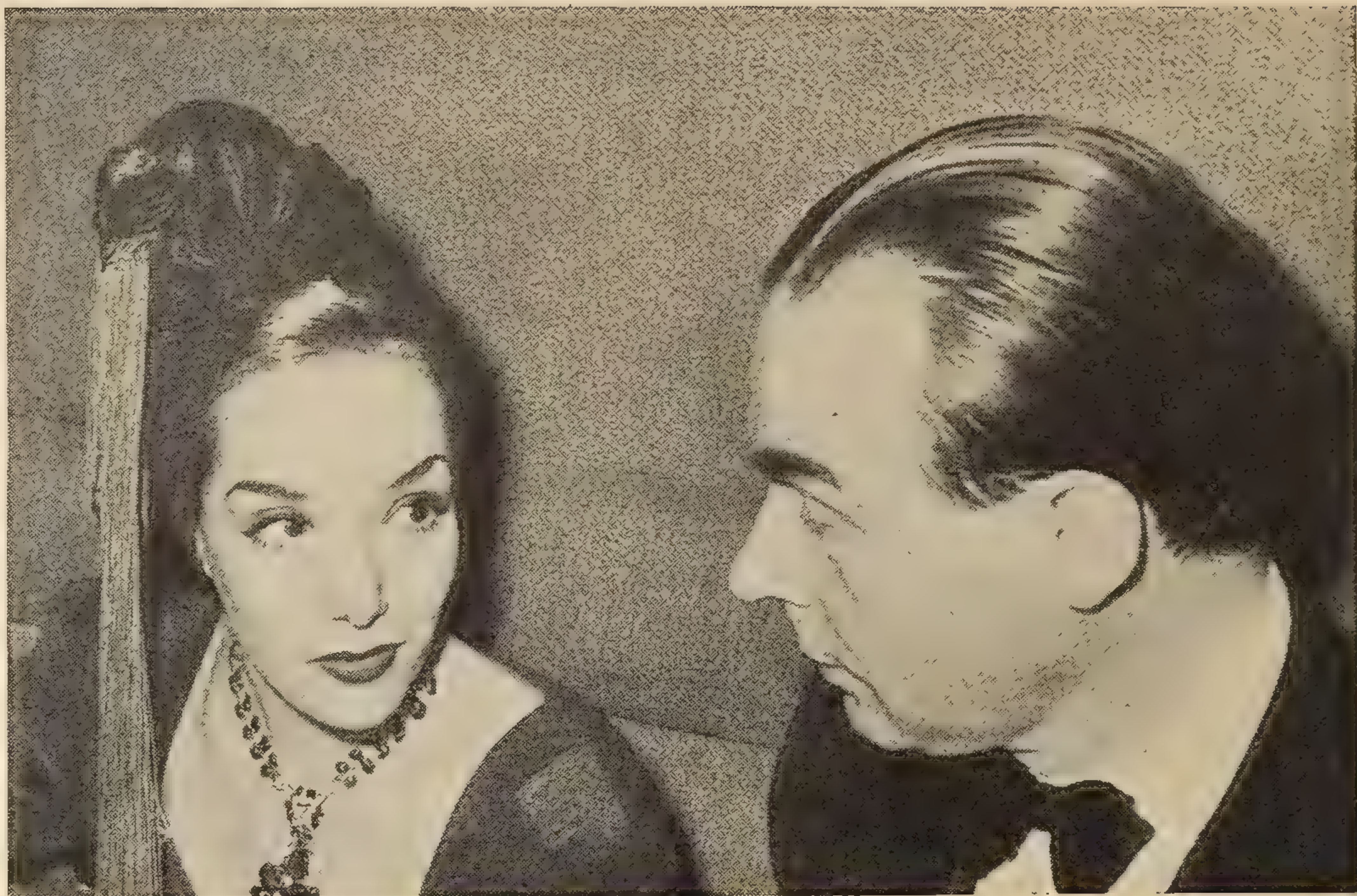
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## GOOD NEWS (Continued)



Lupe and Remarque . . . all quiet . . . no counter-attack!

departed. Scrammed. Gone. And he's not coming back for a long, long time.

Surest proof of that is the fact that he's buttoned up his Beverly Hills home and turned over his \$100,000 art collection to the Los Angeles County Museum, with instructions to the Museum to hold the property "indefinitely." The collection, consisting of rare Oriental rugs, paintings by such French notables as Daumier, Degas, Manet and Renoir, and Chinese pottery dating back to 900 A.D., is Remarque's pride and joy. He would not be separated from it unless it were impossible to have it with him. And it's obvious that the New York apartment to which he has removed himself, however swank, is no fit place to spread precious objets d'art.

As for Lupe—it is not likely she will go in pursuit of her wandering boy friend. She's just had her rumpus room completely bomb-proofed and, from all indications, intends to dig in for the duration.

### KISS THE BOYS GOOD-BYE

We wonder if Annie Sheridan is aware of the wallop she dealt the bachelor boys when she hied herself to the altar with G. Brent. Despite all that "just a pal" stuff, Ann aroused something more than friendship in the men who filled her spinster days. Take the case of Cesar Romero. Cesar squired Annie for years. He was supposed to have considered her the ideal dancing date. However, intimates hint he also considered her the ideal sweetheart!

Sad thing is that Cesar received his only sign of encouragement from Annie only a few months ago. For the first time since they've known each other, Ann surprised him with an elaborate Christmas gift! Cesar decided he was doing all right and had himself primed for sweet romance. But Annie squelched his dreams when she phoned to say she was going to be married!

Another gent whose crush on Sheridan has never been recorded is Stirling Hayden. All the while Madeleine Carroll was supposed to be top guy in his heart, Stirling was maneuvering for an introduction to Ann! Unfortunately, he left town before a meeting could be arranged.

Stirling, by the way, is on patrol duty in Canada, and not even his mother has heard from him in several months.

### DISA AND DATA

Maybe he suspects eavesdroppers or saboteurs, but George Sanders never uses the studio telephone. When he has a call to make, he steps outside to a pay station . . . Judy Garland's most treasured possession is a letter from Lord and Lady Halifax, congratulating her on her marriage to Dave Rose . . . Dancer Ray MacDonald greets friends with a "Victory" tap step—3 dots and a dash . . . The Louis Haywards have illuminated doorknobs throughout their home . . . Race-driver Mal Ord is building a new speed car for the town's Number One thrill demon, John Carroll . . . Maureen O'Sullivan, whose husband, John Farrow, has been very ill, is quitting pictures to look after him . . . "Captains of the Clouds," theme song of the Warner picture of that name, has been adopted as the official tune of the RCAF . . . 17-year-old singing star, Mary Lee, has banged out a nifty tune about defense stamps, titled "Buy and Buy" . . . In his next picture, Ronald Colman will hide behind a homegrown goatee!

Burgess Meredith, back in town again, has brought Olivia de Havilland out of her long months of seclusion . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald's son doesn't know what has come to live in his house. Since his Mama took to wearing her "Gay Sisters" monocle at home, the toddler's been thoroughly baffled! . . . Ann Sothorn's new secretary is Bob Sterling's sister, Helen!

### FASHION FLASHES

Seen about town: Judy Garland smarter than smart in a pair of low-heeled suede pumps

### DO YOU KNOW THAT

Hedy Lamarr presented her maid with a swanky new coupé as a bonus? Norma Shearer's no tightwad either. Following the completion of one of her recent pix, she gave bottles of perfume to each of the female scene-stealers on the set. The luscious-smelling liquids set her back \$20 an ounce, some of it shooting as high as \$30.

—Look Magazine



## GOOD NEWS (Continued)

she picked up in a local children's shoe department . . . Evelyn Keyes Sunday-morning brunching in a glazed-chinz breakfast coat with tight bodice and short flared skirt that wraps around without bothering with priority-yanked zippers . . . Irene Dunne sporting purple pumps and emerald green gloves with a white chiffon evening gown



The O'Sullivan . . . career-quittin'.

. . . Joan Bennett and daughters Diane and Melinda, dressed exactly alike in lavender-striped ticking dresses with white organdie pinafores. All three skipping along in black patent leather low-heeled pumps with tiny bows at the toes!

### GADGET GAB

Ida Lupino owns one of the most unusual rings in Hollywood. It's composed of three gold bands of varying widths. The widest band is worn on her middle finger, a band a fraction of an inch narrower on the next finger, and the final section, a thin gold sliver, around her curled-over-a-teacup digit. The gal who designed the tricky trio for Ida is Marjory Cummings, a young woman bursting with original, easy-to-imitate jewelry ideas.

We're betting that inexpensive imitations of Miss Cumming's latest lapel foible will sweep the country in a month. It's a stein of beer, executed in clear amber, with a jeweled pretzel for a handle and a foam, made entirely of tiny diamonds, cascading over the top!

### FOR THE DEFENSE

Paramount's Betty Jane Rhodes wears lapel pieces, cut out of felt in the shape of soldiers, sailors and Red Cross nurses . . . Ann Sheridan is the first Hollywood gal to wear Defense Savings Stamps shellacked on the square wooden buttons of her dresses . . . When she's off duty, Lt. Ida Lupino sports a suit adapted directly from her Ambulance Corps uniform. It's a mist grey, instead of military khaki, with arm chevrons of bright red substituting for the official dark blue insignia of her war-work garb.

# "Middle-Age" Women (38-52) YEARS OLD

## HEED THIS ADVICE!

### Watch Out For These Symptoms Which May Often Betray Your Age

Do you hate those *trying* years from 38 to 52—does this period in a woman's life make you get fretful, nervous, so tired, worn out, blue at times, perhaps suffer dizziness, headaches, backaches, hot flashes and distress of "irregularities"?

Then start at once, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—*famous* for helping relieve distress—due to this functional disturbance. Taken regularly, this remarkable medicine helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound has thus helped thousands upon thousands of women to go smiling thru trying



"middle age". It's the best known medicine you can buy today—made *especially for women*. **WELL WORTH TRYING!**

### Younger Women, Too!

Girls in their 'teens, 20's and 30's should also find Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound very beneficial to relieve pain and tired, weak, cranky, nervous feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances. Follow label directions.

*Lydia E. Pinkham's* VEGETABLE COMPOUND

### CHASSIS CONTROL

Offer a four-figured check to Marjorie Gate-son for one certain dress that hangs in her closet, and you'll get a flat "No, thanks!" in answer. The dress isn't a lucky creation; it doesn't have any particular sentimental value; but it is a perfect barometer of Marjorie's figure!

Every few months Marjorie pulls it from its hanger and tries it on. If it fits too snugly

at any spot, she gets busy with the proper exercises and works until she can slip into it again without risking any seam-popping. She says it's much easier than facing those bathroom scales every morning!

### YOU'LL BE WEARING

—your keys clipped to your lapel. Jean Rogers dipped duplicates of her house, car and bank vault keys in gold, and keeps them handy for emergencies by wearing them strung along her favorite bar-clip.

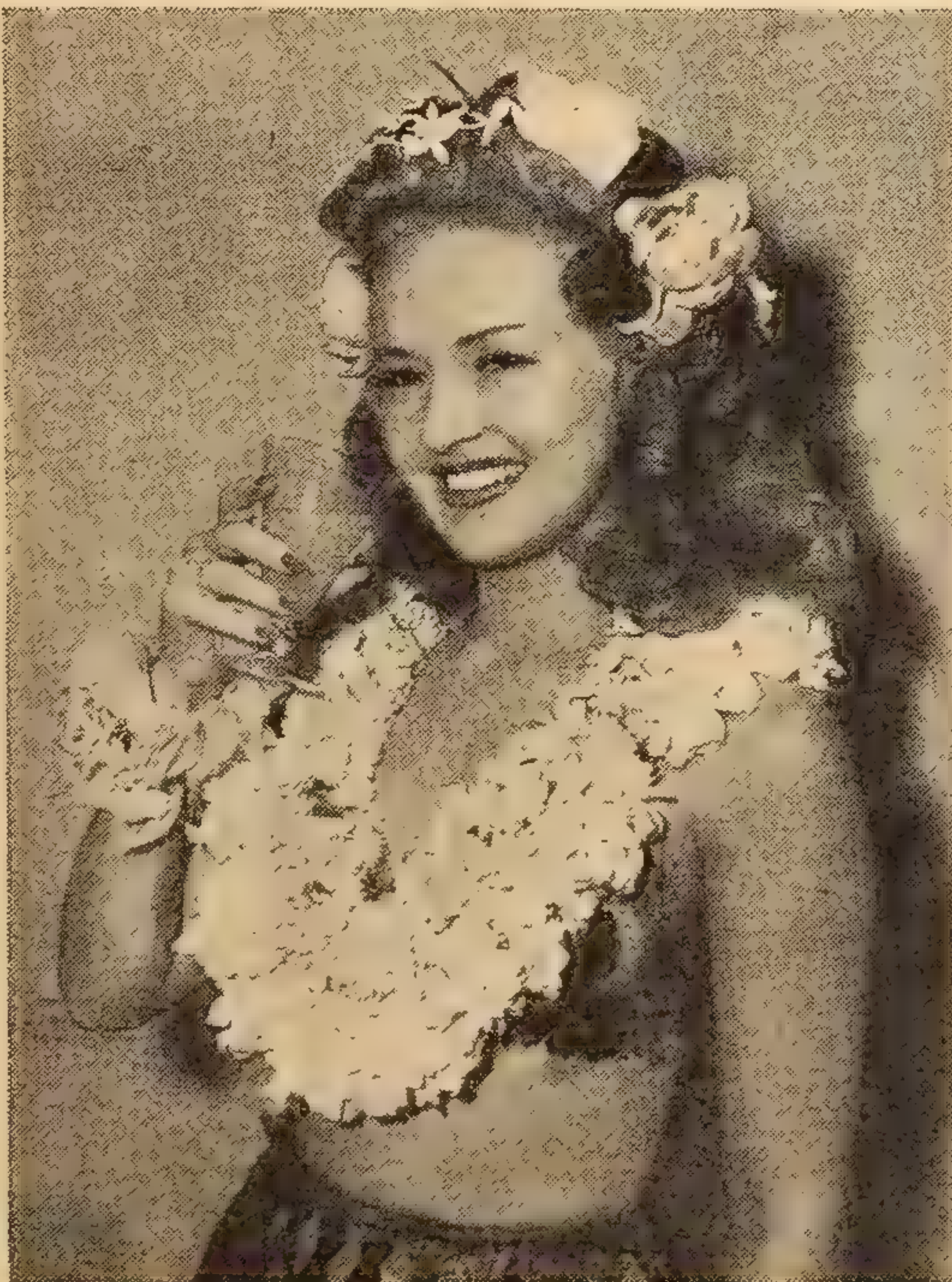
—gloves painted with bright red finger nails. Marlene Dietrich flashed her first pair in Hollywood's face during the holiday season.

—blackout coats. Barbara Stanwyck's is coal black wool gabardine, cut like an officer's topcoat and buttoned with tiny silver airplane propellers, especially dulled so they won't pick up betraying light reflections during emergencies.

### FOR SWEATER GIRLS

If you have a scar on your soul left from the time you had to choose between your yummy-but-shedding angora sweaters and your best boy-frind, thank Mrs. Regis Toomey for the niftiest news of the month!

Mrs. Toomey loves to whip up sweaters and beanies of the super-soft-stuff, but her conscience began to ache one day when she saw hubby Regis bravely but silently fighting his way out of the house through a veritable fog of clinging wisps. Mrs. Toomey did a little research and discovered the answer to her dilemma. Now she places the knitted bits of fluff in the ice box for twenty-four hours before the first wearing. The chill, she says, (anchors the tiny hairs indefinitely! (Continued on page 94)



Betty Grable picked up the pineapple juice-for-vitamins habit on location of "Song of the Islands."



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THERE'S MORE  
TO BEAUTY  
THAN  
A PRETTY FACE

Beautiful Marie Wilson, Hollywood screen star... no wonder most girls prefer Lovable—the less-than-a-dollar brassiere with million-dollar appeal! Be lovable—write Dept. M for free style book.

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When You Use This Amazing

**4 Purpose Rinse**

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

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10¢ for 2 rinses

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Tints the hair as it Rinses  
12 DIFFERENT SHADES

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping  
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Rib tickler and ticklee . . . them Skeltons.

### RIGHT DRESS

Those for and ag'in the military motif in styles can line up behind a couple of screen stars and start plugging.

Norma Shearer has gone all-out for her new cadet slacks, Adrian-designed for her to wear in "We Were Dancing." The jacket topping the yellow trousers is cut exactly like an officer's coat, with brass buttons marching in orderly twos down the front and across the pockets. Adding the final martial touch is an authentic Sam Browne belt that diagonally bisects the upper half of Miss Shearer's slim, trim torso.

Champion of the feminine look in casual clothes is Gene Tierney, who says, "The further we get away from anything resembling a uniform, the more the boys will like it. I'm going to stock up on light wool dresses, cut with full skirts, dirndl style. And for home entertaining, Oleg is designing some special house coats, cut very full, made of the softest materials and yummiest colors."

### DUDS FOR DUDES

If a dude ranch gets your dough come vacation time, this is for you. I talked to a friend at Roy Rogers' shop who knows as much about women's clothes as he knows about horses—which is plenty.

From a male point of view, this constitutes a complete outfit exactly as he gave it to me: A Stetson, Ranchero model; two dress shirts, one plaid, one two-tone; two regular shirts; a pair of levis; one pair of frontier pants (to match the two-tone dress shirt); suit of red flannels (long); tooled leather belt and a leather hat band; boots, wool socks and pigskin gloves. "Please tell 'em," he says, "to practice wearing their Western clothes for a couple of weeks like the heroines in the Hopalong Cassidy series do. It takes at least that long to get the special knack of feeling really at home in those range-riding outfits!"

### BEAUTY BITS

Madame Maria Ouspenskaya stands on her head for a few minutes every morning. Says it clears her brain of all foggy business . . . Georgia Carroll accents her exposed ear lobes with tiny black beauty patches in the shape of a "V"—for Victory . . . Priscilla

Lane has nailed up a mirror on her garage door, for a final check of her make-up in the bright daylight before starting off to work.

### MY HEAVENS!

Blanca Holmes, Hollywood's top movie astrologer, is rapidly convincing us. In one of our first talks with her, early in 1941, she told us (a) That Judy Garland would be married within the year, to someone who'd been married before (Dave Rose was once Martha Raye's man), (b) That George Brent's next would be a woman born under his own astral sign, probably Ann Sheridan, although Blanca did think it would be best if he never married again. (Ann Sheridan became Mrs. Brent on January 5th, 1942, in Palm Beach, Florida), (c) That the Tyrone Power-Annabella marriage, then rumored to be floundering, would survive longer than the gossipers. (They're still holding out and happier than ever) and (d) That Garbo would never marry Dr. Hauser. (Well, has she?)

The above is not bad predicting, you'll have to admit. Which is why we have no compunction about offering you other Holmes' forecasts. Says Blanca:

(a) Eddie Albert is due to altar-trek with a woman now married.

(b) Dorothy Lamour will take herself another husband—this time a foreigner.

(c) The James Cagneys are due for domestic trouble in 1943.

### MODERN SCREEN

149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

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Street .....

City..... State .....

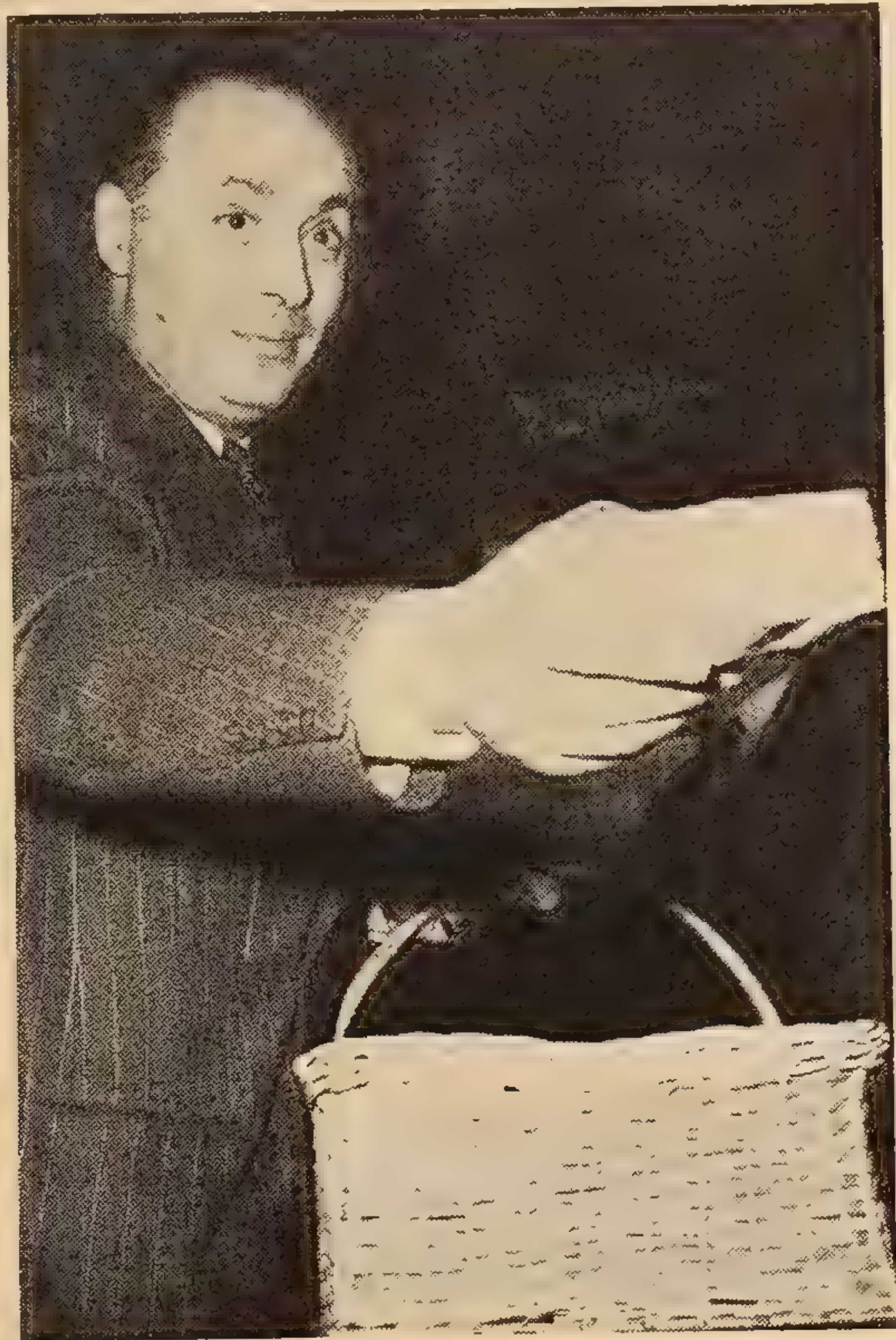


## GOOD NEWS (Continued)

(d) The next man in Garbo's love life will be an actor.

(e) Charles Boyer will remain on top till 1945; Cary Grant till 1950.

(f) Bette Davis will have the longest-lasting career in all Hollywood history.



Boyer . . . travelling salesman.

### MOONLIGHT AND SHADOWS

You gals who are letting your boy friends chase you 'til you catch 'em shouldn't pass up the advice of Metro's Robert Planck, whose expert lighting of sets is as important to a production as the actors themselves.

Planck says all you need to make your man pop the question is the proper time, the proper place and romantic lighting. It's a scientific fact, he says, that a woman is most alluring and mysterious when the light is at her back. The glow sets off her figure silhouette-like and casts intriguing, imagination-stirring shadows on her face. Pale moonlight tops any other type of oomphy illumination, but if you can't get lunar cooperation, try luring your prospective mate into a room equipped with warm, rose-color lights. Something about the soft pinky glow seems to prompt males to mutter romantic nothings, until, without realizing it, they're asking you to keep step with them on their trek to the altar!

### OPTICAL ILLUSION

If you think there's even a shred of truth in Dorothy Parker's crack about guys not making passes at gals who wear glasses, you should see the males flock around Bette Davis, Joan Bennett and Annie Sheridan when they're wearing "cheaters." Make-up chief Perc Westmore gave them expert advice about choosing spectacles and making up to the best advantage while wearing them, and we're not exaggerating when we say the glasses give 'em added charm.

Perc says to be sure you choose frames that won't leave any sort of mark over the nose. The lens should never follow the line of the eyebrow—it's better if they extend beyond or below the curve.

Final tip: If you want to switch the center of attention from your eyes, concentrate on making up your lips as beautifully as possible.

### PLATTER PATTERN

It's all over now. That swell system Freddie Bartholomew and Jane Withers had worked out for carrying on their romance via the radio record-request programs. Before wartime restrictions, aimed at code-sending spies, knocked the programs off the air, Freddie and Janie used to scorn ordinary phone conversations and send messages via their loudspeakers. Like so . . .

On no-date nights, Freddie would give Jane a quick buzz, tell her to tune in on a certain local station, and hang up. Jane would rush to her radio, flip it on, and in a few minutes would hear a number requested by Mr. F. Bartholomew entitled "What Are You Doing Tonight?" If she was free, Jane would call the radio station and have them shoot back a double feature consisting of "I'm In a Dancing Mood" and "How About You?"

On nights she was stuck with homework, Jane's turndown would consist of "School-days," followed by a bid for the following evening with Will Osborne's "Let Me Borrow An Hour of Tomorrow."

"It was fun while it lasted," Freddie told us. "But we don't mind so much having to give it up. It was getting out of hand, anyway. A couple of the other fellows found out what we were doing, and one night they had the station play two songs and announce they were dedicated to me by Janie. The songs were 'Let's Call It a Day' and 'Get Out of Town!'"

### INTERNATIONAL LADY

When the annals of this war are written, Hollywood may find that its place has been secured in the pages of history by none other than Deanna Durbin. More than any other star, Deanna has been featured in the international scene because, unwittingly, she has become the tool of Axis propagandists.

First, there was the famous letter supposedly addressed to Deanna by Mussolini himself and published in the Fascist press. In it, Il Duce told Deanna what a swell kid Italians thought her, and how sorry they were to see her dragged toward war along with the rest of American youth by the President of the United States. As a parting pat, he urged her to use her influence to persuade American youth to resist the President and open their eyes to the beauty and poetry that was in the hearts of Germans and Italians. That was one love letter Deanna never answered!

Now, from the other side of the world, comes word that the Japanese, following in the footsteps of their Axis brethren, have enlisted Deanna's aid in their battle against the British! According to an English officer who escaped from Hongkong after its capture by the enemy, the Japs set up loudspeakers in Kowloon, across a narrow stretch of water from Hongkong and played Durbin recordings of "Home Sweet Home" and "Way Down Upon the Swanee River." Purpose of the songs, the officer said, was to make the British defenders "lonesome" and "willing to give up!"

Oddly enough, a love for Deanna is one thing the Japanese and British have in common. She is the favorite movie star of both

(Continued on page 97)

**Movie Star's**

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### AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

**BROKEN, SHORT**  
—Ugly

**LONG, TAPERING**  
—Lovely

**DON'T ENVY** long, tapering smart nails—have them! Simply cover short, broken, brittle nails with **NU-NAILS**. NU-NAILS can be worn any length and polished with any desired enamel. So natural they cannot be detected. They even have half moons. Helps check nail biting habit. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Protect fragile nails while they grow strong again. Easily applied, remains firm, waterproof. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c at all ten-cent stores.

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**NU-NAILS**  
Artificial Fingernails



# Feet to the Fore

Janet Blair, who has been in only three pictures up to now, takes the leading feminine role in Columbia Picture's exciting "Trinidad," her fourth and best so far. Smart from head to foot, she dramatizes her suit with b-l-a-c-k. Look to the sketch for a closeup of the elasticized patent pumps.



Unless she's spoofing, the gal seems mighty pleased with what she hears on the 'phone. Maybe it's personal and maybe it's still more compliments on her emoting opposite Brian Donlevy and Pat O'Brien. This is the morning for real walking. Hence the new beige low-heelers with deep tan banding and softly scrolled bow.



One young starlet who is really on the way up, according to Gregory Ratoff. He thinks she has great acting ability, and he should know. So Janet poses on the stairs, the better for us to see her maracain pumps, elasticized for comfort and double-bowed to subtly flatter the foot.



FOR STORES CARRYING THESE PARIS FASHION SHOES, SEE PAGE 101.



## GOOD NEWS (Continued)

peoples! In fact, one of Deanna's early pictures, "One Hundred Men and a Girl," ran in a Tokyo theatre for three solid years!

### SHALL WE DRESS?

If Errol Flynn and Bruce Cabot squirmed and looked uncomfortable in those fancy duds they wore to usher at the Gloria Vanderbilt-Pat DiCicco wedding, this is the reason why. Bruce and Errol were wearing suits rented from a local costume company! The boys don't own high-falutin' cutaways and, even as you and I, Flynn would rather invest in defense bonds than in clothes he doesn't need. . . . Hedy Lamarr was bounced out of the Bar of Music, the other evening, before she could even get to her table. She was wearing slacks, and the club has a ban on same. . . . Laird Cregar has talked 20th Century-Fox into paying for half his movie wardrobe. Male stars always provide their own clothes for pictures (except costumes), but Laird's overwhelming size makes his so expensive, the studio has agreed to split the cost 50-50!

### CAMOUFLAGE

If Bob Taylor didn't know it before, he knows it now. There's no sense arguing with a woman. You can't win.

Bob found that out when he got into a little tiff with Lana Turner a few weeks ago. Lana was about to take off on a motor trip to New England, and Bob tried to dissuade her. Motor trips were okay for the average gal, he argued, but a luscious dish like Lana, known to every man, woman and child with a pair of eyes, would have a tough time plowing through the fans who would trail her each inch of the way.

That was where Bob made his mistake. Because Lana didn't waste time on words. She plunked a wad of dough on the line, bet Bob the total amount in defense bonds that she could manage the journey without being recognized by a soul and went her way.

A week later, Bob received a wire from the East. It read: "Pay up, pal. I'm here, and not even a swallow peeped in my direction. I'll be back soon to collect. Lana."

And pay up was exactly what Bob did.

Because, man-like, he had reckoned without the wisdom of woman and the M-G-M make-up department. Lana, it seems, had set forth wearing a jet black, studio-made wig—and not a fan between the Atlantic and the Pacific had given her a backward glance!

As we've said, Bob paid up. But there was one prop boy who refused to accept Lana's explanation.

"She musta left her sweaters home," said he.

### PRETTY COLD FOR JUNE

There's not a whiff of truth to those rumors that June Havoc will follow the example of sister Gypsy Rose Lee and return to her estranged husband. June, at 24, has declared a moratorium on men. Her experience with the opposite sex dates back over ten years. For the next few years, she claims, she can live happily without any of them.

Well, maybe she means it and maybe she doesn't. If she is sincere, we can well understand why.

June's career has been like no one else's in Hollywood. Born to a theatrical family, she was put on the stage when she was only four. Her parents separated, and she was raised by her mother. At 15, she was still trouping. One day, fed up with the life she was leading, she eloped. Her first trip with her new husband was to Seattle to visit her father. Expecting congratulations, the bridal couple were greeted, instead, with horror. It was Mr. Havoc who told them June was even more of a child bride than they thought. Producing documents, he revealed she was not 15, but 13 years old! Her age, they discovered, had been skipped up a few notches to facilitate dealings with theatrical unions and guilds!

June stuck to her matrimonial guns, anyway. Five years later, when she was 18, her baby was born. Shortly after, her husband died. There were four years of widowhood, and then she remarried. It's this second mating that now seems headed for the rocks.

Yup, it's been rough going for the little Havoc. If she wants to give spinsterhood a try, who can blame her?

### GOOD NEWS: about Michele Morgan

"Though she's been on North American soil and under its sun for well over a year now, blond, limpid-eyed Michele Morgan (née Simone Roussel) still mentally hies herself home to pre-war France for her juiciest memoirs. Remembers her first "date" way back when . . . he was a man of seventeen, she thirteen . . . they walked and walked in a Bois on the outskirts of Paris . . . he was wonderful, of course . . . kissed her good-night under the street gas lamp at 6 p.m. . . . pangs of conscience sent her scampering upstairs scared as a pup and worried no end . . . since then has simply adored (1) Clark Gable when she was fifteen, (2) Bob Taylor when she was seventeen, (3) Ty Power when she turned nineteen, and now that she's finally met them, thinks they're all swell-elegant. As for the real thing . . . refuses to commit herself on how many times she's been no-doubt-about-it in love . . . "I'll tell you when I'm fifty—until you are quite old, you don't know if it was really love!" Michele's definitely on the shy side . . . acted scared to death all the way through her first screen test . . . 'cause that's what she was s'posed to do. Laughed almost hysterically when she was told that she was going to be in the movies . . . her family cried . . . "We were so poor

(Continued on page 98)



University of Michigan grad, Otto Krueger, will be 57 this September.

## The Right Girl—but the *Wrong* Impression



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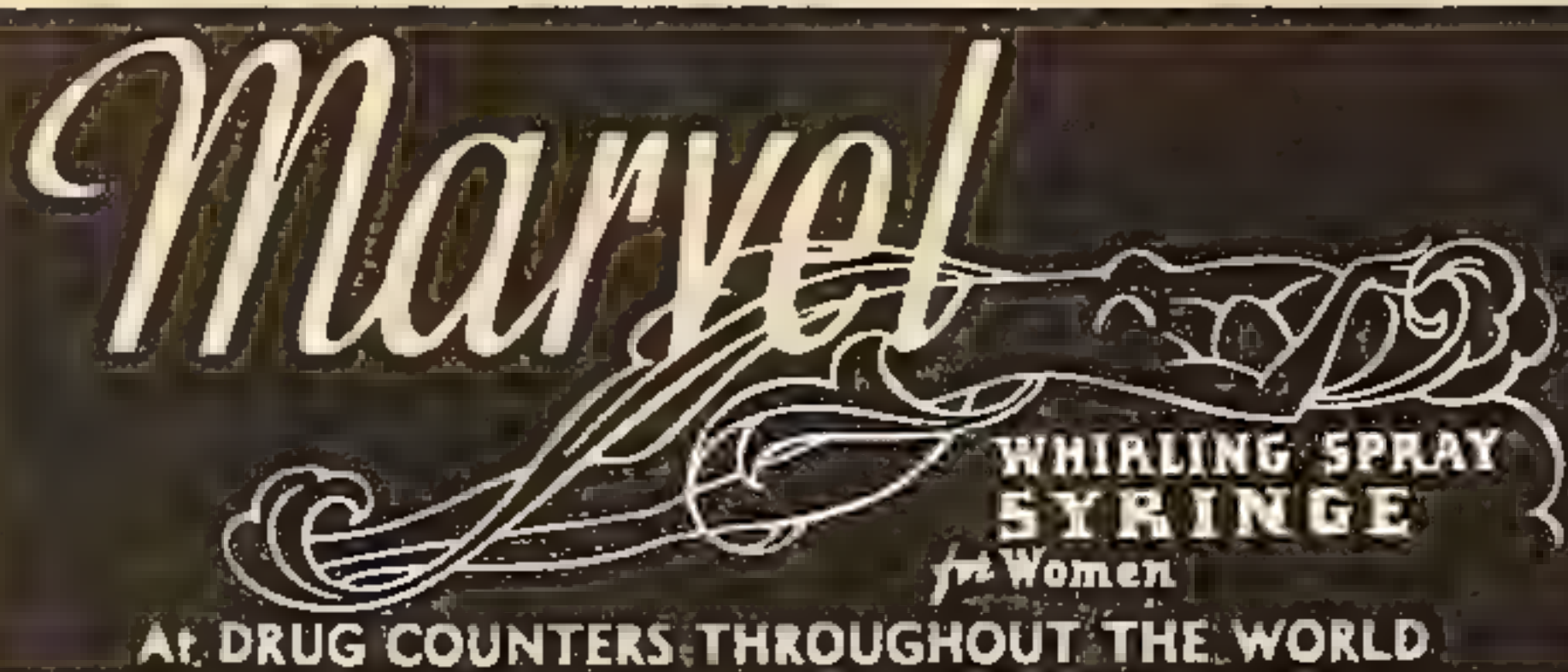
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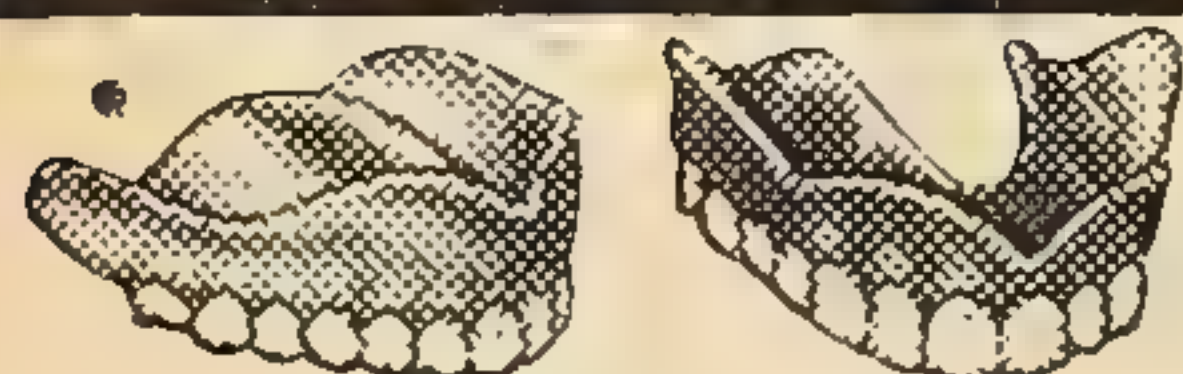
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**NURSING BOTTLE**  
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SAFER...because easier to clean  
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## GOOD NEWS (Continued)



Romero and Kelly . . . two on a rebound.

at the time. To us it meant so much to have a little money." But when she saw the first results, nearly died away . . . thought she looked as skinny as a rail, felt her acting looked as monotonous as setting-up exercises, her smile as crooked as a pretzel . . . has never been known to be intolerant or the kind who gets in somebody's hair . . . remembers her introduction to Hollywood hospitality at a New Year's party way back in 1941 . . . she'd been on this side of the Atlantic Ocean for all of one month . . . sort of stood around quietly when the chimes rang in the new . . . was spotted and immediately taken under wing by good girl Ginger Rogers . . . Michele's never forgotten. Maybe that's why she feels so all-over good about her own recent love-thy-neighbor deed . . . seems she gave a bunch of good-luck charms to a gang of visiting soldier boys on the "Joan of Paris" set . . . short time later received a grateful note from one of the lads . . . said he was writing from Luzon to tell Michele he was sure it was her lucky charm that had saved his life when things began getting rough on the Japanese front . . . Horoscopes say there may be something to it, Michele having been born on a strange day, February 29th (she'll celebrate her sixth leap-year-day birthday in 1944) . . . Is all kinds of art-crazy . . . studied piano for five years in la France, plans to take up where the downbeat left off . . . is usually found planted behind an easel, painting, on her days and hours off . . . wants nothing more than to play "The Constant Nymph" eventually . . . thinks any Debussy record would be perfect company on a swanky desert island that had a phonograph. . . . Amazing girl, she never uses any cream or powder on her face, but would

sooner be seen with her goggles on than with her lipstick off . . . Wonders what life will be like without lusciously sour French pickles, which she dives for at the slightest sign of one! . . . Thinks Garbo's eyes are candidates for eighth and ninth wonders of the world . . . saw the Lonely One in "Camille" five times . . . just to watch them. Of la Hayworth's performance in "The Lady In Question" which la Morgan did in French version "Hearts in Paris", Michele says, "It was SO funny to hear her say the same things I had said!" Manages to keep her shapely 5 feet 6 inches up to 105 pounds with no little trouble . . . "and I am such a clumsy one," she moans . . . everybody should be so clumsy, Michele!

### UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send today for the new, up-to-date list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrapbook. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send request to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



*For the Love of Pete*

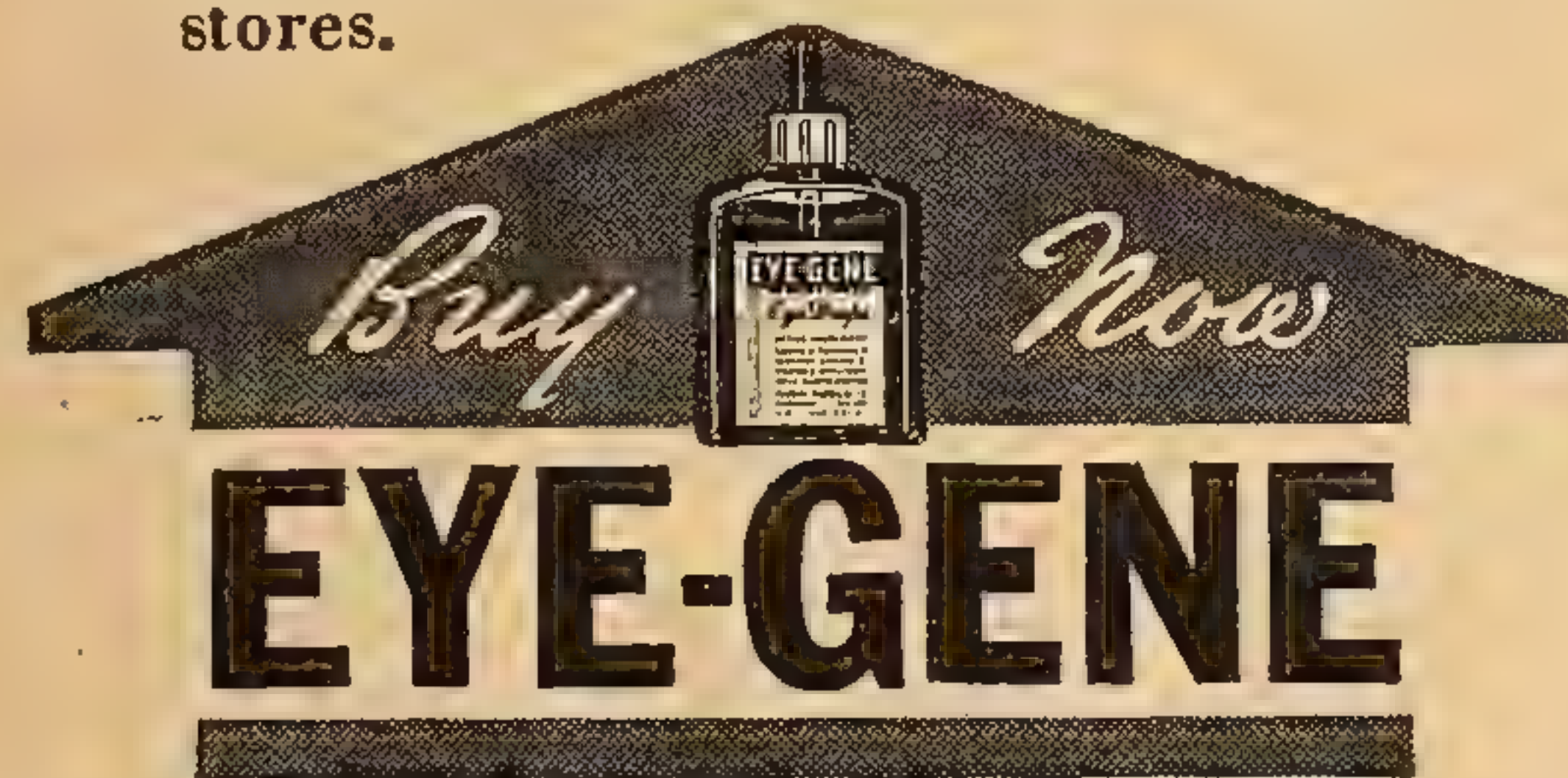


*...or Jim or Bill*

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## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

orchestra, floor show and entertainment.

They arrive in Cat Tail at a dramatic moment; independent farmer George Tobias is bucking Gene Lockhart, owner of the only vegetable packing plant in town, who slowly has been squeezing the farmers into poverty. Reagan, who has never lost his dream for land of his own, sides with Tobias; Whorf, tired of being a sucker, sees a chance to mend his fortunes by tying in with Lockhart. The two friends split bitterly.

In a sudden and dramatic move, Ronnie and George hire a fleet of trucks to carry their produce into the Atlanta market. Lockhart and Whorf try to stop them, but fail. The success of the venture breaks Lockhart's monopoly.

Angry, full of hate, Lockhart kills George one night and then frames the murder on Ronnie and Ann. Egged on by Madden, the angry farmers and workers develop into an ugly-tempered lynch mob. They march on the jail for Ronnie



and Ann. But this is more than Dick can stand. Hunting out Lockhart, he forces a confession from him. He saves Ronnie and Ann; but train whistles are in Dick's blood. He doesn't stay in Cat Tail with Ronnie and Ann. With only a casual good-bye, he slips out of town to see what's doing over the next range of hills.

"Juke Girl" is more than blood and thunder melodrama, although it's put together with all the drive of a Warner gangster picture. There's a feel for people and for the scene throughout; Jo-Mo, the negro who sells luck charms; Skeeter, the little girl of the picker's family are characters struck out of an original setting. "Juke Girl" is the dramatic story of a little-known slice of American geography.—W. B.

P. S.

School wouldn't keep when word got around that Ann Sheridan was emoting on the premises of a local gas station. Miss Miller, 7th grade teacher of the Moorpark Junior High School, said, "The boys refused to concentrate on their books and wouldn't pay attention in class"... 3 tons of tomatoes were tossed around during one fight scene. An equal number of heads of lettuce were bought for marketing scenes and salvaged for stock food after being photographed.... One of the authors of the original screen play, A. I. Bezzerides, is the same man who wrote "They Drive By Night". The cast went on a night shift for over a month; most of the action takes place after dark.... Juke box manufacturers (6 of 'em) sent samples of their products to Sheridan, with letters expressing the

(Continued on page 100)



VEDA ANN BORG  
appearing in "Trinidad"  
a Columbia Production  
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GLO-VER Shampoo cleanses the scalp—makes hair more glamorous—brings out natural lustre—leaves it easy to manage after washing! A safe, gentle Shampoo made from special liquid soap that rinses out instantly, removes DANDRUFF! If not delighted with results, we'll refund purchase price. Send 10c for trial size and FREE booklet "Care of scalp and hair"! GLOVER'S Dept. 684, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 99)

hope that their particular music-maker would be used in the picture. . . . The town of Cat Tail, Florida, was "constructed" on the Warner Bros. ranch near Calabasas; painters worked on the set for two weeks before actual shooting began, making the newly-built tourist camps, shacks, tin can bungalows and juke joints look like something that'd been left out in the rain for two months. . . . Richard Whorf spent his spare time painting portraits of leading Hollywood stars, as they appeared in their favorite screen characterizations. His first one is a life-size painting of Tyrone Power in "Blood and Sand". . . . George Tobias won a \$300 bet from Whorf by losing 35 pounds in 35 days. . . . While the company was working in a bean field near Los Angeles, a paint factory near by went up in smoke. Not one of the crowds of people watching the movie company left to follow the fire engines to the big blaze!

### SABOTEUR

When Alfred Hitchcock makes a picture you can be sure of one thing: two and two rarely add up to four. His pictures seem to be made on the run, spontaneously, with each new twist added as it comes to mind. Oddly enough, he is one of the most careful workers in Hollywood. He plans every action, every gesture, every camera angle before a crank begins turning. But planned or unplanned you can't outguess his plot.

In "Saboteur," for instance, who would expect a circus caravan to be a method of escape for the hero? The solemn conclave of the Fat Lady, the Human Skeleton and the Midget, voting whether to turn the hero over to the law or help him to escape, has an eerie, unpredictable reality. It's typical Hitchcock.

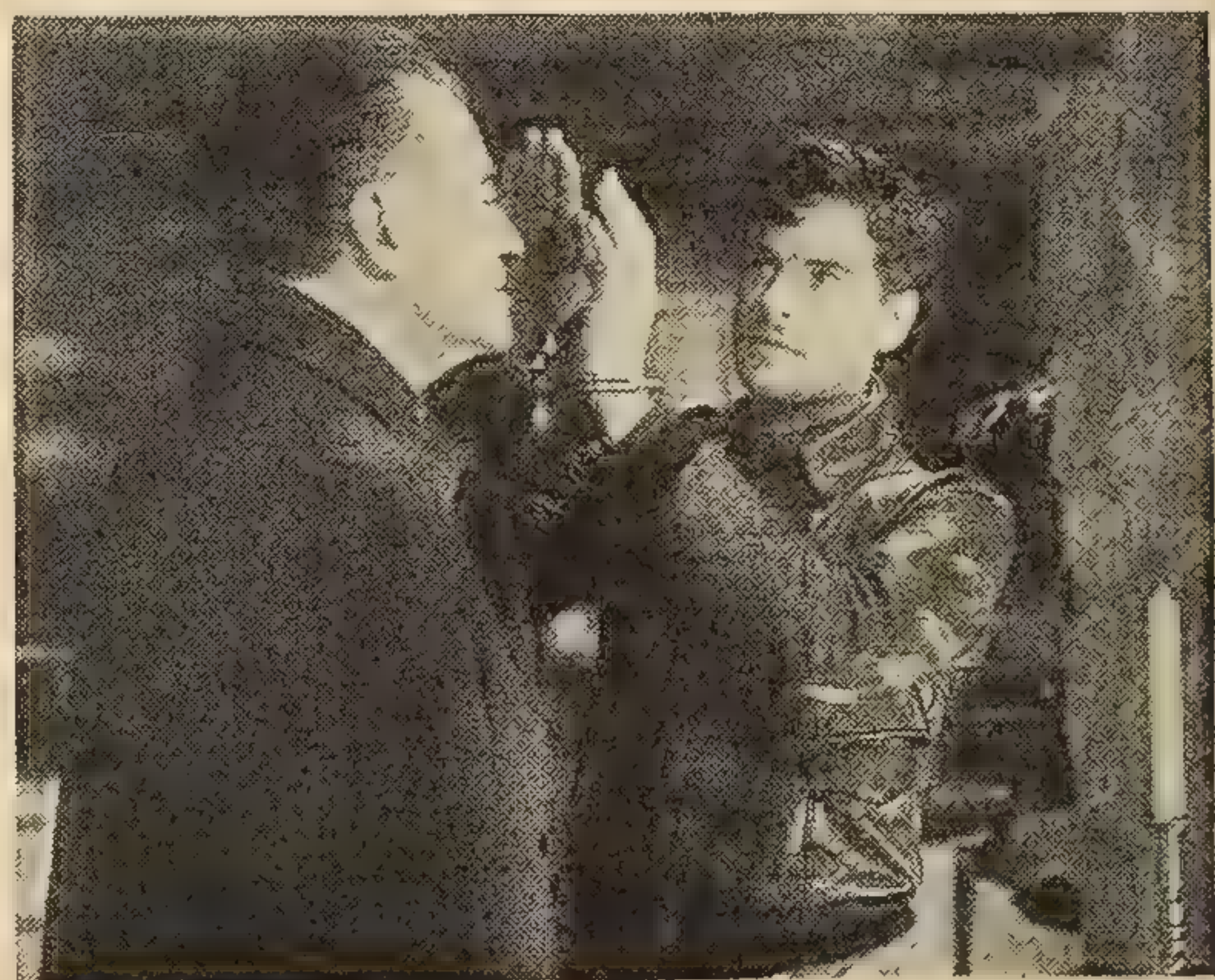
Like most of his pictures it's really a glorified chase. Robert Cummings is suspected of the sabotage of an airplane plant. In order to establish his innocence he sets out to hunt down the real saboteurs. It becomes a three-corner chase with the law chasing Bob, and Bob desperately trailing the saboteurs.

The chase snakes over the California landscape into Nevada and through the wild mountainous country of the Rockies. In the cabin of a blind man (I dare you to expect that one!) he meets up with Priscilla Lane and, to stop her from turning him over to the police, he is forced to take her along with him. The trail leads to a deserted ghost town where Barry meets up with two of the saboteurs; and still on the trail of the higher-ups, he convinces them that he is in the gang.

The scene shifts to New York where

Bob, discovered as an impostor by the gang chiefs, is imprisoned in a store-room cellar. He escapes, barely in time to prevent damage to a ship about to be launched from the Kearney shipyards.

Each sequence brings him closer to the heart of the mystery, but the final solution remains tantalizingly out of reach. Only at the smashing climax is the whole tight fabric of the plot finally revealed.



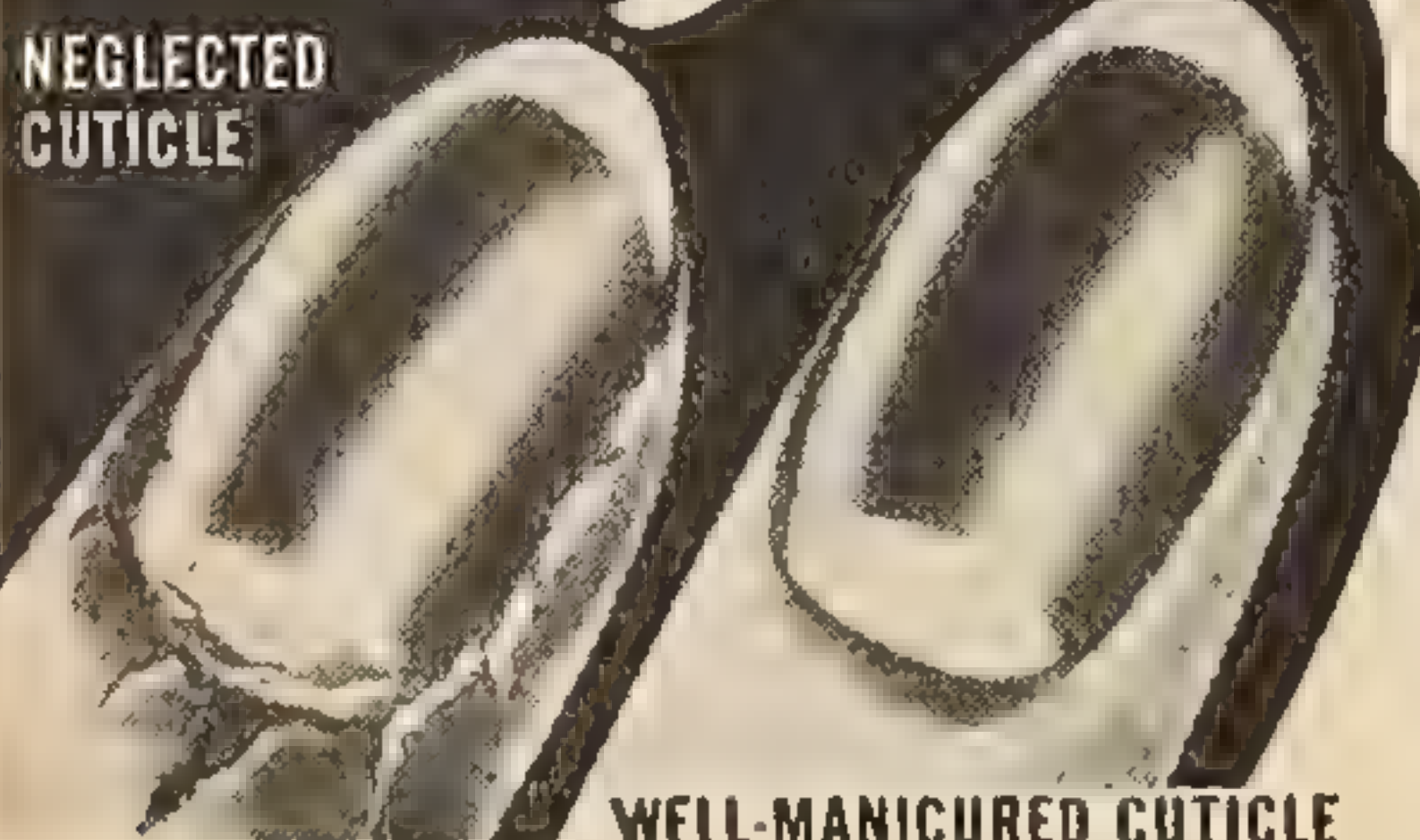
It's criminal to spoil a Hitchcock picture by telling too much of the story. The story is a sequence of small surprises, ingenious devices, mounting suspense; you may recognize some of them from past Hitchcocks, but like old friends, they wear better the second time. There's a little more romance in this than in any of his previous films, but the romance doesn't interfere with the swift pace and charged incident of the picture. You can get romance in a dozen pictures any month; but an honest-to-goodness Hitchcock thriller doesn't come along very often.—Univ.

P. S.

Bob Cummings really worked hard for that new three-room dressing suite and hefty lift in salary. . . . Four days he spent, wrists bound together with steel handcuffs, trying to swim across a river that had been strewn with rocks—just to make it a little tougher. . . . For two days, he tramped, tramped, tramped across an authentic reproduction of the Nevada wastelands, with the wind and the sand in his hair. . . . Half a week went by before Director Alfred Hitchcock was satisfied with the scenes in which Bob's costume was nothing but a wet blanket. . . . Topping it off was the 34 hours he spent scrunched up in the luggage rack of a cross-country bus. . . . Roly-poly "Hitch" likes to use well-known actors made up so they're unrecognizable to the audience. Alan Baxter's features were aged 15 years. . . . Jeanne and Lynn Romer, beautiful blond twins, have been taking dancing, dramatic and singing lessons since they were ten years old, preparing themselves for a movie break. They make their cinematic debut as the Siamese Twins! . . . Mary Curtis, 38-inch high, 50-pound midget, plays a truck driver in some special effects footage. . . . Writers worked on the script almost to the end; then Hitchcock took over and wrote the last three pages himself. Final scenes were shot behind closed doors, so no one knows how it ends. . . . John Halliday, paged for an important part in the picture, couldn't book passage to Hollywood from his home in Hawaii because of war conditions. . . .

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## MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

Priscilla Lane broke her long-standing engagement to John Barry to concentrate exclusively on her career. . . . Hitchcock, who always appears somewhere in his own pictures, decided to make use of his ability as a sign language expert. He plays a deaf-and-dumb pedestrian, asking a girl for a date for dinner!

### SONG OF THE ISLANDS

"Song Of The Islands" is a good-natured, tuneful musical which allows Betty Grable to strut her stuff under swaying palm trees and over beautifully curving Hawaiian beaches. Since Miss Grable is a star performer who's proved what she can do in previous films, it's strictly a case of whether or not you feel in the mood for a musical.

The plot, like the plot of all musicals, is pretty thin and, come to think of it, pretty unimportant; you won't be thinking of the plot while the song numbers are on, and Jack Oakie takes up most of the time in between. The only startling note about it all, is that this idyllic



Hawaiian paradise is also, supposedly, the locale of a cattle ranch, Texas pan-handle style. That's what the picture says, take it or leave it.

John Payne and Jack Oakie are on a tour of Papa's far-flung ranches and come finally to this island of Ami Ami, shared by the ranch and the O'Brien family (Thomas Mitchell and Betty Grable). John is no little surprised to find anything quite as delectable as Betty Grable in this out-of-the-way spot and promptly falls in love with her. There are any number of complications, occasioned by mistaken identity and the long-horned cattle. John's Papa finally flies down to take things in hand himself.

### FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGE 96

Paris Fashion Shoes shown on page 96 cost about \$4 and available at the following stores:

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San Francisco, Cal.

Auerbach Co.  
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Fontius Shoe Co.  
Denver, Col.

Davison-Paxon Co.  
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McCurdy & Co.  
Rochester, N. Y.

He ends up charmed with the island, and in a grand finale he gives his blessings to Betty and John. All through, of course, Jack Oakie has been up to his tricks. And there are song numbers and dancing, Hawaiian style and American.

The scenery is guaranteed genuine, the mood is genial and pleasant, the natives all seem to have good voices and marked dancing ability which makes it a pretty simple matter to stage spectacular production numbers. Jack Oakie's partner in comedy is an Hawaiian miss named Hilo Hattie. As for Betty Grable she must have found making the picture a pretty pleasant chore; not only were the role and the songs tailor-made for her, but she's also the only white girl on the island of Ami Ami, which simplifies things a good deal, if you think about it.

Not that Betty Grable has to be afraid of competition.—TCF.

P. S.

Pink-and-white Betty Grable is the only American girl in the film. All the other gals—120 of 'em—are chocolate-and-cream Polynesian honeys. . . . Betty, Victor Mature, Jack Oakie, Thomas Mitchell and the rest of the cast had to keep their tans under control. The 38,800,000 candle-power of the set lights darkened their epidermis so quickly, scenes taken a few days apart wouldn't match. . . . Two acres of Hawaiian landscape fade into a background of 18,000 square feet of canvas, beautifully painted to represent purple mountains wreathed in soft mist. . . . The painting was more expensive than sending a camera crew to photograph the actual islands. Advantage to the studio was that the "distant weather" could always be perfectly controlled. . . . Eighty-foot coconut palms, some swooping in low arcs, were surrounded by flaming-hued hibiscus bushes, purple-red bougainvillea, patches of yellow lichen, hundreds of lilies and a waterfall of copper sulphate blue. . . . One of the high spots of the picture is the knife dance done by 9 big brown boys. The knives closely resembled medieval battle axes, and the extra girls refused to sit anywhere near the dancers. One of the gals, watching the boys sail the heavy blades through the air, said she'd hired out as a dancer, not as both halves of a girl saved in two! . . . 1826 blooms were woven into the blossom gown Grable wears—280 each of gardenias, pink camellias, pale blue plum-bago, soft yellow jasmine, bright pink hibiscus and dusty yellow acacia. . . . The actual flowers would have wilted in one minute under the lights, so the gown was constructed first with fresh blooms, then photographed in color. The final model is an exact replica of the original, but made of velvet. . . . Harry Owens and Mack Gordon wrote 6 songs, among them "What's Buzzin, Cousin!" The boys think it will add some new phrases to the fad now sweeping the nation, viz: "What's dunkin, punkin?" "What's tickin, chicken?" and "What's knittin, kitten?"

### RINGS ON HER FINGERS

Designed to take your mind off whatever is ailing it at the moment, this pleasant bit is a variation on the ancient and honorable theme of the fake Cinderella and her phony Prince Charming. A pair of high society sharpers (Spring  
(Continued on page 102)

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1. New method—not a liquid. Fragrant powder dissolves into rich creamy cleansing lather.
2. Specially made for blondes. Washes hair shades lighter safely—fine for children's hair.
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## MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

(Continued from page 101)

Byington and Laird Cregar) are on the look-out for a charming piece of feminine bait to dangle before reticent millionaires. They happen on Gene Tierney, are quite pleased with her (as who wouldn't be) and pop their little proposition. Gene, fed up with her life as a shop girl, falls for their line of malarkey, mush and millionaires, and off they go to Palm Beach, where the bright sun makes it easy to spot dollar signs a mile or so away.

Sure enough they stumble on Henry Fonda who casually remarks that he's shopping for a sailboat; would fifteen thousand dollars do the trick, do they think? Not only do they think so, but they know just the boat. The price? A measly fifteen thousand. The deal is made, and Henry is left with a lovely boat, and, incidentally, the owner of it, who turns up and wants to know what the devil he's doing on his property.

Getting out while the getting's good, and fifteen thousand dollars richer, our three merry swindlers return to New York and are soon camping on the trail of John Shepperd, millionaire number two. John (as who wouldn't be) is in love with Gene. But just then who should show up as a bosom pal of John's but Henry Fonda. This might complicate matters except that Henry is in love with Gene, too (as who wouldn't be), and admits that he was a fraud and the fifteen thousand represented his total savings to that date. With two proposals to deal with and only one Gene Tierney, she



decides to marry Henry (as some might) and leave John to the debutantes. On the way out, Gene lifts the fifteen thousand from her sharper friends and makes off with Henry.

### DO YOU KNOW THAT

The largest public library in Cleveland, Ohio, had to order 125 extra copies of "David Copperfield" to meet the overwhelming demand created when that picture was being made? Before the rush order, the library had 500 copies of the book on its shelves, but that was nowhere near enough. Snoops say there wasn't a copy of any Dickens book on the shelf for weeks 'n' weeks. As for "Wuthering Heights," four publishing houses were completely sold out on all editions of the book, and libraries and book stores were left completely stranded, unable to replenish their suddenly exhausted stocks when the Bronte novel went into movie production.

—Look Magazine

It's not quite as simple as all that. The fifteen thousand makes a few more trips up and back. There's a spot of misunderstanding here and there. John waits in the wings eager and willing to marry Gene. But the final scene finds Gene and Henry back together again, clutching tightly that much more ravelled fifteen thousand, a bit befuddled by it all.

Who wouldn't be?—TCF.

P. S.

A little over a year ago, Gene Tierney was a virtual unknown in Hollywood. Twentieth-Century-Fox thought she looked good, gambled a paltry \$171,000 on her, including \$16,000 in salary before she ever stepped up to a camera, \$4,000 for more than 40 hair-do's, make-up and wardrobe tests to determine her "type," \$3,000 for coaches, \$128,000 for extra shooting days on her first three pictures . . . "Rings On Her Fingers" is Gene's first comedy role . . . Henry Fonda's severe case of laryngitis won him director Mamoulian's praises rather than a day off. Canny Mamoulian had him whisper his love to Gene, said, "That shows what a sore throat will do for an actor. Hank, you've never done a better scene" . . . The rope ladder Laird Cregar climbs is actually a camouflaged cable, one that's strong enough to withstand his full 300 pounds . . . Rouben Mamoulian got his first look-in on backstage antics back in the old contree, when Russian big timer Boris Glagolin thought he was a nice child. Mamoulian evened the score over here when he bunked into 62-year old Glagolin on Hollywood Boulevard, out of a job. Now he's cast as the croupier in "Rings" and, with Mamoulian's aid, in line for a term contract . . . The lucky dice and spinning wheel that always seem to hit the right numbers really do just that. They should! They were laboriously "fixed" in advance by an experienced crew of professional chisellers . . . "Joe" director Mamoulian said casually, "get rid of that mountain for me, will you? I'm going out to lunch." Not Joe Mohammed, but Joe Behm, prop man, who was assigned to remove a sizeable crag on Catalina Island that just didn't fit in with the supposed-to-be-Palm-Beach background of the story. But a job's a job, and Joe made fast work of his—by the ingenious expediency of planting a full-foliaged, far-flinging palm tree smack in a strategic spot, completely covering the bothersome mountain to all intents and purposes of the camera.

### TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

Just because Selectee Bruce Bennett's pals Gleason and Durant can't get into the army, they get into a mess of trouble. Newsgal Florence Rice sees it all through while Bruce saves the army from hiding out a gang of murderers. Flo gets the story, and, incidentally, Captain Bruce Bennett.—Col.

### SPY SMASHER

The exciting heroics of Spy Smasher Kane Richmond and his twin brother (played by Kane) in outwitting German spy-master The Mask. Before the picture ends they have surmounted such difficulties as the gallows, secret radio beams in the White Mountains, harbor mines, sinking submarines and crashing planes, bringing The Mask to a deserving finale.—Rep.



## MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

### TORPEDO BOAT

Dick Arlen and Phil Terry invent a torpedo boat which leaves nothing but tragedy in its wake . . . trouble with girl friends Mary Carlisle and Jean Parker, quarrel between the boys and Phil's death. All ends as well as can be expected with Dick and Mary in a clinch. —Par.

### BORN TO SING

Pals Leo Gorcey, Ray McDonald, and Larry Nunn get into trouble getting Virginia Weidler out of it. They threaten to picket a producer who has stolen a play



written by Virginia's pa, get themselves accused of extortion, and end up by successfully putting the show on themselves, outwitting their deceptive competitor. —M-G-M.

### A TRAGEDY AT MIDNIGHT

John Howard's always a step ahead of the police in solving murder mysteries. The cops don't like him, and it's just what they're looking for when Howard blows a kiss to wife Margaret Lindsay with whom he thinks he's crawled into bed, but wakes up to find it was someone else's corpse. He fools 'em anyhow in the end. —Rep.

### TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD

It takes a war to bring racketeers Brian Donlevy and Pat O'Brien together. Arch enemies, they both land in Trinidad



with the army, fall for the same gal (Janet Blair), outwit enemy agent John Emery, save the U. S. Fleet and finally decide to patch up! —Col.

### CANAL ZONE

There's only one white woman (Harriet Hilliard) in Ginger Bar, Canal Zone, jumping-off spot for bomber-ferriers to Africa. Aviators John Hubbard and



Chester Morris get it bad, but she keeps 'em guessing until a near-fatal crash in the jungle makes up her mind for her. —Col.

### SOUTH OF SANTE FE

The Sons of Pioneers are at it again with blood and thunder. This time they're helping Roy Rogers and Gabby Hayes protect Linda Hayes' gold mine from the clutches of city slicker Paul Fix. It takes a rough chase or two and several hairbreadth escapes before they bring the villain to justice and rescue the mine. —Rep.

### HELIOTROPE HARRY

After the birth of his daughter, Heliotrope Harry (Brian Donlevy) decides to give up jewel-snatching to follow the straight and narrow in Conn. Wife Mir-



iam Hopkins objects, double-crosses him, and he winds up in Sing Sing. Years later he escapes to prevent Miriam and blackmailers from ruining his daughter's future, succeeds and returns to Ossining a relatively happy man. —U.A.



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# NELSON EDDY TALKS HIS HEAD OFF

(Continued from page 53)

"What new job?"  
"You said last night I could be a reporter."  
"How old are you?"  
"Sixteen."  
"You've got to be eighteen. Get out."  
He got out, dragging with him the shattered wreckage of a dream. He looked down at his best suit and his black notebook. Slowly rage fused with pain, and both hardened to resolution.  
Down the street he marched to the Evening Public Ledger, rival sheet, and headed for the city room. A copy-boy flagged him. "Where you going?"  
"In here," said Nelson, brushing him off.  
Ben Raleigh was the editor. "What do you want?"  
"I want to be a reporter."  
"How old are you?"  
"Eighteen."  
"What do you know about reporting?"  
"Nothing."

Raleigh crashed his fist to the desk. "First honest applicant ever stepped into this joint. Report Monday morning."

P. S.—On Monday morning the happiest boy in Philadelphia was relieved by a kindly colleague of his black leather notebook. "A reporter makes notes on the back of an envelope and wouldn't be found dead with a pencil on him." Thus ended the first lesson in journalism!

Should an unforeseen chain of events strip Nelson of current assets, including vocal pipes, he'd have a second incentive for moving heaven and earth to get himself a job as war correspondent. His first incentive lies in the changeless conviction that journalism is the world's most exciting profession.

## ARMISTICE, 1918

The news came flashing over the wires—no phony armistice this time, but the real thing. Through the office pandemonium, Nelson heard his name bellowed. "Go interview that old guy who said Germany'd win. Fling it in his teeth. Ask him who's loony now."

He'd gone with distaste. In the face of all this, it seemed pointless to gloat. What could the poor old half-crazy galoot say? Relieved that the job was done, he was back on the streets. Bells rang, sirens screamed a wild paean of victory. Men and women went mad, waved flags, blew trumpets, snake-danced, yelled themselves hoarse, hugged and kissed strangers who yelled beside them.

A sudden surging emotion like nothing he'd ever known stopped Nelson in his tracks. Realization hit him. It was finished—the slaughter and the dread, the nightmare of men's broken bodies, the agony of women who waited. Tears started to his eyes, and he let them roll. He didn't care who saw them. He didn't know. Din and crowds were blotted out by one shining vision. There was nothing in the world but a boy standing on a street corner, crying with joy because the war was over.

To repeat the thrill of that day is something he looks forward to with prayer and certainty.

## THE FIRST CURTAIN GOES UP

He was hungry, not nervous. He'd won the competition of the Philadelphia Operatic Society for local baritones. He was about to debut as King Amonasro in

"Aida." He knew the part, he was in good voice, why be nervous? He was just hungry. All-out opera singers, he'd heard, never ate before singing. Bent on all-outness or nothing, Nelson had dined on a cup of tea.

Another thing bothered him. Young and skinny, he had to play a tiger-man, a hairy, wall-eyed Ethiopian big shot. Aida, his little daughter, equalled two of him. That wouldn't help much. Well, it was too late to worry. He was on—

He never did have a chance to get nervous. The audience response was prompt and unmistakable. Their applause electrified him. Next day the papers said he'd electrified them. That phrase kept him going—

P.S.—He sang with the Society—later the Civic Opera Company—for six years, and instituted two changes in his routine—dined before singing and padded himself with phony leg muscles till his own calves developed.

He hopes to return to opera some day and thinks his second debut will be more exciting than his first, because now he's got sense enough to be scared.

## BON VOYAGE

This was the day. He'd dreamed of it, saved for it, stretched out his arms toward it in a kind of fever of anticipation. His first trip abroad. They were sailing at midnight. He couldn't understand why the taxi man, the purser, the steward failed to share his elation. He beamed at them all, but nobody beamed back. Maybe if he told them this was his first trip—He decided against it.

Climbing to the top deck, he stood there alone as the last "all ashore" was called, the gangplank drawn in, the parting whistle blown. Before him burned the unsleeping lights of New York. He was still landbound. Then something moved—so slowly, creepingly, that he couldn't be sure it was movement till his fascinated gaze dropped to the thin, dark, unbelievable line of water between ship and shore that hadn't been there before.

They were under way. He was inexorably parted from solid earth, committed to this moving bridge at whose other end lay Europe, which had been a name and now suddenly took on the shape of reality. There was no turning back, no chance of changing his mind.

## Solution to Puzzle on Page 14

I	D	A	B	E	A	L	B	O	R	G	E	R	A
P	R	I	S	C	I	L	L	A	R	O	O	S	E
L	E	A	C	H	S	A	N	D	E	R	S	R	E
A	N	N	I	N	A	D	E	N	S	A	R	A	N
N	E	A	G	L	E	H	I	L	D	A	M	O	R
			A	L	L	I	E	S	A	N	G	E	L
H	E	D	Y	S	O	N			D	O	C	E	M
A	V	A	L	O	N				A	H	S	E	L
L	A	R	A	I	N	E				D	E	M	I
			N	A	T					A	D	A	
E	V	E	R	E	T	T				C	O	L	O
L	I	L	L	O	Y					A	L	L	I
M	A	L	E	P	R	O				T	R	I	E
			C	A	P	O	N	S		M	E	L	V
C	L	A	I	R	E	A	H	E	A	D	I	O	D
A	I	L	I	R	A	O	L	D	O	A	K	R	I
S	M	I	L	E	G	O	D	D	A	R	D	E	L
H	A	V	I	L	L	A	N	D		M	I	D	D
S	E	T	G	R	E	Y				E	A	S	E





He stood on deck till the last lights dropped below the horizon, and his heart stopped thumping.

The thrill of the first time doesn't come twice. But when Nelson has a lovely dream, he dreams of being again on an ocean liner, this time with his wife who has yet to see Europe. He won't rest till he's taken her to a certain little inn on the Tiber, driven her through the English countryside, shown her Michelangelo's ceiling and Notre Dame. "I'll be insufferable," he explains, "—every fibre shouting, 'This is mine, I invented it, but you can have some of it, too.'"

They hope it will all come true when the war is over.

### IT CAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN

Glancing at his watch as he stepped out on the stage, Nelson hoped they'd make it snappy. He was due in Berlin that night for the opening performance of Hindemith's "Cardillac" and had to make tomorrow morning's boat-train for London.

The directors of the Dresden Opera were auditioning applicants. Contracted for concerts and opera at home, Nelson was no applicant. He was singing to oblige his teacher, who had three or four girl pupils trying out, but wanted to show what he could do with a masculine voice. So Nelson had stayed over for the afternoon train. He couldn't afford to miss that.

Two songs—then they asked for "Eri Tu" from "Maskenball." "No score," said the pianist.

"Get it," said a director.

Nelson looked at his watch again. This was taking too long. On the other hand, who was he to turn down the directors of the Dresden Opera! They'd asked for "Eri Tu." "Sorry, gentlemen, no music," he apologized, stepped to the piano, plunked down a note, opened his mouth and sang it cold. Jaws dropped. What did this crazy American think he was doing? Someone scurried out and scurried back with the score. Halfway through the aria, the pianist came in and met Nelson, still on pitch. Astonishment merged into radiant approval. They liked the crazy American—his poise, his willingness, his voice, his ear.

He liked them, too. He got a kick out of both their astonishment and approval, but couldn't wait for more. Was that all, gentlemen? That was all. Thank you.

He grabbed his hat, just made the train for Berlin and his date with a girl who'd been one of the maestro's pupils and had promised to show him the town. She'd assembled seven boy friends to help with the job. Berlin was wide open. After the concert, Nelson saw Berlin as he never expects to see any other town. They wound up with breakfast at seven, after which his friends escorted him to the train.

From Dresden Opera through Hindemith concert and Berlin nightspots, it had been, he decided, a kaleidoscopic and thoroughly satisfying sequence of events.

P.S.—On a Paris boulevard two weeks later, he caught sight of his maestro, waving a frenzied handkerchief. Wondering at the frenzy, he waved back. Maestro fell on his neck. "Let me salute the leading baritone of Dresden. Thirty dollars a week."

He never got over Nelson's turning it down. Nelson never quite got over it either. The crazy American keeps a warm spot in his heart for the members of that appreciative board.

It couldn't happen again, but he wishes

it could, especially the night in Berlin.

### "THEY'RE ROLLING"

He stood shaking in his shoes. MacDonald. Van Dyke. Naughty Marietta. To his mind's eye the names flashed on and off like names on a marquee. After the piddling little parts he'd played, here he was—about to be inducted into big-time shooting. With Jeanette MacDonald. In "Naughty Marietta." Directed by W. S. Van Dyke, produced by Hunt Stromberg—names to conjure with in the movie world, to which his name meant nothing.

Miss MacDonald had been perfect. No fuss. No obvious graciousness. Just matter-of-fact acceptance of her co-star on an equal footing—he who a couple of days ago had been on no footing with her at all. It was Van Dyke who scared him—One-take Van Dyke, the man who growled like a bear, who'd take no nonsense—not from Garbo herself or from John X. Bigshot. Other directors had coddled him, patted him on the back—made him feel sometimes, it was true, like a backward child.

"We're turning," called Van Dyke. This was it.

\* \* \*

Boy, what a day! Boy, what a whale of a day! Fifteen setups! Himself saying, "Next time we shoot it—" Van Dyke saying, "Whaddaya mean, next time? It's in the bag." Building Nelson's self-confidence, treating him like a professional, not a toddler—expecting as much from him as anyone else, bawling him out when he didn't give it. Boy, what a day, what a director, what a picture! The whole thing smelled good, it smelled like success!

\* \* \*

In the lobby of Grauman's Chinese after the preview. Crowds milling. Van Dyke thwacking his shoulder. "Well, how does it feel to be a star?"

"I don't know how to act."

"You're telling me!" roared his director—a crack Nelson still loves to repeat, to the glory of Van.

After twelve pictures he knows that the thrill of his first day on "Naughty Marietta" is one of those once-in-a-lifetime things.

### HE FELT FINE

His manager had got some dates mixed, booked him for a concert in Hartford on Sunday afternoon and a radio program in New York at seven-thirty that evening. It seemed impossible, but the impossible would have to be done.

The concert, over at five, was topped by one of the most gratifying tributes ever paid him. Instead of storming and clutching for autographs, the audience lined up on either side of the drive and applauded as his car went by, giving quiet expression to the pleasure he'd given them. Nelson felt fine.

At the station a special train waited—engine and two streamlined coaches—bought and paid for by Eddy. Why two coaches were needed for three people—manager, accompanist and self—he never could figure out, unless one was for ballast.

They started off on a record-breaking run. By the time they'd finished their box lunch, it occurred to Nelson that this was a pretty expensive trip and damned if he wasn't going to get his money's worth. Whereupon he rose, marched the length of the train and sat successively in each seat in each car till he'd sat in them all. This made him feel much better.

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They reached the radio station in time for a five-minute rehearsal with the supporting male chorus, then went through the program. His last number was "The Lord's Prayer." He felt fine, singing it. I happened to hear it. I happened to be moved to tears.

The final note out, he fell flat on his face. And came to ten minutes later, resentful at finding himself on the floor, doused in spirits of ammonia facing a small but very worried studio audience.

"What is this?" he demanded, indignant if weak-voiced. "A cheap nervous breakdown?"

He wouldn't mind having it all happen again, at the same cost to his pocketbook and nerves.

### AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED

They didn't want to elope. To them it wasn't an elopement. They just wanted to be married without benefit of hulla-balloo. Publicity terrified Ann, who was no professional, and it wasn't fair to subject her to it.

So Nelson drew up a brief outline of the wedding plans, leaving blanks for a few unknown particulars, addressed it to a friend in M-G-M's publicity department, attached a picture of himself and Ann, stuck the whole thing in the top lefthand drawer of his dresser and locked the door.

Then he and Ann, his mother, Doris Kenyon and his manager drove quietly to Las Vegas.

The judge was businesslike, not to say casual. He barely looked at them. "You stand there, you stand there, you stand there," he said, clipped on his fountain-pen and cast an eye over the license.

That was when he stopped being casual, proving that judges are people.

"What's this, what's this, what's this, are you Nelson Eddy?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're my favorite singer."

Not knowing quite what to say to that, Nelson countered neatly with, "You're my favorite judge."

For being his favorite judge's favorite singer, he got an extra dash of fervor in his wedding ceremony.

They spent a twenty-minute honeymoon at Boulder Dam, spit over the side for luck and drove back to the hotel for dinner. The hotel manager sent up a bottle of champagne with his best wishes. Nelson sent off some wires. He also phoned his friend at M-G-M.

"Where are you?" The guy sounded suspicious.

"Never mind where I am. Get the key to my dressing room. There's an envelope for you in the top lefthand drawer of the dresser. You'll have to fill in a couple of blanks. The exact time was so-and-so. The judge's name is this-and-that—" Hell started popping at the other end of the phone. Nelson rang off.

Their plan to drive quietly to the train was thwarted. Las Vegas had the news. The car was plastered with signs and hung with tin cans. Curiously, they found they didn't mind. In fact, they liked it. In fact, they decided, a completely tin-canless wedding would have left them feeling cheated.

So they jangled happily out of town, eluded pursuers, doubled back on their tracks and returned by train to face the music.

The question of marital regrets doesn't even come up. The answer is no, a

thousand times no. They're blissful!

### HE MEETS THE GOVERNMENT

FDR's third inaugural. The gala concert at Constitution Hall. Chaplin, Raymond Massey, Rise Stevens, Doug Fairbanks, Ethel Barrymore, Nelson Eddy, Mickey Rooney, Hans Kindler and the Washington Symphony—all appearing by Presidential request.

Luncheon at the White House next day. The reception line first. Mrs. Roosevelt receiving alone, to spare the President for the actual inaugural ceremony. He had no idea the line moved so swiftly for, even as he bowed, he felt a hand groping for his, turned, found it was Mrs. Roosevelt's, and gave out with a startled oh!

He hung on to her hand till she looked him full in the face. It was her turn then to give out with a startled oh! Nelson moved on, content.

At luncheon he got a kick out of seeing the political big-wigs plain, faces he'd seen in the papers and newsreels.

After luncheon they formed a lane, through which the President passed to his inaugural. He looked bigger, fuller, stronger than Nelson had pictured him. The famous smile was missing. He moved gravely and with great dignity.

Of all the impressions he carried away with him, Nelson retains most vividly the memory of Eleanor Roosevelt's personality, the magic by which, with a smile and a swift handshake, she can wholly win you. The President, he's heard, has that quality double. His friend Van Dyke, for instance, would die for the President.

Nelson hopes really to meet some day the great man Van Dyke would die for.

## CO-ED

(Continued from page 16)

month or so. (Hint: Marshmallows are even better shock-absorbers than tissue paper, and if you pack your goodies carefully with a couple of layers of 'em they'll arrive practically intact.) More important than food—if you can believe it!—is mail, so write to him faithfully every week. Cease turning out those bilious missives to your poor brother. Don't think he's the only one who reads them. Why that tall, blond 1A peering over his shoulder may be furloughing up your way some time, and if you sound promising—you know what me mean? Ulterior motives aside, a gay, newsy letter from home is a terrific shot in the arm. This holds for letters to swains-in-uniform, too. Less moonlight and roses and more about how the home team's doing is what they need.

In letters to an extra-special private, give him "Dearest John" or "John dear." Then devote a paragraph or two at the

end to "lurve" and all that. Warning: Don't get so eloquent you make him more lonely than he is, and don't write stuff that haunts you for days after the letter's gone.

Anything stronger than "Dear John" is in poor taste if you're writing to just another guy. If you'd like him to be more than that, be subtle about it. "We all miss you so darn much" is far less sledge-hammer than "I miss you." The frequent use of his name in the letter is a good stunt. It makes the whole thing more intimate, somehow. "Yours," is a safe and effective ending. It can mean so much or nothing at all.

Volumes have been written on the subject of feminine behavior at an army camp, but the things to bear in mind seem to be as follows. Don't wear anything even vaguely military. The more utterly civilian you look the easier on the eye you'll be. Wear comfortable shoes so you can walk happily for hours. Do not have on your ravenous wolf appetite the day you visit at camp. Twenty-one dollars a month really is hay, you know. Don't keep talking about the war and what you're doing for the Red Cross.

Having disposed of the brass-buttoned contingent, how about a bit of morale-boosting for that unsung hero in mufti, your dad? He can stand it. Keep his light bill down by turning off all non-essential lamps. This, incidentally, conserves electricity which is urgently needed by defense plants. Take it easy on the car. Before long it won't be too easy to replace worn-out parts. Handle

the toaster with kid gloves and baby the iron. They're probably the last ones you'll be able to get. The factories that used to make them are now manufacturing munitions.

If taxes have eaten up the beautiful wad of green stuff that was going to buy your Easter elegance, don't—for Pete's sake—sour-puss it around the house. Dig out your last year's suit and have it dyed something shrill and South American and devil-may-care.

Begin to stretch your allowance by hanging on to your lipstick till the very last gasp; by keeping track of bobby pins so that every week doesn't see you investing in another card; by reserving perfume for Occasions instead of syphoning it on as the whim strikes you; by using up all your cold cream and nail polish before laying in a new supply. Your dad will appreciate your thrift and so will Uncle S. There still is no cosmetic shortage, but with oil being one of our most vital defense needs, it's terribly wrong to waste them.

All these little economies help like mad, but your most important job is something kind of intangible. It is keeping that lovely, casual, pre-war atmosphere in your home. You know—Jack Benny on Sunday nights, inconsequential chatter at dinner, with-malice-toward-none brawling over who'll do the dishes. It won't be easy to preserve that spirit with a harassed pop and a Red Cross weary mom to contend with. But really try. Appoint yourself Gen. Cheerer-Upper on the home front, and you'll be doing your part croix-de-guerreishly!

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